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*Sophia, Electress of Hanover.*

*From the Portrait given to Lord Raby.*



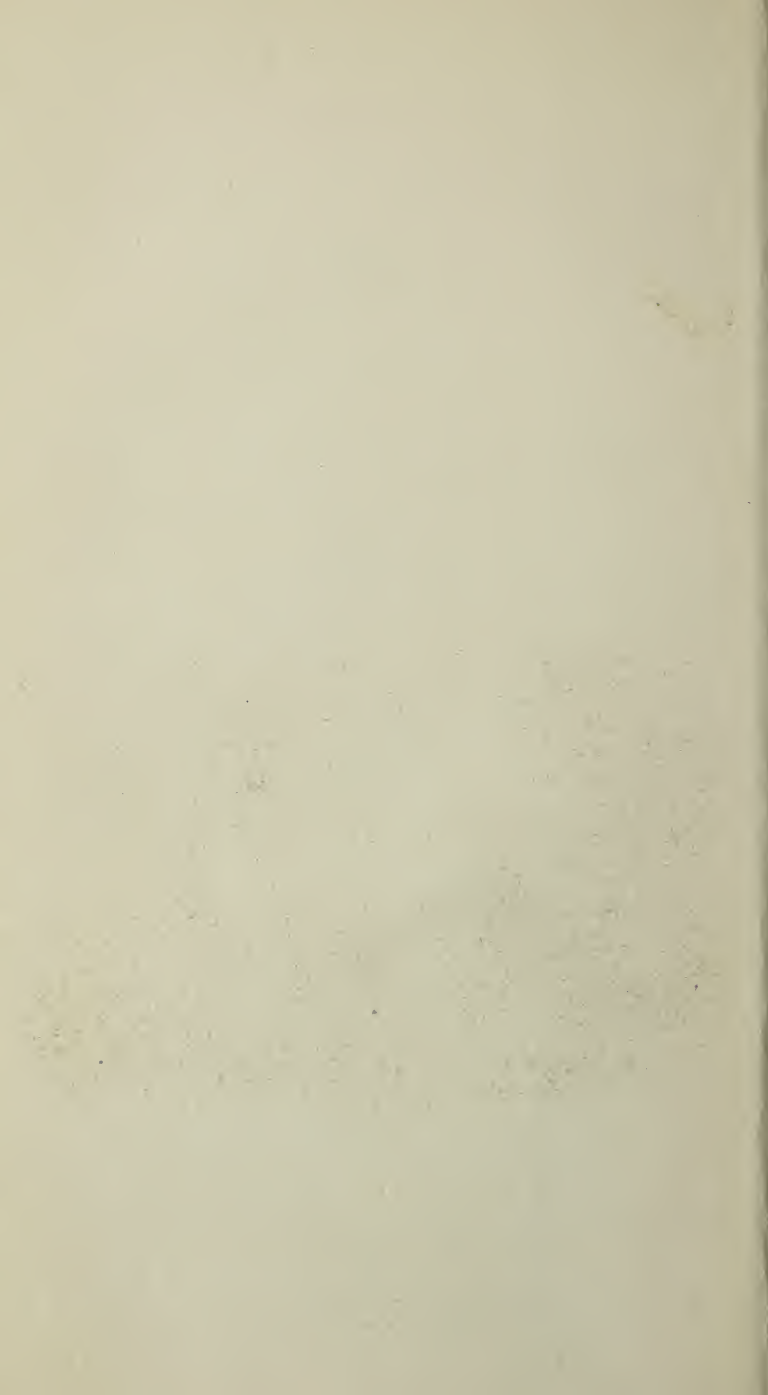
LIVES  
OF THE  
QUEENS OF SCOTLAND,  
&c.  
BY  
AGNES STRICKLAND.



*Elizabeth served by the Taborites.*

VOL. VIII.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS.  
EDINBURGH & LONDON.



L I V E S  
OF THE  
Q U E E N S   O F   S C O T L A N D  
AND  
E N G L I S H   P R I N C E S S E S

CONNECTED WITH THE REGAL SUCCESSION OF GREAT BRITAIN

BY  
**Agnes Strickland**  
AUTHOR OF  
"LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND"

"The treasures of antiquity laid up  
In old historic rolls I opened."—BEAUMONT.

VOL. VIII.

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# THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND AND ENGLISH PRINCESSES

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## ELIZABETH STUART

THE FIRST PRINCESS-ROYAL OF GREAT BRITAIN

### CHAPTER I.

#### SUMMARY

Purpose of the Royal biographies—"Queens of England," and "Queens of Scotland and Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain"—Birth of Elizabeth Stuart, granddaughter of Mary Queen of Scots, eldest daughter of James VI. and Anne of Denmark—Named by the Ambassador of Queen Elizabeth—City of Edinburgh her godmother—She is nursed at Dunfermline—Guarded by Lord Livingstone—Objections against Lady Livingstone—Lady Ochiltree appointed her governess—Elizabeth's early playfellow is afterwards her biographer—James VI., her father, succeeds Queen Elizabeth on the English throne, and becomes King of Great Britain as James I.—Elizabeth enters England with her mother—Her beloved governess superseded—Her grief—Romantic encounter with her cousin, Lady Arabella Stuart, who is appointed her State governess—Meets her father, James I.—Her progress diverges to Combe Abbey—Witnesses the festival of the Garter at Windsor Castle—Project of her marrying the Dauphin—Shown his picture—Her mother's preference for a Spanish match—The king arranges her education—Placed in the care of Lord Harrington—Sorrowful parting with her brother Henry—Departs with her young maids of honour—Arrives at Combe Abbey—Her island—Her wilderness—Happiness in Lord Harrington's tuition—Disturbed by the Gunpowder Plot—Dangers from Catesby—Taken to Coventry—Illness—Reminiscences of her Erskine maid of honour—Routine of education—Religion—History—Astronomy—Her cottages for the poor—Aviary—Miniature farm—Her lavish expenditure of her allowance—Pecuniary troubles—Advice of her tutor thereon—Adult establishment—Visits to her brother at Ham House—He frightens her with ghost-stories—Traditions of her terror—Marriage-treaty for her with the Elector Palatine—His position in Europe.

THE great tragedy of the hapless island heiress, Mary Stuart, has been delineated from its commencing to its clos-

ing scene. Our occupation is almost, but not quite, gone. It has been but the development of one purpose unswervingly pursued—that of tracing, by means of two series of royal female biographies, the progressive march of civilisation and the interior life and domestic history of our country. Commencing with the Queens of England at the earliest period when female influence was acknowledged in the government of a court, our first series was brought down to the reign of the last monarch of the elder line, and the accession of the present dynasty, whose hereditary claims to the succession are derived from the two Princesses whose lives occupy this volume, namely, Elizabeth Stuart, Princess-Royal of Great Britain, afterwards Queen of Bohemia, and Sophia, Electress of Hanover, the granddaughter and great-granddaughter of Mary Stuart: with their lives, this, the second series of our royal biographies, will close.

Elizabeth Stuart, the eldest daughter of the marriage of James VI. King of Scotland and Anne of Denmark, was born at the beautiful little palace of Falkland, August 19, 1596. Her mother had a well-beloved sister Elizabeth, Duchess of Brunswick; but of course the powerful Queen Elizabeth received the compliment of naming the infant of her heir and dutiful godson, King Jamie. Yet there was no special embassy from England, no rich presents, as in the case of the king's inauspicious baptism. The child was presented at the font in Holyrood Chapel, by Mr Bowes, lieger-ambassador from the Court of England, who acted as godfather, and named her Elizabeth. The godmother of the young Elizabeth was the good town of Edinburgh, stoutly represented by her Provost and Bailies, who promised and vowed that the catechumen should be brought up in the Reformed faith. And truly this mural godmother was very likely to keep her word by the aid of the sword-militant. In times when there was some probability that the god-child might suffer pains and penalties not a few for the faith professed, an embattled city, with all its men of might, was the most responsible of sponsors. Neither did Auld Reekie forget her duty in a handsome propine; for a rich box heaped with gold pieces was her gift, which was duly added

to the treasury of the Lady Elizabeth's grace, who was about four months old, her baptism taking place December 28, 1596.

In the course of a few months after her baptism, Elizabeth's mural godmother made herself heard in angry tones touching the creed of the Lady Livingstone,<sup>1</sup> although that lady had no charge about the person of the Princess, but King James had made her husband, Lord Livingstone, captain of her guard. His Scottish Majesty was very poor, but at the same time willing to show grateful remembrance to those who had been faithful to his mother; for he never forgot her friends when he had a modicum of cash or a household appointment to bestow. Lord Livingstone was a Protestant, and the son of a Protestant; his wife had turned Roman Catholic. It was in vain the King affirmed that Lady Livingstone had nought to do with the defence of his girl, and that she could not interfere with her husband's office to watch all egress and regress to the Princess's tower at Dunfermline, were she twenty times a Papist. The "guid town's" preachers were not satisfied, although, as the baby could not speak, her theological principles were not liable to be tampered with. At last the heart-burning was appeased by the appointment of Lady Ochiltree to the chief office in the Princess-Royal's nursery;—reminiscences of the connection of the Ochiltree family with John Knox being popular, Auld Reekie relaxed from her wrath and anxieties. Some trifling entries in James VI.'s *Comptus* show that he expended cash to buy brushes to "straik the Princess's" hair withal; likewise to "dress babies to play her," which, in English, means dolls for her to play with.

The infant Princess was permitted to remain with the Queen, as some compensation for her Majesty's maternal sufferings in being deprived of her eldest son Prince Henry, who was enclosed for safety in the strong fortress of Stirling—a proceeding passionately resented by Queen Anne, but indispensably necessary for the well-being of the whole royal family, as the factious party in Scotland had,

<sup>1</sup> Spottiswoode.

in several preceding reigns, set up the infant heir of the realm in rivalry to his parent, the actual monarch. Brought up apart, and only meeting at stated intervals, Elizabeth and Henry formed, as they grew up, the most tender friendship for each other—as when they met, each hour was a long-looked-for festival, and the short sweet holiday was too precious to be wasted in wrangling and contradiction, often arising when familiar intercourse leads to contempt. To this separation may be attributed the early correspondence by letter that constantly passed between this pretty pair—he enclosed in his castellated rock, and she in the towers of Dunfermline, the last buildings added to this palace by Anne of Denmark being especially for her daughter's nursery.

Notwithstanding the anger and jealousy with which her mother, Queen Anne, regarded the Earl of Mar, for his sedulous performance of his duty in denying all unauthorised access to Prince Henry at Stirling Castle, her wrath did not extend to the whole family of Erskine; her Majesty was pleased to patronise and tolerate a young lady of that illustrious house as the early playfellow and maid of honour of her daughter. The pen of this lady left a pleasant record of her Princess, revealing, as an eyewitness, that familiar and interior life to which it is pleasant indeed for a biographer to gain access.<sup>1</sup> She tells us—and indeed all portraits prove that her evidence was not too flattering—that the young Elizabeth was one of the loveliest and most promising of children. So excessively attached was she to Lady Ochiltree, that her first sorrow, in being separated from her, had a visible effect on her health and spirits.

With the hour of her father's accession to the throne of

<sup>1</sup> The Reverend and Honourable T. Erskine, Vicar of Beighton in Derbyshire, uncle to the Earl of Mar, lent us a very curious privately-printed historical work, being a fragment of a *Life of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia*, by one of his female ancestors who had been attached to her service from childhood; edited by his grandmother, who was granddaughter to that lady. It is a thin duodecimo volume, containing only 162 pages, which comprise the history of the childhood and education of this illustrious daughter of the royal house of Stuart, who was interesting no less for her virtues and heroic qualities, than for the misfortunes which made her married life resemble the events of a romance.



England the public life of the young Elizabeth in some degree began. Although the contumacious behaviour of Anne of Denmark to her lord and master, on this and other changes connected with his accession to the sovereignty of the whole Island, really amounted to household rebellion, yet she was not absurd enough to communicate any of her tactics to her young daughter of seven years old, the companion of her southern progress, or to her daughter's maid of honour. They only knew that the Queen and court were journeying to King James, who had preceded them, in England—that it was proper that Elizabeth, now Princess-Royal of England, should be given to the care of an English lady of rank. It was nevertheless very hard for the Princess to relinquish the maternal friend, whom she loved as much as, and perhaps a little more than, she did her own mother, as may be gathered from the Erskine narrative.

Indeed, the heart of the young Elizabeth clave to her own country and her own people. She was then scarcely beyond infancy, but of precocious intellect and strong affections, and she could not bear the thoughts of being separated from the companions of her infancy, and those who had been accustomed to wait upon her. "As the Princess," says our authority, "had always honoured me with greater familiarity and friendship than any other of her playfellows, the Queen allowed her to take me to England with her; and as I loved her better than I did anybody, I obeyed with cheerful readiness, and never left my dear mistress after that. We set out with the Queen and Prince Henry, and a great train of Scots nobility, who attended them as far as Berwick, where the Earls of Sussex and Lincoln, the Lords Compton and Norris, and their ladies, with the Countesses of Worcester, Bedford, and Kildare, Lady Anne Herbert, the Ladies Scrope, Rich, and Walsingham, and many more, came to meet the Queen." Lady Kildare, daughter to Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, Admiral of England, and widow of the Earl of Kildare,<sup>1</sup> brought a letter from the King, desiring the Queen "that that good and virtuous

<sup>1</sup> As wife of the King's kinsman, Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, and a near relative by birth to Queen Elizabeth, this lady had claims to an appoint-

lady might instantly attend their daughter ;”—a very wise and popular measure, alike as regarded the important services the Lord-Admiral had rendered to the realm of England by the destruction of the Armada, the expediency of conciliating the powerful connection of the Howards, and, above all, the personal accomplishments of the Lady Kildare, who was, besides, nearly related to Queen Elizabeth. The little Princess, however, who had not yet recovered the grief of parting with her former governess, was greatly moved when the Queen her mother told her “she had named a successor whose merit and good-nature would soon comfort her for the loss she was lamenting.” “Oh, Madam!” answered the little Princess, bursting into tears, “nothing can ever make me forget one I have loved so much.”

“I would not have you forget her, child,” replied the Queen, “but I would have you love Lady Kildare as well in time, who, I dare say, will deserve it by her fondness for you.”

“My young mistress,” continues the noble biographer of Elizabeth Stuart, “sobbed out some pretty compliment to Lady Kildare, which I have now forgot, and dried up her tears as well as she could. Not being of an age to retain grief long, she soon became sensible of Lady Kildare’s merit, and was at last very fond of her.”<sup>1</sup> But Lady Kildare was not at the head of the Princess’s establishment. Her state-governess was her father’s cousin-german, the Lady Arabella Stuart, to whom the reader is introduced in a mode perfectly new to any of her biographers, but at the same time perfectly consistent with the curious half-theatrical fashion of the times, carried to excess by Queen Elizabeth, and then at its height.

ment of consequence about the royal family. James I. complied with the English customs as far as possible, to obviate the strong jealousy arising even then between his southern and northern subjects. The anger and violence with which his Queen, Anne of Denmark, received the individuals of the new household, sent to the Borders for herself and children, and the odd way in which she behaved, have been mentioned in her Life.—Queens of England, Anne of Denmark.

<sup>1</sup> Life of the Queen of Bohemia, by one of her ladies ; in possession of the Hon. and Rev. T. Erskine, Vicar of Beighton, Derbyshire ; pp. 40-46.



“ One day as we were coming down a hill in Nottinghamshire, we perceived a great company, which, as we drew near, appeared like what you have read of the shepherds and shepherdesses of Arcadia. One band was of young women dressed all in white, with garlands on their heads, and on their arms baskets of flowers, which they strewed along the road, followed by young men clad also in white, and playing on the tabor, pipe, and all kinds of rural instruments, leading a flock of sheep, whose wool was white as snow. Cornucopias, and other emblems of peace and plenty, were carried by several of the party, singing choruses in praise of the royal family, and of the blessings of peace, which their accession was to secure to the whole Island.

“ A troop of huntsmen arrayed in green and silver came next, conducting a herd of tame deer, with their horns tipped with gold. These swains told us that Diana, hearing of the Queen’s approach, was coming to invite her to repose herself in one of her retreats. They hardly ended their speech, which was in verse, when we heard the sound of bugles from a neighbouring wood, out of which we saw several beautiful girls advance, attired like nymphs; and last of all appeared Diana—that is, a lady representative of the goddess, who proved to be the Lady Arabella Stuart, daughter to Charles, Earl of Lennox, younger brother to the King’s father. She had more than once been imprisoned by Queen Elizabeth, out of jealousy to her proximity to the crown, and was found in strict confinement by King James, who had just released her from durance, and taken her into high favour, appointing her his daughter’s state-governess, according to the ancient custom of England, which required that office to be filled by the lady nearest in blood to the royal family.” The Lady Arabella now came to show her gratitude for this happy change in her fortunes, and by meeting his Queen after the fantastical fashion so truly to her taste, she won her favour directly. Moreover, she caused great admiration in the eyes of the youthful Princess, her kinswoman and nominal charge,<sup>1</sup> who was, with her childish maid of honour,

<sup>1</sup> It is certain that Lady Arabella Stuart was a Roman Catholic, which explains many mysteries in her life.

just of the age for appreciating stags with gilt horns, Diana, and her troop; the wonder is how they could have been relished by children of larger growth.

“The Queen could not go so far out of her road as Chatsworth, the old Lady Shrewsbury’s seat, to which she had desired her granddaughter, Lady Arabella, to invite her Majesty. Probably neither James nor his consort felt disposed to pay any particular mark of respect to one from whom the hapless Mary Queen of Scots had received such injurious treatment. Queen Anne, however, accepted with pleasure an invitation to Holme Pierrepont, where Sir Henry Pierrepont and his lady,<sup>1</sup> aunt to the Lady Arabella, had the honour of entertaining the Queen for some days, during which time the Lady Elizabeth became extremely fond of her kinswoman. From thence we went to Walbeck [meaning Welbeck Abbey], where we met and were entertained by Sir Charles Cavendish, son to old Lady Shrewsbury, and uncle to Lady Arabella. Lady Arabella attached herself to the royal progress, and my young mistress, although so much younger, was never happier than when in her company; and her conversation rendered the rest of the journey less tedious to the Queen, whom the King advanced from Windsor to meet at Holmby Palace or Castle.”

Elizabeth, according to her father’s plans, diverged with her train of attendants from the progress, to rest and refresh at Combe Abbey, about two miles from Coventry, then possessed by Lord Harrington, to whom the charge of her person, and the care of her board and education, were afterwards consigned. The time was high Midsummer, the weather furiously hot.<sup>2</sup> Combe Abbey, situated in the loveliest scenery of England, its bowery demesne having been cultivated to the greatest perfection its late monastic possessors could effect, struck the young Princess as in strong contrast to the wild beauty of her native country. King James thus presented the future residence of his child to her at the most favourable time of the year, when her

<sup>1</sup> The father and mother of Bessy Pierrepont, the young favourite of Mary Queen of Scots. See Vol. VII., *Queens of Scotland, &c.*,—this series.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Anne Clifford’s *Journal*, and the *Erskine Biography*.

toilsome travel through the mid-counties made rest in the cool shades of this ecclesiastical paradise most welcome. "King James had been anxious to see his wife and children once more; and as for my young mistress," says her early companion, "her father was exceedingly beloved by her. The endearing manner in which she expressed her joy at seeing him again, gave him the utmost pleasure. He had had prepared for her at Windsor a thousand pretty toys suitable to her age. At last he showed her the Dauphin's miniature picture, and asked her 'how she would like him for a husband?' She made him no answer, but coloured (as you must have observed girls generally do, though ever so young, when you talk to them of being married), and ran into the next room, where I was in waiting with some of the Queen's ladies. She whispered to me 'that she had a great secret to tell me;' and when we were alone, she told me what the King had said to her, and that the Dauphin's picture was the prettiest face she had ever seen: she charged me not to tell her brother that she had said so. Prince Henry, who had been shown, in like manner, the picture of the French Princess, was equally pleased at it, and with the thoughts that he and his sister were to marry the children of that great man, Henry IV., for whose character he had the utmost veneration." Sully,<sup>1</sup> who had been despatched by Henry IV. on a congratulatory embassy, had presented these miniatures to James I. One of Sully's missions was to represent to James the good measure of supporting the still struggling republic of Holland against her oppressors. James adopted this course, but concluded at the same time a profitable peace with Spain, to the great satisfaction of the people of Great Britain, but rather to the disappointment of the great Sully and his greater master.

Between jest and earnest, King James had much to say in his own family on the marriages of the royal children of Great Britain and France; but the Queen, to whom great court was at the same time paid by a very foppish

<sup>1</sup> He was then Marquis de Rosny, but as his title Sully is his historical name, it is used here to spare confusion of ideas.



ambassador-extraordinary from Spain, Count Aremberg, preferred the idea of alliance with Spain, to the extreme tribulation of her children. The nursery-tales of Elizabeth as well as of Henry had been replete with the cruelty and horrors perpetrated by Spain in Holland and wheresoever her despotism, armed with the fiery scourge of the Inquisition, could extend itself. These terrors, founded on undeniable facts, clung to the minds of the brother and sister so as to influence Elizabeth's future life, and that of Henry, as long as it lasted.

"Soon after our arrival," resumes her maid of honour, "Prince Henry, the Duke of Lennox, Lord Southampton, Lord Pembroke, and Lord Mar, were installed Knights of the Garter. The Queen, to show her resentment to Lord Mar, refused to witness the ceremony; her daughter, however, with the Lady Arabella, occupied a recess in one of the windows of St George's Hall. Her Majesty held a drawing-room after the ceremony, where all the ladies of the new court, and great numbers of the nobility, were admitted to kiss her hand. Her gracious reception gave the utmost satisfaction, and her Scottish subjects observed, that she never had looked so handsome as that day. King James himself, who did not often now take notice of her appearance, called Lord Southampton and some others whom he had brought, and asked them "if they did not think his Annie (as he generally called her) looked passing well; and my little Bessie too," added he, taking his daughter up in his arms and kissing her, "is not an ill-fared wench, and may outshine her mother one of these days." "That is more, sir," replied Lord Southampton, bowing, "than the Princess need desire: if she equals her Majesty some years hence, it will be more, I will be bold to say, than any other princess on earth will do!" Pity that this well-turned piece of flattery, adroitly administered by the friend of Shakespeare, was thrown away. But the harmony of that joyous evening was broken soon after. The Queen's temper became exasperated; probably too much respect was paid to the Earl of Mar. A general quarrel ensued, and the complimentary Lord Southampton was handed off

to the Tower for—impertinence to the Queen. With true Scottish caution, the Erskine maid of honour ignores all reminiscences of this fracas.

Sully, it seems, had privately and mysteriously insinuated ideas of the marriage of Elizabeth and the Dauphin, on condition that King James joined with Henry IV. and all the Protestant princes—among whom, by the way, the Elector Palatine, afterwards her husband, was especially named<sup>1</sup>—in a war against the House of Austria. But that great and rather prudish statesman never intended, or even imagined it possible, that the insular monarch could think of joking about it with his little children and their attendants, and, still worse, giving jovial healths concerning the same when dining at Greenwich Palace, in wine which he had omitted to dilute with water! Now, even in these times of temperance, English gentlemen must laugh at being expected, by any French ambassador, to drink healths in weak wine and water, to which wholesome potation, we are grieved to acknowledge, Elizabeth's royal sire was by no means addicted. So Sully tells<sup>2</sup> his friend, Roi Henri, in a most amusing letter, the crabbishness of his remarks on the want of reserve regarding the marriages of the four royal infants making it, unconsciously to himself, very humorous. The great French statesman was withal much annoyed by the perversity of Queen Anne, who made no secret of the good understanding she had come to with the Spanish ambassador, d'Aremberg, concerning the marriage of his young King, Philip III., with her Elizabeth, and of her Prince of Wales with his Infanta. "I told King James, at dinner, that the Spaniards were notorious for offering their Infanta to all the princes upon earth merely to delude them," writes Sully to Henry IV.<sup>3</sup>

The Duke of Lerma then proposed to the English ambassador a design of giving this Infanta to the Prince of Wales, and demanding the Princess Elizabeth for the Prince of

<sup>1</sup> Œuvres de Sully.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.—Letter to Henri Quatre, i. 131, 132.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

Piedmont, first cousin to the young King of Spain, who had been brought up in his court. The young Elizabeth heard this proposal discussed between her parents with terror, owing to the probability of her being sent to Spain for education, if it had been accepted. A different course of education was, however, soon resolved on by her father, and Elizabeth had once more to break the ties of affection she had formed with the lady in charge over her. Lady Kildare was dismissed, and the Princess was consigned wholly to the care of Lord and Lady Harrington: the home intended for her during her education was their seat of Combe Abbey.

Lady Kildare was relinquished by her royal pupil without great démonstration of regret, but the parting with the dear cousin, Lady Arabella Stuart, although that lady's state functions, as first governess, were to be resumed at all vacations allowed the Princess, was something tragical. As for her separation from the Prince, force was required to effect it, for his sister hung about his neck, exclaiming, "No, I can never leave my dear Henry!" The fear of displeasing the King and Queen put an end to the lamentations that ensued when her arms were unclasped from her brother's neck; and the Lady Elizabeth was forthwith consigned to the keeping of her new guardians. Finally she set out with them to Combe Abbey, with as much composure as could be expected. Several young ladies, about her own age, attended her thither; they were to share her education in the retirement of that Warwickshire Elysium. Some of their names are of historical note, and will be remembered, as the Erskine maid of honour thus enumerates them. "There were," she says, "the Ladies Dorothy and Lucy Percy,<sup>1</sup> daughters of the Earl of Northumberland"—the last became afterwards the notorious Countess of Carlisle; "then there was the Lady Frances Devereux, daughter to the unfortunate Earl of Essex, and Lady Elizabeth Hume, and Lady Charlotte Bruce, one the daughter of the Earl of

<sup>1</sup> Their father was an ultra-Papist, and these children were most likely brought up Protestants perforce. He was deeply involved in the Gunpowder Plot.



Dunbar, and the other of the Earl of Elgin, two of the King's Scottish favourites. I need not name myself, for I had never left her."

It may surprise our readers to find that King James had a very great dislike to pedantry in man or woman; and, though his saying has been turned against himself, was wont to observe—"That even a man who was vain and foolish, was made more so by learning; and as for women, whom he deemed to be all naturally addicted to vanity, where learning did one good it did twenty harm." He therefore charged Lord Harrington not to attempt to make the Princess a Greek or Latin scholar (as had been usual for women of high birth in the last century), but to make her truly wise, by instructing her thoroughly in her religious duties, and by giving her general useful information, and, withal, sound knowledge of history. "Truly his Majesty could not have pitched upon a *properer* tutor for his daughter than Lord Harrington, who had studied both mankind and books. He was at once a sincere Christian and fine gentleman; learned without pedantry. He knew that amusements were necessary for young people; he therefore procured for her and her young train all that the country could afford; yet, at the same time, contrived to intermix them with something useful and estimable. In order to raise her above all that was trifling and childish, he cultivated her taste for the liberal arts. Masters for music, dancing, and painting, were soon provided and pensioned, to attend on and instruct the Lady Elizabeth and her little court."

"The first days after our arrival at Combe Abbey were spent in admiring the beauties of the place, which made so great an impression on me that I still remember it well enough to give you<sup>1</sup> some account of it, which will amuse me, I am sure, as the recollections of our infancy always do, and I hope they will not tire you. The house stood rather low, as most old ones do—had a pleasing though not extensive prospect. Under the window of our Princess's apart-

<sup>1</sup> The lady, narrating these reminiscences of the Queen of Bohemia's education, evidently addresses them to her children or grandchildren.

ment was a parterre filled with the greatest variety of flowers that ever I saw. Beyond, a lawn of beautiful verdure, peculiar to this country, relieved the eye, fatigued with the dazzling colours of the flowers. The view was terminated by a cascade falling into a canal, that looked a river, which seemed to lose itself in a fine wood on the right hand; this wood circled round from the other side of the house. We could go through it, in the shade, all the way to the park, which was a very fine one. Through the park were many gravelled paths, which made walking very agreeable in winter. In summer every part of it was delightful, and throughout the year you might have shade and shelter in your walks, with some prospects, whichever way the wind blew or the sun shone.

“Nothing took the fancy of the Princess so much as a little wilderness at the end of the park, on the banks of a large brook, which ran winding along, and formed in one a large irregular basin, or rather a small lake, in which was an island covered with an underwood of flowering plants and trees—so well chosen, that for nine months in the year it presented continual spring. The wilderness and the island my young mistress begged to have the disposal of, which was granted with great pleasure by the noble owners. My Princess was fond of all animals, especially of the feathered kind. She never heard or read of any bird, rare for its beauty or curious qualities, but she wished to possess it, or at least to see it. As she was much beloved, every one who knew her tastes brought her creatures of various kinds.” The odd angle of the park, over which Lady Harrington permitted her to reign, formed a home for her animals; concerning the welfare of which she had experienced, now and then, the anxieties that a good mistress, however young she may be, must feel occasionally for those looking up to her for comfort. “Lord Harrington, who wished for her the wisdom of Solomon—and indeed she was in a fair way of knowing all that grows, from the hyssop on the wall to the cedars that were planted under her inspection—was pleased to find her genuine delight in the inanimate as well as the animate creation. The private garden and greenhouse were

as well stored with exotic plants as her aviary and menagerie were with happy living creatures. Lord Harrington never missed any opportunity of raising her mind to the Creator of all. If she admired a bird or a flower, she was taught to thank and to adore the goodness of Almighty God, 'who so clothes the grass of the field,' 'and without whose permission not a sparrow falleth;' 'who feedeth the young ravens,' and 'who made every tree and every herb to bear seed after its kind.' If a butterfly or a glow-worm took the eye of the young Elizabeth, some account was given her of its nature, and of the wonderful changes most of them go through; and she was shown these and smaller insects through the microscope, which had been very lately invented by Dribill, a Dutchman. A very frequent and favourite entertainment was this to us all."

Such is the memorial of the first three years of Elizabeth Stuart's life in the Happy Valley, kept by the Pekuah of the party. For who can doubt that the original idea of the charming tale of *Rasselas* arose from recollections of the education of Elizabeth Stuart, which must have been rife in the mid-counties when Samuel Johnson was a boy; for he was born within a few miles of the Happy Valley of Combe Abbey, where the King's daughter, sometimes visited by her beloved brother, was enclosed, with her juvenile court, from the world—a world in which the Princess and her fair-faced maids, Lucy Percy, with the fascinating Dorothea, her sister, were to play such remarkable parts. Before they left Combe Abbey there was evidence enough that they longed to rush into the world of action and of pleasure. Yet before ever it had done with them, we can answer full well that one, and she the principal of the bright group, vainly wished to rest her aching brow and wearied mind in that English Elysium of her youth, to which there was no return, as in the Abyssinian apologue.

There are many corroborations extant of the exactitude of the young maid of honour's memoir. Just when Elizabeth was ten years old, a portrait was painted of her, quite unaccountable without the hint given of her aviary and menagerie at Combe Abbey. She has a monkey and a dog



at her feet, a love-bird in her hand, a macaw on one shoulder, and a parrot on the other.<sup>1</sup> It became a fashion thus to paint children, and many portraits occur in the galleries of the old English nobility and gentry of children surrounded by birds.<sup>2</sup>

When the alarming autumn of 1607 arrived, the Happy Valley of Combe Abbey was nearly frightened from its peace and propriety, like the rest of the Island, by the astounding plot that was meant to deprive Great Britain, at one fell blow, of King, Queen, Prince, Peers, and Parliament.

Robert Catesby, Esq., one of the accomplices in this plot, a landed proprietor of ancient family, and Papist to extremity, lived within a few miles of Combe Abbey, and invited all the gentlemen of the mid-counties round to a great hunting-match on his property, which was to come off the first days of November 1607. A rising-ground on the Combe Abbey estate entirely commanded the view of Catesby's heath, where the hunt was to meet. The Lady Elizabeth and her train of nymphs, being exceedingly addicted to the old savage propensities of female life in the British Islands, reckoned excessively on viewing the sport from their own domain. We do not find that hunting was especially recommended among the educational exercises allowed by Lord Harrington; yet the whole bevy were anxious to have a peep at the pleasure about which their fathers and mothers, from the King and Queen, the peer and peeress, down to the simple squire and dame, talked perpetually. An adventure occurred the preceding day, November 4, which, however seriously related by the writer of the Erskine memoir, we cannot help thinking was a contrivance to keep the Princess and her young ladies within the safe precincts of their Happy Valley. As they were all walking to the Princess's farm, which they visited every day at recreation-time, they heard the voices of men outside the park-fence. The Princess being named, the whole fair bevy inside drew up

<sup>1</sup> Rolls MS., for payment of the painter.

<sup>2</sup> At Sizergh Castle, Westmoreland, the seat of Walter Strickland, Esq., two children of Sir Thomas Strickland, whose portraits occur at the same period, are painted surrounded by birds in an aviary.

to listen to the dialogue.<sup>1</sup> Why the men persisted in it when so many female tongues were on the other side of the park-pales, is not satisfactorily explained. Perhaps the plotters were deaf, although it seems they were not dumb; for "voice the first" said to "voice the second," "that he could easily get in at the neighbouring gate, and, with the aid of a dozen men, carry off the Princess, while the rest caught her attendants." There is no historical record of the alarm which first impelled Lord Harrington to retreat with the Princess and her household behind the walls of the neighbouring city of Coventry, but thither they went, vacating Combe Abbey but two hours before Catesby, at the head of an insurgent band of Papists, came in search of them for the purpose of seizing the Princess, and proclaiming her Queen, by the style of Elizabeth II.

The civic force of Coventry turned out to guard the Princess, the day she became the guest of their municipality, November 7, 1607.<sup>2</sup> Lord Harrington, when he had placed his charge, her train, and the helpless ones of his own family, in the "safe harbour of Coventry," went with the *posse comitatis* to hunt down the insurgent Roman Catholics, who stood at bay, commanded by Catesby, at Holbeach House, where their defence was most desperate.<sup>3</sup> Catesby was killed. No notice exists of the date of Elizabeth's return to Combe Abbey, unless that of Lord Harrington's well-known letter may be taken.<sup>4</sup> The Princess and her preceptor had both been ill, as he expressly says:—

"I am not yet recovered from the fever occasioned by these disturbances. I went with Sir Fulke Greville to alarm the neighbourhood and surprise the

<sup>1</sup> The anecdote is detached from the narrative, and appended to the end of the volume, as the first alarming incident that befell Elizabeth Stuart in the course of her adventurous life.

<sup>2</sup> The date of the city-book for giving out the arms is supposed to be that of her arrival.

<sup>3</sup> The Digby pedigree claims for John Digby of Coleshill the credit of carrying from Lord Harrington the news to King James of the intended insurrection of the gunpowder conspirators, most of whom were his relatives and friends; for which service the King made Digby one of his carvers, and gentleman of the privy chamber, and finally Earl of Bristol. This commencement of life casts a new and strange light on the character of this eccentric personage, when his career is historically considered.

<sup>4</sup> January 6, 1605-6. It is possible the date in the *Nugæ* is wrong.

villains who came to Holbeach—was out five days, in peril of death, and in fear for the great charge I left at home. Winter [one of the conspirators] hath confessed their design to surprise the Princess at my house, if their wickedness had taken place at London. Some of them say she would have been proclaimed queen. Her Highness doth often say, 'What a queen should I have been by this means! I had rather been with my royal father in the Parliament House than wear his crown on such condition!' This poor lady hath not yet recovered the surprise, and is very ill and troubled."

The poor lady was only in her tenth year.

Many of Elizabeth's letters are preserved of a date previous to the Gunpowder Plot, but not one worthy of quotation, being bad imitations of the scholastic performances of Queen Elizabeth and Edward VI. One, written in French, to her brother Henry, about this alarming time, expresses with simplicity natural feelings of thankfulness, although clothed in a foreign language: <sup>1</sup> "I doubt not you have given thanks to the good God for the deliverance He has vouchsafed us, and still do so: for my part, I wish to join my prayers with yours, and say with you, 'If our God be with us, who can be against us? In His keeping I will not dread what man can do.'"

Frederic V., Elector Palatine, then in his tenth year, brought up a Calvinist by his guardian, was pursuing a theological and controversial education at Sedan, with the view of one day heading the Calvinist League, and establishing that branch of Protestantism from the mouth to the sources of the Rhine. A letter penned by this juvenile potentate was sent to James I., congratulating him on his escape from the "wicked conspiracy," which he expresses a firm conviction proceeded "from the direct agency of Anti-christ."<sup>2</sup> The letter proved the first step to Elizabeth's future union with this young prince.

A little time afterwards, her household was extended and enlarged, and Lord Harrington's allowance for her entertainment and that of her household was increased from the sum of £1500 per annum to £2500. She was permitted, in the ensuing summer, to stay with her mother at Greenwich Palace during the visit of her uncle, Christian IV. of

<sup>1</sup> Harleian Collection, quoted by Miss Benger.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Benger's Memoirs of Elizabeth Stuart.



Denmark. There she had the pleasure of association with her brother Henry, Prince of Wales; and after their parting, once more their correspondence was renewed: little billets in all the languages they studied, constantly travelled between Ham House, the residence of the Prince of Wales, and Combe Abbey. Elizabeth's were fantastically knotted with floss-silk, often some of its threads were entwined among the wax with which the epistle was sealed, and the name of Elizabeth was thus wrought.

After returning to Combe Abbey, Elizabeth's studies proceeded, with the assistance of masters, on a more extensive scale. Writing-masters were elaborate artists in those days, retaining, by their skill in flourishes, some of the importance the art had lost since printing had superseded the conventual illuminations. Flourished angels' heads, adorned with elaborate wings, flourished swans, all the beasts and birds of Noah's ark, and the ark itself, were often executed by these artists, and impertinently introduced into deeds and papers where they had no possible business. But while disliking the nuisance of these superfluities, it is but justice to observe, that this skill in flourished penmanship must have greatly facilitated the higher pictorial art by boldness in sketching, and the declension in pictorial art from the seventeenth century has perhaps been occasioned by the cessation of the works of these pen-delineators. One of them, Mr Beauchamp, "that teacheth her Grace the Lady Elizabeth to write, was paid for gilt paper, ink, vellum skins, and paper books for her Grace's service, £1, 9s. 8d.<sup>1</sup>" Dr Bull, a celebrated sacred composer, or rather perhaps editor, of the earlier strains of the Church, received £40 per annum for instruction given the Lady Elizabeth, who performed on virginals and lute. The household was amplified, and some of the young companions enumerated by the Erskine memoir gave place to others, as the niece of Lord Harrington, Anne Dudley, afterwards the principal friend and favourite of the Princess. This young lady was the daughter of the deeply-impooverished Lord Sutton, and Theodosia, sister

<sup>1</sup> Lord Harrington's Accounts, Rolls MS. Records.

of Lord Harrington. Lucy Harrington, the daughter of Lord Harrington, was considerably older than the Princess. She was one of the most accomplished and learned young women in England, but fantastic, affected, and extravagantly profuse in expenditure. It is to be feared that she imbued the Princess with no little of the latter ill quality, notwithstanding the earnest manner in which it will be found that Lord Harrington laboured to eradicate this dangerous tendency from the mind of his royal charge. It is very clear that Lord Harrington took for his model of tuition the plans of Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, when he formed the mind of James V.; and in detailing his course of instruction, it is needful again to have recourse to the contemporary narrative written by the Erskine lady, who thus describes the manner in which knowledge was communicated by Lord Harrington to the young Princess and her youthful train of noble attendants:—

“ I may perhaps sometimes misplace the time of Lord Harrington’s instructions, but I remember very well that, before we left Combe Abbey, Copernicus’s system of our world’s diurnal and annual motion round the sun was quite familiar to us, though he surprised us all very much at first, when he told us that the sun stood still, and that it was the earth that moved: we all thought that he was laughing at us. Yet Lord Harrington soon proved to us, by various demonstrations, that such was fact. He told us that our not perceiving the earth’s motion was no reason against it, since to people in a boat it is the shores that seem to move. And though Moses and the other sacred writers mention the sun as moving, and the earth as standing still, nothing contrary to Scriptural truth need be inferred from those modes of expression, which were merely used as accommodated to people’s perception.”

Effects visible and present were mentioned, without going back to the hidden causes—just as we, to this hour, use the terms “ sunrise ” and “ sunset.” All languages would have to be pulled to pieces if Scripture were blamed regarding such expressions. Voltaire, who was certainly the loudest

if not the first wrangler against Holy Writ on account of "the sun standing still," would have written a folio in defence of the pretty French phrases descriptive of the return and withdrawal of light, as apparent to the human eye; yet his diurnal, "*coucher de soleil*" is far more unphilosophical than the Scriptural term for miraculous prolongation of light. We see, in the foregoing passage, there were, even in the first years of the seventeenth century, scientific pedants who carped at Scripture because it does not leave its higher spiritual purposes to analyse the arcana of the chemist's laboratory, the dissecting-table, the observatory, or the geological museum. The benevolent sage of Combe Abbey foresaw the hard attacks which the Christian belief of his auditors would meet, and prepared them with the shield of liberal good-sense to interpret, not according to the mere "letter which kills," but according to the spirit which vivifies. And his righteous way led to good results. Elizabeth Stuart, in all her trials, never lost sight of her Scriptural and Christian hope, whilst her daughter and her granddaughter, bewildered and obfuscated with the atoms of Descartes and of Leibnitz, lived and died in search of a religion.

"There were stated hours," resumes our Erskine memoir, "for the different masters to give their lessons to the Princess and her little court. No partiality was allowed to be shown to her above the rest; nor was she ever told, although it was quite true, that she excelled all the children of her age in quickness of comprehension in whatsoever she was taught, which was everything that a great princess ought to know. To make the study of history more agreeable to her, Lord Harrington had first begun by showing portraits of all the sovereigns that had reigned in Europe, with their wives and descendants; little maps of their dominions were annexed to the groups of portraits. Often prints or drawings, representing the chief occurrences and actions of their lives, were laid before her, when explanations were given by oral relation, or by reading amusing narrations of them from the best historians. The chronology relative to each other was always very carefully

marked on each parcel, which were kept in packs like cards"—we may suppose for the lack of the invention of portfolios. "The Princess, and all of us together, by way of play, used to mix them, and then earnestly to go to work in the arrangement of all of them in their right chronological order, always beginning with the kings and queens of Great Britain, north and south, and then we placed in due order all who had been cotemporaneous. Often our drawing-master came and drew under our eyes little historical pieces from the Scriptures, and in the same way from other history, if our readings had greatly delighted us with some particular passages. I remember one that will give you an idea of the rest: it was the meeting of Henry VIII. of England with Francis I. near Calais. Anne Bullen was made a conspicuous figure among the attendants of that celebrated Queen of Navarre, sister to the French king. Henry VIII. seemed looking towards Anne while complimenting with the King and Queen of France. The Emperor Charles V. we placed in a corner frowning at the meeting; and we set up separately King James V. of Scotland, taking leave of his mother, Queen Margaret, on the banks of Tweed, when she was coming to visit her brother Henry VIII., bringing her infant, the Lady Margaret Douglas, with her."

Geography was taught in the same amusing and comprehensible manner.

"There was one of the best telescopes at Combe Abbey that had yet been made; it was little more than fifty years since they were generally known," says our author. "Looking through it at the moon and stars was always a great entertainment to us, permitted by Lord Harrington, when requested, rather as a favour, but never pressed upon us. Lord Harrington, who was a good astronomer, reasoned often on the folly of astrology, convincing us that God had created His stars for nobler purposes than to dance attendance upon any single human creature. You may think that all this was above the capacity of children, yet they are capable of understanding, at a much earlier age than is generally supposed, facts more difficult of



comprehension than these." The long hard words in which information used to be conveyed to children were incomprehensible to them, not the information itself. Lord Harrington was indeed in advance of the greatest persons of his era when he threw deserved scorn on astrology. Do we not remember La Brosse, the astrologer of Sully, by whose advice he attached himself to the fortunes of Henry of Navarre? Then the Great Henry himself, who, just at the time when Harrington was weeding this noxious and paralysing superstition from the mind of the royal child whom James I. had given to his tuition, was shuddering at his foretold fate, and listening for the supernatural sounds of the assassin's steps "seeking him in his Louvre." As for Wallenstein and his little grey Seni, the astrologer who always travelled in his military train, Seni was then learning the abracadabra of his gibberish in some conjuror's booth as lad-of-all-work, and Wallenstein was cadet in the Imperial Guard of Honour. Far far advanced before his era was the sage of Combe Abbey. Again, the effects of his tuition were practically shown in the character of the Princess, although she was not always proof against that shuddering fear of communion with the invisible, which seems an original sensation implanted in the human mind; yet she was above the low superstitions of encouraging fortune-tellers and horoscope-mongers such as we have quoted against the greatest of the world's favourite great men. By no chance have we found that any of the noxious predicting crew who swarmed in her century gained influence over her clear mind.

"The routine of the day at Combe Abbey," began with family prayer, short, plain, and impressive.<sup>1</sup> The chaplain read the lessons for the day, and expounded any difficult passage, and never failed giving useful instructions on some essential point of Christianity, represented to us in its true colours as tending to promote peace and happiness here and hereafter. At the time I am speaking of, my Princess enjoyed perfect peace and tranquillity; part of the day was always spent out of doors, the utmost

<sup>1</sup> Life of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, by one of her Ladies.

care being taken of her health, not to hurt it, as is too often the case with princes, and lately with herself, by too great delicacy. On the contrary, at Combe Abbey she was by degrees accustomed to air and exercise in all weathers, and to rise early. The evenings were generally occupied with music and dancing. Twice every week the children of all the neighbouring nobility and gentry were admitted to her company. She went to visit all the young ladies who lived within reach, and was taken to see everything worth seeing in the county."

Many indications remain, among the existing accounts of Lord Harrington, of the menagerie, which was one of his royal pupil's delights; charges are entered "for cotton to make her monkeys' beds, and for joiners who made her parrot-cages, and for shearing her great rough dog, and for the sustenance of an Irish wolf-hound, all belonging to her Grace." When the Princess visited her father's palace of Nonsuch in 1612, she killed a doe, and paid, it seems, her fee to the keeper of the Great Park there of twentypence, and to his man, who brought her prey to Kew, another fee of five shillings.

It is easy to trace, in the memoir left by Elizabeth's early friend and companion, indications of the failing which beset her almost through life: this was reckless expenditure, with constant propensity to anticipate her income, whatsoever that might be. Lord Harrington exerted all his energy to suppress it, yet was perhaps unaware that his own daughter at Combe Abbey, likewise the royal mother of his pupil, when she was with her at vacations, encouraged the evil more than he could keep it down. Let no persons look for esteem or respect among their contemporaries, or peace and independence in this world, who contract such a vice.

"The first wishes the Princess had expressed concerning the wilderness and island given to her control at Combe Abbey," says the Erskine memoir, "were to have a little thatched building, which she found upon it, rendered habitable for a widow and her children, recommended to her as fitting recipients of her charity; but she meant besides to give them employment in the care of her fowls. In course



of time this cottage was new-fronted, and given the appearance of a hermitage ; adjacent was a grotto, the adorning of which with shells and moss occupied many of the leisure hours of our Princess. In all this, as in everything else, she showed taste above her years. In the wood on the other side of the brook she had had her aviary made like that which she had heard," no doubt, from Lord Harrington, " that Queen Elizabeth admired at the late Earl of Leicester's,<sup>1</sup> in imitation of which the top was made round, with masses of coloured glass set in it, that looked like rough emeralds and rubies, the natural product of the rock which formed the back and roof of the aviary. The rest was enclosed with a net of gilt wire ; within were many bushes for the birds to perch upon, and water was falling continually from the artificial rock for her pretty feathered creatures to drink and bathe in at pleasure. Recesses were likewise made for their nests in the rock when they chose to build. Near the aviary was a cottage which she had repaired for an old man who had the care of the birds. Little wooden buildings, models of the orders of architecture which Lord Harrington thought a princess ought to understand, were designed by her, and served to enclose some stuffed skins of those birds too tender to live in this country, as the Bird of Paradise and humming-birds. Adjoining to the wood were some meadows, afterwards added to the grounds, which our Princess used to call 'her territories,' and sometimes 'her fairy farm,' from its being stocked with the smallest kind of cattle that the islands of Jersey, Shetland, and Man could furnish. The children of a neighbouring farmer had the management of it under their father's direction. The Princess had them clothed like shepherdesses in dresses of her own providing, and sufficient salaries were allowed all employed in this manner from her revenue for their comfortable subsistence. 'My amusements,' she used to say, 'give me double pleasure, if they prove beneficial to my fellow-creatures.' These sentiments of humanity and benevolence had been inculcated, from the first dawning of

<sup>1</sup> The "late" Earl of Leicester means Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth's favourite.

reason, into the mind of this lovely child. The King made a great allowance for her expenses, and a certain part of it he left wholly at her own disposal for her charities, presents, and pocket-money, in order to give her practical ideas of economy. I was to keep her accounts, which Lord Harrington insisted on her examining every month." By this we find the Erskine lady was the keeper of the Princess's privy purse.

"For a great while the Princess spent the money long before the next quarter was due—nay, sometimes before the first week was out. Once, in particular, I remember she laid it all out, within three days after it was paid, in a heap of trinkets, which she divided among us, but chiefly between Lady Lucy Percy<sup>1</sup> and myself. Lord Harrington observed it all in silence, but took his measures. One morning soon after, some young ladies of the county were to be presented to our Princess: previously Lord Harrington brought her some pretty curiosities, which were to be purchased at a moderate price; some of them he advised her to distribute to her guests; and, moreover, he brought her a statement of distress and undeserved misery that had befallen a family of respectability, whom he thought it would give her pleasure to relieve. Our mistress was forced to own that her money was all gone. Then Lord Harrington represented to her the ill effects of profuseness, which leaves nothing wherewith to answer the calls of true liberality. He repeated to her what Cardinal Ximenes used to say to Queen Isabel of Spain, and afterwards to her grandson Charles V., 'It is becoming for princes to give, and to give much, but that it must not be without discretion, for sovereigns with the largest revenues could never do anything great without order and economy in their finances.'

"The Princess owned to Lord Harrington that she had acted foolishly, but begged him not to reject the petition of the decayed family, to advance out of her next quarter's allowance sufficient for its relief, and to purchase the presents he deemed necessary for the young ladies. 'No,' replied Lord Harrington, 'I will do no such thing; it is a

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards the Countess of Carlisle.

bad and ruinous custom for you to begin anticipating your income. I will myself assist the distressed family, since your Highness cannot afford it. As to the young ladies, you can wait to give them presents until the time for New Year's gifts comes round.' The Princess was deeply mortified. Lady Lucy Percy and I asked her leave to return what she had so lavishly purchased for us, and then she would have wherewithal to bestow, as Lord Harrington had advised. But she answered with some scorn, 'That she never took back aught that she had once given!' Then recollecting that our offer proceeded from affection, she burst into tears, and added, 'that she would do anything that such friends requested, but indeed she believed those baubles would be despised by the persons her tutor wished to be propitiated; yet if Lady Harrington would let her have them, she would devote some of her jewels to that purpose.' Of course, Lady Harrington, in whose care the jewels were deposited, would not hear of any such intention. Just then the Queen happened to send her daughter some trinkets, which she was allowed to give away. Notwithstanding, she thought the time very long till her next quarterly payment, as her greatest pleasure was to give, and she had to put off or refuse all petitioners and cases of distress for want of funds. Lord Harrington observed her embarrassment with the utmost satisfaction, and impressed on her mind, that to do good by fits and starts was of little use. He recommended her to determine what part of her income ought to be appropriated to charity, and having fixed the sum, to separate it from the rest, and religiously devote it to the service of God, by benefiting in the best possible manner our distressed fellow-creatures. Not only ought we to give, but to give well. When the Princess wished to know the most useful charities, Lord Harrington replied, 'schools.' The Princess asked him eagerly, 'What schools were the *properest*?' 'Such,' he replied, 'are the most beneficial which at the same time instruct the poor and ignorant in their duties to God and man, and in the means of gaining an honest livelihood.'"

Lord Harrington well knew the expense and difficulties

of an industrial school ; the one thing needful, we may see, then as well as now. A common school, for turning the children of hardy peasants into defective and discontented clerks, by penning them into unhealthy rooms, with unwholesome leaves of the tree of knowledge, to worry their minds eight mortal hours, while their poor bodies were enervated for manly toil, was cheap enough then as now. But our English sage insisted, that if "good" was not done well, people had better let it alone. Lord Harrington represented to his pupil "that she must not undertake more expense than she could afford ; he advised her to distribute among poor families short catechisms and other good books, and then institute rewards to parents for every child who could answer pertinently when questioned on them. Likewise other rewards [or prizes] for girls that could knit, and sew, and clothe themselves and families. These had rewards [prizes] of suits of clothes given ; they were further required to exert their skill by making them, and this secured another reward or prize. Further, he advised her to put some children out every year, some to handicraftsmen, and others to farmers to learn tillage."

" 'Even these benefactions,' said Lord Harrington, 'will sometimes exceed the sum you set apart for charity.' 'Then make up the deficiency, my Lord,' replied the Princess, 'from the cost of that appropriated for dress and personal expenses.' Lord Harrington commended much her generous intention, but told her that every rank in life required a suitable appearance, of which her Grace would be a better judge when grown up ; that she would then do well to regulate her expenses by the rules of discretion, and to set proper bounds to the magnificence of her apparel, which would set a good example to those ladies of lower rank often inclined to transgress the limits of good sense in that particular. Such ought to be her constant care. 'He hoped,' he said, 'to see her united to some illustrious prince of the same generous disposition with herself, that would listen to her good counsels, and join with her not only in discouraging all excesses, but in encouraging virtue, promoting every good work, and the happiness of their subjects.'



We saw the cheeks of our Princess glow and her eyes sparkle as if her heart burned within her when prospects of doing good were set before her."

The subject of Elizabeth's tuition must not be dismissed without quotation from some devotional lines, written while at Combe Abbey. They were preserved among the Harrington Papers, and published in the *Nugæ* collected in the last century. There is something of strength and vitality in the lines, which show that Elizabeth Stuart shared the poetical genius of her race, and was a worthy descendant of the national poets, James I., James IV., and James V. Unfortunately, an ambitious desire of surmounting difficulties has caused her to write in quadrupled rhyme, which has injured the pleasing simplicity of the strain of thought:—

" This is joy, this true pleasure,  
If we best things make our treasure,  
And enjoy them at full leisure,  
Evermore in richest measure.

God is only excellent,  
Unto Him our love be sent;  
Whose desires are set or bent  
On aught else, shall much repent.

What care I for lofty place,  
If the Lord grant me His grace,  
Showing me His pleasant face  
When with joy I end my race.

This is only my desire,  
This doth set my heart on fire,  
That I might receive my lyre  
With the saints' and angels' quire.

Oh my soul, of heavenly birth,  
Do thou scorn this basest earth;  
Place not here thy joy and mirth,  
Where of bliss is utmost dearth.

To me grace, Oh Father, send,  
On Thee wholly to depend;  
May I to Thy glory tend,  
So to live and so to end."<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> There are more verses, but they have been irretrievably mangled in printing the *Nugæ*.



When the Princess entered her fifteenth year, residences were appointed for her at Kew Palace, and at the Cockpit. Lord Harrington, his wife, and their niece and daughter, were given the first places in her household. The Cockpit, her London residence, was the theatre of Whitehall in the time of Henry VIII. It is well known, in the domestic history of the royalty of England at the end of the same century, as the residence of Anne, Princess of Denmark, the youngest daughter of James II., and subsequently as the Treasury, and as the site of the present Treasury. When fresh air was needed during the stay of the Princess in the neighbourhood of London, Kew was the place of her abode; whether in the present palace is dubious, yet the lower rooms present many features of the era in fluted oak panneling, which, though afterwards painted white, cannot date much later than the times of James I. Kew has for several centuries been the residence of the younger branches of English royalty. In this instance, the near neighbourhood to Ham Palace, the favourite abode of Henry Prince of Wales, and the easy access by means of the river, made an occasional sojourn there very delightful to the young Elizabeth. The brother and sister used to exchange visits frequently in summer evenings, and sometimes remain days together as each other's guests. These visits are still preserved in the traditions of Ham House, which is the most curious historical palace in the environs of London. The principal state-chamber was hung with tapestry from the long-forgotten factory at Mortlake, which tradition attributes to James I.'s patronage, with intention of rivalling the famous one established by Gilles Gobelin in France under Francis I. The wonderful cartoons by Raphael, now at Hampton Court, served for the patterns of the Mortlake tapestry.<sup>1</sup> The state-chamber in

<sup>1</sup> It is certain that the expenses of the Mortlake Gobelins were defrayed from the revenues of Henry Prince of Wales during the minority of his brother Charles. We have not found any other particular of its existence, excepting in Manning's *Surrey*, which attributes the foundation to James I., who granted £2000 to Sir F. Crane in 1619—the Harleian says, from the revenues of his deceased son Henry. That the cartoons at Hampton Court have been worked, is known by the marks of stitches on them.

Ham House, though now modernised, was, when we saw it, about eighteen years ago, warranted to be in the same state as when Elizabeth slept there, and terrified at the ghost-stories which her brother Henry so inhospitably told her, forsook the room the first night, and took refuge in the ante-room, where her maids slept on pallets, and passed the night in their company. Henry Stuart, adored as he was by his family, had a propensity of teasing and trying the tempers of his sister and brother Charles. Lord Harrington, who had with benevolent foresight taken care to guard his pupil from the vulgar and selfish forms of superstition, was doubtless grieved at her courage breaking down in a haunted Tudor chamber.

Ham House was one of Henry VIII.'s hunting-palaces; some remnants of his arms and emblems are still to be seen. A beautiful silver grating in a fireplace of his time is there; the silver fire-irons and dogs, or andirons, are said to have belonged to him. Such were used in the chamber where the princely merchant Fugger welcomed his sovereign lord, Charles V., to his magnificent abode at Ghent. When the host conducted his imperial guest to his chamber, he lighted a pile of cinnamon (then costly beyond calculation, which was heaped on a similar grating), with a bond for a large sum of money the great Charles had borrowed of him. Never before was chamber warmed and perfumed with such costly fuel! Henry VIII. was given to imitate his greater neighbours; he could command silver decorations and utensils for his fireplace, but the poetical devotion of such merchants as Fugger he did not deserve, as his dying commerce and depreciated currency prove with all the silent power of facts. There is nothing definite in the traditions of the personages figuring in the ghost-stories with which Henry Stuart frightened his guest and sister; yet, by an odd sort of poetical justice, the common people about Ham and Mortlake, retaining a vague idea of his name and early death, now suppose that *he* haunts Ham House. Perhaps it was he who originally invented the Ham House ghost-stories.

Many proposals of marriage were made from the earliest

period of the existence of the young Princess. There was not an unmarried prince in Europe who did not, in some tiresome treaty or other, sue for her hand. Unfortunately there was as great difference of rank among these princely suitors as in the degrees of the nobility and squirearchy of a county ball-room, and as much narrow pride displayed in the selection of partners. England had in the previous century mated its daughters with the heirs or the sovereigns of France and Spain. Now the island thrones were united, how could a lower wedlock be looked upon with patience? Anne of Denmark desired her daughter to wed the heir of Spain; and although she was herself the descendant of an elective prince raised to the throne of Denmark by the expulsion of a Roman Catholic King and a Spanish princess, she despised the sovereigns of the Protestant north, who were, nevertheless, her near kindred, and brought up the young Elizabeth with the expectation of wearing the crown-matrimonial of Spain, despite her education, and sincere profession of the Reformed faith. The coldness of Spain regarding this marriage, which had never been entertained for a moment excepting to gain the Queen's assistance in some ambassadorial intrigue, caused the utmost mortification to the English royal family. Perhaps that feeling occasioned the marriage which eventually took place in the year 1613, between the young Elizabeth and the Elector Palatine of the Rhine, Frederic V., whose political position was that of the greatest enemy in the world, civil and religious, to the two branches of the family of Ferdinand and Isabel, then established on the imperial thrones of Germany, and of Spain.

The various and ambiguous titles of the monarch of the rejoicing and abounding Rhine, did not express his real power and wealth. He is called Palsgrave or Palace Count, or Count Palatine, and Elector Palatine and Prince Palatine,—all of which titles signified his office in the Imperial Diet as the first in rank among the princes who elected the emperors of Germany, rather than the fair and fertile dominions over which his somewhat despotic sceptre extended, from the sources of the mighty river to its

delta. In everything but the mere airy sound of title, Frederic was the greatest prince in wide Germany. The brotherhood of Rhenish princes had been foremost in Luther's Reformation, and in the first religious war of Germany the whole Palatinate had been Lutheran, the people following the religion of the temporal ruler just as sheep are driven by the shepherd's dog. But the exigencies of policy, which showed how much more independent of the Emperor the cities and princes along the borders of the Rhine would be, if they were of the same party of religion with the republic of Holland, caused matrimonial alliances to be formed with the reigning Palatine family and the Huguenot and Calvinist princes in the north of France, and with the relations and allies of William of Nassau, the liberator of Holland. Frederic IV. married Juliana of Nassau, a daughter of the Liberator by Charlotte of Bourbon, the last but one of his many wives. Frederic V. was left a minor in 1610, and was brought up a rigid Calvinist, being educated at Sedan, the very focus of controversy, the city of his mother's sister's husband, the Duke de Bouillon. Thus his grandfather by the mother's side was William of Nassau, the first stadtholder of Holland; his half-uncles the celebrated sons of that hero, Prince Maurice of Nassau and Frederic Henry, successively stadtholders and great generals in the Calvinist cause against the whole weight of Spain and Austria. The whole of the Palatinate dominions had three times alternated<sup>1</sup> from Lutheranism to Calvinism, the latter being the bias of the regents during two minorities, those of Frederick IV. and his son Frederic V.: in the last, the university of Heidelberg, the capital of the Palatinate, had to become Calvinist. But, submissively as the people had obeyed the spiritual orders of their ruler, that something was adverse and unsound may be surmised by the education of the young Elector being transferred to the focus of Calvinism at Sedan. The violent party-tendency of his great uncle Cassimir, Duke de Deuxponts, who caused

<sup>1</sup> Œuvres de Duc de Sully, Amsterdam; and Atlas Geographicus.



Lutheranism to be proscribed throughout every part of the Palatinate during the two minorities of his nephews Frederic IV. and Frederic V., was probably the reason.<sup>1</sup>

When marriage began to be considered for the young Elector Palatine, Frederic V., his mother and guardians were desirous of obtaining for his party, by its means, political and religious support from Great Britain, similar to that which had backed the Protestants in France and Holland in the days of Queen Elizabeth. During two years the marriage-treaty progressed through negotiations of unexampled dulness, enlivened solely by the housewively anxiety of the Electress Juliana that the lovely and high-born lady she was desirous of winning for her son, should not despise the simple habits of German *fraus* and *frauleins*.

Every effort having proved unavailing to induce the heir of the Spanish empire to propose for the Princess Elizabeth, her mother, being greatly piqued by the neglect, unwillingly withdrew her opposition to the German match. Henry, Prince of Wales, did his utmost to marry his sister to the head of the Calvinist Protestants. Matters progressed so favourably that Count Meinhard Schomberg, mayor of the palace to young Frederic V., (called his steward in the letters of the times), came to London as the bearer of love-letters to the Princess Elizabeth, and letters of fraternity to her brother. But the German noble delivered the love-letter to the brother, and that of fraternisation to the lady-love, a mistake which greatly amused all concerned in the affair, excepting the unfortunate perpetrator. Queen Anne would not give any reception to Count Schomberg; she repented her of her extorted consent to the marriage, and vented her spleen by calling her daughter "the Frau Palsgrave." Meantime the English populace showed detestation to a Spanish alliance. The Spanish

<sup>1</sup> Yet a vast number of the subjects of these Electors Palatine must have been discontented with such despotism—the more to be regretted, because the Lutherans were the most liberal of any Protestants, excepting in Sweden, where the struggle with the Roman Catholics had been long and very bitter; but they had not disgraced themselves by murdering any sectarians who, like themselves, had seceded from the Roman Catholics.



ambassador, Don Pedro Zuniga, in his coach drawn by six mules, being impeded on Holborn Bridge, his hat, with a rich jewel in it, was stolen off his head, and messieurs the mob openly encouraged the fellow who ran off with it, because it was stolen from a Spaniard, so that it was never seen again.<sup>1</sup> This, though an evident performance of a swell mob, was taken by the Court as a political indication. So the young Count Palatine's proposals were accepted, and his arrival in England appointed for the ensuing Michaelmas of 1612. All matters went well, excepting Count Schomberg's misgivings respecting the fine dancing at the English Court, with which he was convinced his young Prince could in nowise compete, for his educational exercises at Sedan had all been of a controversial and polemic nature, elaborate caperings being considered anything but orthodox.<sup>2</sup> The faithful Schomberg, on his return, communicated his apprehensions of his Prince's deficiencies in this all-important accomplishment; whereupon his mother, the Electress Juliana, held a family conclave, with guardians and uncles, on the subject of a dancing-master. Application being made, by her desire, through the Duke de Deuxponts to the friendly Duke of Wurtemberg for the loan of his dancing-master for a month, and the negotiation proving successful, we will leave the princely suitor practising his steps, and return to his bride.

<sup>1</sup> Chamberlain to Carlton—MS. News-letter, British Museum.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., MS. News-letter, British Museum.

# ELIZABETH STUART

## CHAPTER II.

### SUMMARY

Elizabeth's first appearance at Court celebrated by Sir H. Wotton—Arrival of her intended husband the Count Palatine—Coldness of the Queen—First meeting of Elizabeth and Frederic—Illness of the Prince of Wales—Play and supper given by Elizabeth at her Palace of the Cockpit—Her father removes her from her brother's deathbed—Her brother calls for her—She disguises herself to see him—Is prevented—Her brother dies—Elizabeth visits Westminster Abbey with her lover—Her betrothal—Married on Valentine's Day—Mirth of the bride—Beaumont's masque of the Thames and the Rhine—The bride remains with her mother at Greenwich Palace—The King takes Frederic in progress—Elizabeth visits the Tower with her husband and his uncle—Their petition to James I.—His displeasure—Her mother makes her promise to give precedence to no one in Germany—Her father enjoins Elizabeth not to communicate with other religion than the Church of England—Their parting—The bride, her husband, and Charles, Prince of Wales, detained by adverse wind—Long sojourn at Canterbury—Troubles of Count Schomberg concerning Elizabeth's attendants—Elizabeth's letters—Her brother Charles takes leave of her at Canterbury—Stadtholder Maurice sends a skilful Dutch pilot for the bridal party—Elizabeth's arrival at Flushing—Meets Prince Maurice—Wins his friendship—Left under his care by her husband—Dutch festivals and rich presents to Elizabeth—Her progress up the Lower Rhine, accompanied by the Princes of Orange—Met by the Elector of Brandenburg—Her husband boards her galley—Welcomes her in his dominions—Her father ceases to pay her expenses—Her husband advises economy—Her extravagance—Runs in debt—Arrives at her dower castle of Frankenthal—Enters Heidelberg, her husband's capital.

THE appearance of Elizabeth Stuart in the courtly world of that day was the theme of many versifiers, and one poet, Sir Henry Wotton. The elegant lines with which he celebrated the "coming out" of the royal Stuart beauty are

esteemed among the choicest gems of that really Augustan age of England.

“Ye violets that first appear,  
By your pure purple mantles known,  
Like the proud virgins of the year,  
As if the spring were all your own ;  
What are ye when the rose is blown ?

Ye meaner beauties of the night,  
That poorly satisfy our eyes,  
More by your number than your light ;  
Ye common people of the skies !  
What are ye when the sun doth rise ?

So when my mistress shall be seen  
In form and beauty—of her mind  
In virtue first—by choice a Queen !  
Tell me if she were not designed,  
The eclipse and glory of her kind ?”<sup>1</sup>

The royal family met at Whitehall after their summer progresses, in the autumn of 1612, in the expectation of the arrival of the young Count Palatine to claim the hand of Elizabeth; but the changed appearance of Henry, Prince of Wales, struck sorrow and alarm through the hearts of all to whom he was dear. After taking violent exercise in the tilt-yard or tennis-ground at Ham or Richmond, he had imprudently bathed in the Thames, and even swum to Richmond after supper, on the evening of a hot summer day spent in violent exercise. The time was extremely sickly, and the prince had far out-grown his strength. One of his Scotch doctors remembered that he had never shed his first teeth, and that at the time he had dreaded a very short life for him ; but as he grew tall and handsome, and seemed full of activity, that fatal prognostic had been forgotten.<sup>2</sup> Every one who saw the Prince of Wales at the period of the arrival of his intended brother-in-law, noted in his altered countenance that some strange blight had

<sup>1</sup> The verses were afterwards set to music, and presented to Elizabeth, by Sir Henry Wotton, at a time when her disastrous queenship was changing her fortunes. To this the last verse seems to refer ; but the whole tenor shows they were written for her appearance at court, perhaps even previously to it.

<sup>2</sup> News-letter, time of James I.—Harleian MS.

fallen on his health. At present all his anxiety seemed to be for the completion of the Protestant alliance which, owing to his influence, had been accepted for his sister.

Frederic V. had set out on his wooing and wedding expedition from his capital city of Heidelberg as early as September 17. His progress down the Rhine with his bridal train was magnificent. At his arrival at the Hague, the States deputies, delighted at the alliance with Great Britain, which they expected would give their religion and politics a mighty preponderance in Europe, made him a present of a purse of 16,000 guilders towards the wedding expenses. After a long detention from contrary gales, Frederic set sail, in company with his uncle, Prince Henry of Nassau, the youngest son of William of Orange the Liberator, the Count de Solms his Grand Chamberlain, and Count Schomberg his Mayor de Palais. He was attended by six counts, his gentlemen of the bedchamber, mostly his near relatives. So violently did the winds fight against his nearing the coast of England, that the whole flotilla, consisting of eight little barks, was blown back into the ports of Holland, not without damage. James I. was forced at last to send three of his great ships to bring in his son-in-law, who safely arrived at Gravesend, the 16th of October. Tradition says he was received there at the Ship Inn, by Sir Lewis Lewknor, Master of the Ceremonies, and the King's barges came with the Duke of Lennox, by whom he was brought up the river to Whitehall. The princely bridegroom, although it was one of the most wintry evenings an English October ever sent forth, opened all the windows of the barge to greet the people, the watery highway being covered with boats crowded with Londoners. At the watergate of Whitehall stairs he was received by Charles, the young Duke of York, with his attendants, and conducted by him through the hall of the palace, along the terrace, into the banqueting-room, where the rest of the royal family were assembled to meet him.

Although the Prince of Wales had been restlessly anxious for the arrival of the Protestant wooer, yet it excited great astonishment that, while his young brother, but a child, was



attending the princely guest with much suavity, he remained silent, and stirred not a foot to meet him. But in fact the Prince of Wales, who had concealed or denied his illness until the last extremity, was suffering extremely from the rigour of the weather. It was observed that the Queen received her intended son-in-law with a cold fixed countenance. He bowed before her, and evidently expected her to salute him, but he was disappointed. The Princess Elizabeth did not even turn a glance on him, till he presented himself before her, which he did with the most humble gesture, stooping to take up the hem of her robe, that he might press it to his lips, thus offering her the reverence with which the Queens of France were always approached by their courtiers.<sup>1</sup> The young Elizabeth curtsied very low, and gracefully complying with the ceremonial of the French Court, took the robe from the Prince, who kissed her as she rose from her deep curtsy. All this was very well performed, to the approbation of the beholders; but it can be imagined that the least blunder or symptom of awkwardness manifested by either party would have given a turn of extreme absurdity to these courtly manœuvres. By some *contretemps*, the lover had the great misfortune of being separated from all his fine clothes, which had not arrived; therefore he was obliged to be introduced in his travelling-dress. To be sure this accident was something to talk of, and his apologies in French were very elaborate on the subject. King James, who had welcomed his guest with his usual *bonhomme*, led him to his own chamber, where he pressed on his finger a ring worth £1800.<sup>2</sup> From the palace he was then conducted through the privy lodgings, galleries, and water-terrace, from whence he again embarked, and was rowed to Essex House, the place appointed for his residence while in London. The Prince of Wales, in the succeeding days, recovered sufficiently to share in the exercises of riding at the ring, and other chivalric diversions, with Prince Henry of Nassau, and the foreign noblemen; but Frederic devoted

<sup>1</sup> Reception of the Count Palatine, in a letter from Sir John Finett to Mr Trumbull—Nicholl's Progresses.

<sup>2</sup> News-letter, British Museum—Chamberlain to Carlton.



himself entirely to improve his acquaintance with the Princess, whom he visited every day. She invited him to an entertainment given at her maiden palace, the Cockpit,<sup>1</sup> at Westminster, where there was a play performed in the evening by her servants. One would like to know whether Shakespeare assisted; but all that can be elicited of the entertainment is, that the tapestries in her drawing-room at the Cockpit were of the story of Cain and Abel.

Meantime the Roman Catholic party in England raised a cry against the match; several scornful libels were published, detracting from the Palatine family, and Star-chamber displeasure was manifested towards the offenders. The least observant might behold fast-approaching death reflected in the features of the heir-apparent, and that Elizabeth Stuart would soon take rank as the second in the succession.

The mortal illness of Henry, Prince of Wales, interfered with the arrangements for the betrothal of Elizabeth and Frederic. Henry had gone through all the stages of what is called a galloping consumption—he had battled with the disease to the last moment, but succumbed to a violent attack of fever on the 20th of October, fainting at table; the King and royal family dining privately, with Frederic as their guest,<sup>2</sup> who had received general invitations to partake of their meals in home-privacy. But the illness of the Prince of Wales being supposed to be merely quotidian ague, in which form typhus fever often appears, he was nursed at the palace of St James, his town residence. His sister and her lover were obliged to appear at festivals, and to make a state visit to the city on Lord Mayor's Day, October 28th. Sir John Swinnerton presented the bridegroom with a silver basin, ewer, and cups, to the value of £500. The day was furiously stormy, so that the extraordinary water-pageants prepared for the delectation of the princely stranger were shipwrecked on the river, the aldermen's barges driven on shore, and the whole expedition

<sup>1</sup> News-letter, British Museum—Chamberlain to Carlton.

<sup>2</sup> Chamberlain to Carleton, November 4, 1612—British Museum, MS. News-letter.

discomfited by the furious elements;—a diversity in a Lord Mayor's show most acceptable, if not to the beholders and sufferers, at least to the narrator. From the time of the visit of Elizabeth and Frederic to the civic fête, the state of the Prince of Wales grew worse. Low typhus fever, pronounced infectious by his physicians, left no hope. At last his reason succumbed. King James, who had braved all threats of infection, sat by his son's bedside until recognition entirely left the poor sufferer. The King then gathered his remaining children together, and, treating young Frederic as one of them, took them all in his coach to Holland House at Kensington, where he could hear every half-hour of the state of his expiring son. It was needful to use parental authority to keep Elizabeth from her brother's infected chamber. For the last words that Henry spoke—words which bore any sign of reason—were exclamations of "Oh, where is my sweet sister?" She had twice disguised herself to visit him, but his physicians guarded his door too sedulously. These attempts, it is apparent, caused the retreat of the King to Kensington, where he guarded from the influence of the low typhoid his remaining treasures. This is the simple narrative of the facts of the case. History—if we may call party libels history—has disgraced and degraded itself by accusing two of the members of this attached family of poisoning Henry, Prince of Wales; not only the father who had loved and reared him in all the simplicity of home affections, but the brother, the young boy Charles Stuart, not yet thirteen!

Throughout the period of seclusion observed after the death of Henry, Prince of Wales, Elizabeth was either domesticated with her lover or received daily visits from him unencumbered with state etiquette. The result was that he gained far more interest in her affections while soothing her passionate sorrow for the loss of her beloved brother than in the usual mode of courtly wooing. After the funeral of Henry, and during the recess of mourning, the Princess and her lover visited Westminster Abbey, the place of her brother's interment. It seems the loving pair examined the monuments there—a pastime to

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sideration of these inconveniences, an early day was appointed for the betrothal, although every one was still enveloped in deep mourning. The Queen was too ill and sorrowful to be present at the ceremony of affiancing Elizabeth and Frederic, which took place in the newly-built Banqueting-house at Whitehall, December 27th. The youthful pair were in mourning for Henry—the Princess being robed in black velvet, ornamented with silver quatrefoils. Pearls of great value were wreathed in her black hair, and she wore one little white plume. The simplicity which the mourning had imposed gave such elegance to this costume, that black velvet and little white plumes became the universal fashion in Court for a long time, worn both by cavaliers and belles.<sup>1</sup>

The ceremony of the betrothal, which included reading and signing the marriage-contract, besides a religious service, was going on sadly and solemnly enough when the droll pronunciation and queer mistakes of Sir Thomas Lake, whose office it was to read the marriage articles in French to the bridegroom, threw both the Princess and her betrothed into irresistible fits of laughter. The merriment extended to the friends and attendants of Frederic; and when the religious part of the ceremony commenced, Archbishop Abbot could not command decent gravity from his congregation; he therefore finished as quickly as possible with these words, pronounced in a loud voice, "The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, bless these nuptials, and make them prosperous to these kingdoms and to His church."<sup>2</sup>

The bans of the princely pair were soon after asked in Whitehall Chapel during three Sundays. The Queen remained ill and in close retirement throughout the early part of the winter; but when she at last appeared at Court, it was observed that she received the Palatine with kindness. She was no doubt softened by the memory of her beloved son, on whose deathbed he had been in close attendance, and had followed him to the grave as a true mourner.

Elizabeth's marriage took place on Valentine's Day, Sunday, 1612-13. The ceremony was performed in White-

<sup>1</sup> MS. Chamberlain to Carleton—News-letter.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.



hall Chapel.<sup>1</sup> The Queen sat on a chair of state on the left side of a platform raised in the midst of the chapel; she was dressed in white satin embroidered, and "most gloriously adorned," for she bore on her person jewels to the amount of four hundred thousand pounds. The king, as better able to stand under the weight of such barbarian magnificence, had contrived to load himself with six hundred thousand pounds' worth of jewels. The bride sat near her royal mother on a tabouret, with her fine hair flowing over her shoulders, her head encircled with a coronet made of pinnacles of the finest diamonds and pearls; her robe was white satin, embroidered with pearls and gems. She was attended by fifteen young ladies, the flower of the English nobility, as bridesmaids or train-bearers. Her bridegroom was led from the new Banqueting-house by the Duke of Lennox and Lord Admiral, dressed splendidly in white satin and pearls. He was seated on a tabouret near the King, but below the sword of state. The Princess, a lively girl of sixteen, on the point of being united to a spouse of suitable age who had won her heart by a long series of personal attentions, was in the highest spirits, and broke into a fresh fit of laughing as fast as one was suppressed by the exhortations of Lady Harrington, who stood by her with her train on her arm. Much evil was predicted on account of the bride's incorrigible mirth, which burst out even during the sacred ceremony. Some girlish joke connected with the anniversary of St Valentine had probably overset her gravity: for, of course, her whole train of bridesmaids were looking out for Valentines among the array of the Palatine's bridesmen, Dutch, German, and English, who were arranged in formal order along the opposite wall of the chapel. The Palatine's right-hand man of business, Count Meinhard Schomberg, was known to be deeply in love with the fair Anne Dudley; a circumstance which contributed to the mirth of the princely pair.

This was the first royal marriage that had been celebrated according to the ritual of our Church, as ordained in the

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards pulled down.

Common Prayer-Book and the Liturgy. The bridegroom had carefully conned his part in English, and pronounced it as well as could be expected, as his contemporaries assure us.<sup>1</sup>

The pageantry pertaining to the bridal was of the most elaborate and tedious kind. The quaintness and absurdities of the past centuries are not only very comic, but their detail is often mixed up with curious traits of the manners and customs of people whose domestic habits have vanished from all other written record; therefore it is often full of information as well as amusement; but after the period of the *renaissance* of the classical lore, imitations and allusions are faded and tiresome to a degree that makes their repetition intolerable. One strange freak was practised among the evening fireworks at one or other of the pageants connected with the marriage of Elizabeth. A comet rose out of a cave on the opposite bank of old Father Thames, and soaring in air, let fall a liberal shower of rockets and Roman candles; then an illuminated hunt rushed from the cave, the unfortunate stag and pursuing dogs being strung all over with lamps, which defined their shapes and showed their motions. The terrified, and perhaps tormented, stag rushed into the waters of the Thames, the illuminated dogs followed his example, and began tugging and pulling their prey. A great explosion of squibs and crackers took place, and the Thames put out all the creatures' unwelcome harness of lighted lamps; but what became of the hunt no one could tell among the dark waters. The device was a cruel one, but that circumstance rendered it not the less successful.

The day after the wedding the King came to St James's Palace in state, to visit the bride and bridegroom. The principal morning amusement took place in St James's Park, riding at the ring in the Mall. The King had in his early days excelled in this sport, to which he now introduced his youthful son-in-law. King James bore away three rings himself; the bridegroom,<sup>2</sup> who was mounted on a high-bounding steed, won two; his horsemanship was exceedingly ad-

<sup>1</sup> Chamberlain to Carleton—MS. News-letter, British Museum, February 18, 1612-13.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

mired by the English populace. The apparatus for the suspension of the rings, which were carried off on the point of a lance as a horseman careered below, remained in the Mall until after the reign of James II.<sup>1</sup> It was the last shadow of the chivalric sports of England. The royal bride, with the Queen her mother, sat in the upper windows of the new Banqueting-hall to see the courses at the ring, which they could easily command over the low turrets of Wallingford House, which then held the place of the Horse-Guards.

The noblemen of the Court gave a masque on the evening of the marriage. It was pronounced to be dull as a sermon, for which, indeed, the evening, being Sunday, was more fitting. The masques of the Inns of Court were among the choicest amusements of this festival time; that of Lincoln's Inn and the Middle Temple was performed on the Monday night. The procession came from the Rolls Court in three open chariots, each drawn by four steeds abreast, lighted by torchlight. The populace were exceedingly delighted by the tricks of the little boys on hobby-horses, dressed as monkeys for the anti-masque.<sup>2</sup>

The poetry was by Campion, and had great success; but expectation was mostly bent on a masque written by Beaumont for the gentlemen of Gray's Inn and the Inner Temple, got up under the superintendence of Sir Francis Bacon. The King, however, was, by the third evening of the wedding, so thoroughly and utterly overcome with fatigue, that when the gentlemen of Gray's Inn, who came by water, arrived in their illuminated barges at the Privy Stairs, Whitehall, on Tuesday evening, he was obliged to crave quarter, declaring he could not keep his eyes open, and must go to rest. Sir Francis Bacon, who introduced his protégés, was extremely disappointed, and ventured to remonstrate, hoping "the King would not bury them quick." The King replied, "That if they kept him up any longer, they must bury *him* quick, as he was already dead asleep, having sat up for two nights together, and truly he could

<sup>1</sup> A sketch of the post and suspended ring is preserved in the last edition of Sturt's Sports—Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

<sup>2</sup> Chamberlain to Carlton—MS. News-letter.

remain out of his bed no longer. He gave the gentlemen of Gray's Inn and the Inner Temple very great thanks, but requested them to bring their masque on Saturday evening, when he should be able to enjoy it." What could induce the quaint oddity King James to inflict on himself the personal fatigue of two sleepless nights because his daughter was married, it is difficult to form a reasonable surmise. But the legal gentlemen, all dressed in character according to their masque, which was accompanied by the usual caricature of the serious and elevated part, called the Anti-masque, had to re-embark, and return in their barges down the wintry Thames to Winchester House just as they came. Many reports were prevalent that they had misbehaved or offended the King, or learned the lesson they had to recite before the fair bride incorrectly; yet their pageant gave great delight to the people, who were glad to see its water-procession and progress rehearsed again, as it was, without dispute, the most attractive spectacle in the whole circle of Elizabeth's bridal festivities.

English literature was, at that era, in an unusually fecund state; therefore the pouring forth of odes, verses, and epithalamiums in celebration of this marriage was beyond all precedent. Yet to load the page with lame and tame lines destitute of historical allusion, would be merely exemplifying the well-known proceedings of an antiquarian magazine, "as bottling up dulness in an ancient bin." Beaumont's Masque<sup>1</sup> contains the only beautiful lines suggested by Elizabeth's marriage—beautiful despite of Mercury and Iris, who contrive, notwithstanding the heaviness of their heathen divinityships, to be piquant and picturesque. The King sent his state barges for the gentlemen performers to Winchester House on the Saturday evening. The bride and bridegroom, with the rest of the royal family, seated themselves in the privy gallery at Whitehall, which commanded a fine view down the reaches of the Thames. Here they sat nearly in the dark to enjoy the sight of the illuminated pageant coming up the river, and the landing

<sup>1</sup> Chamberlain to Carlton—MS. News-letter.



of the characters all in their appropriate dresses at Privy Stairs. They then adjourned to the Banqueting-hall, King James having ordered proclamation against farthingales,<sup>1</sup> which he declared "took up an unreasonable portion of the room in his court." The proclamation was really needed; for in one of the preceding masques in honour of this marriage, the ladies had stuck fast in the galleries, and could not enter the hall. The interdict caused by this comical incident, which occurred more than once in the reign of James I., is gravely quoted as one of the King's tyrannical laws. However, by favour of the royal forecast, the passages of Whitehall were on this occasion kept clear of these formidable circles of stiffened brocade. Our Templar authority says, "there was choice room reserved for the gentlemen of both houses, who, coming in troop about seven of the clock, received that special honour and noble favour as to be brought to their places by the Right Hon. the Earl of Northampton, Lord Privy Seal, and thus set forth their device and argument. Jupiter and Juno willing to do honour to the marriage of two famous rivers—the Thames and Rhine; employ their messengers severally—Mercury and Iris. The fabric or scene was a mountain with two descents, and severed with two traverses. At the entrance of the King, the first traverse was drawn, and the lower descent of the mountain discovered, which was the pendant of a hill to the life, with divers boscages and grovets upon the steep or hanging grounds thereof, and at the foot of the hill four delicate fountains running with water, and bordered with sedges and water-flowers. Iris first appeared, and presently after Mercury, striving to overtake her. Iris, apparelled in a robe of discoloured taffeta, figured in variable colours like a rainbow, a cloudy wreath on her head and tresses. Mer-

<sup>1</sup> The Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn, presented before his Majesty, the Queen's Majesty, the Prince Count Palatine, and the Lady Elizabeth, their Highnesses, in the Banqueting-house, at Whitehall, on Saturday, 20th day of Feb. 1612. This masque was the production of Beaumont alone, without the aid of Fletcher. Dedicated to the worthy Sir Francis Bacon, his Majesty's Solicitor-General, and to the Grave and Learned Bench of the anciently allied Houses of Gray's Inn and the Inner Temple.



cury, in doublet and hose of white taffeta, a white hat, speaking to Iris as follows :—

‘ Stay—stay !

Stay light-foot Iris ! for thou strivest in vain,  
My wings are nimbler than thy feet.

IRIS.—Away,

Dissembling Mercury, my messages  
Ask honest haste, not like those wanton ones  
Your thundering father sends.

MER.—Stay, foolish maid,

Or I will take my rise upon a hill  
When I perceive thee seated in a cloud  
In all the painted glory that thou hast,  
And never cease to clap my willing wings  
Till I catch hold of thy discoloured bow,  
And shiver it beyond the angry power  
Of thy curst mistress to make up again.

‘ I only come

To celebrate the long-wished nuptials  
Here in Olympus, which are now performed  
Betwixt two goodly rivers, which have mixed  
Their gently-rising waves, and are to grow  
Into a thousand streams great as themselves.  
I need not name them, for the sound is loud  
In heaven and earth.

‘ Thou shalt stand

Still as a rock whilst I—to bless this feast  
Will summon up with my all-charming rod  
The nymphs of fountains, from whose watery locks  
(Hung with the dew of blessing and increase)  
The greedy rivers take their nourishment.  
Ye nymphs, who bathing in your loved springs,  
Beheld these rivers in their infancy,  
And joyed to see them, when their circled heads  
Refreshed the air, and spread the ground with flowers,  
Rise from your wells !’

“ Four Naiades rise gently out of their several fountains, attired in long habits of sea-green taffeta, with bubbles of crystal intermixed, with powdering of silver resembling drops of water, bluish tresses, garlands of water-lilies on their heads :

‘ IRIS.—Is Hermes grown a lover ? By what power  
Unknown to us calls he the Naiades ?

MER.—Presumptuous Iris—I could make thee dance  
Till thou forgottest thy lady’s messages

And ran'st back crying to her. Thou shalt know  
 My power is more, only my breath, and this,  
 Shall move fixed stars, and force the firmament  
 To yield the Hyades, who govern showers  
 And dewy clouds, in whose dispersed drops  
 Thou formest the shape of thy deceitful bow.  
 Ye maids, who yearly at appointed times  
 Advance with kindly tears the gentle floods,  
 Descend and pour your blessing on these streams,  
 Which, rolling down from heaven-aspiring hill,  
 And now united in the fruitful vales,  
 Bear all before them ravished with their joy,  
 And swell in glory till they know no bounds !'

"Then five Hyades descended softly in a cloud from the firmament, apparelled in sky-coloured taffeta spangled like the heavens, golden tresses, and each a fair star on her forehead ; at whose sight the Naiades, seeming to rejoice, met them and joined in a dance :

'IRIS.—Great wit and power hath Hermes, to contrive  
 A lifeless dance which of one sex consists !'

"Enter four Cupids from each side of the boscaige, attired in flame-coloured taffeta close to their bodies. Mercury then charms into life four golden statues from Jove's altar. These were attired in cases of gold and silver close to their bodies, faces, hands, and feet, nothing seen but gold and silver, as if they had been solid images of that metal ; tresses of hair as if metal embossed, girdles of oaken leaves carved or mounted, but of metal. At their coming, the music changed from violins to hautboys, and utterly turned into a soft time with drawn notes. The statues were placed in such postures, sometimes all together in the centre of the dance, and sometimes in the four angles, as was very graceful, besides the novelty.

'IRIS.—I now must strive  
 To imitate confusion. Therefore thou,  
 Delightful Flora, if thou ever felt'st  
 Increase of sweetness in those blooming plants  
 On which the horns of my fair bow decline,  
 Send hither all the rural company  
 Which deck the Maygames with their country sports.'

"The Anti-masque at this rushed in to dance their measure, and as rudely departed ; they consisting of a Pedant,

a May-lord, a May-lady, a Serving-man, a Chamber-maid, a Clown, a Wench, a Host, a Hostess, a he-Baboon, a she-Baboon, a he-Fool, and a she-Fool, ushering them in. All these persons attired to the life, the men issuing out of one boscaige, the women from the other. The music was extremely well fitted, having such a spirit of country jollity in it as can hardly be expressed ; but the perpetual laughter and applause was above the music. The dancers, or rather actors, expressed their parts naturally, that no one's eye could satisfy which did best. It pleased his Majesty to call for it again at the end, as he did likewise for the first dance in the masque ; but one of the statues by that time was undressed.”<sup>1</sup>

The marriage pageants ended with a pretty festive progress down the Thames of the young bride, who, after standing godmother for the daughter of the Earl of Salisbury, at Whitehall Chapel, assisted by Frederic, carried the babe home to Cecil House. Their barge was surrounded by those of all the guests who accompanied the princely pair to the christening banquet, where the revel continued far into the night.<sup>2</sup> Notwithstanding the impoverishment of his finances by his long sojourn in expensive and extravagant London, the Palatine bestowed on his bride a costly gift. During their ensuing promenade in Spring Gardens, then the pleasance and aviary of Whitehall Palace, looking into St James's Park, a triumphal chariot, blazing with gold and embroidery, drawn by six white horses, and surrounded by attendants in the livery of Elizabeth, came glittering in view. It was the new carriage which the bridegroom had ordered from Paris,<sup>3</sup> for her entrance into the Rhenish cities and her own capital. It had

<sup>1</sup> Gifford's edition of the works of Beaumont and Fletcher. The apparel for the masquers was at the expense of the Society. The Readers being assessed each man at L.4 ; the Ancients, and such as were at that time called Ancients, at L.2, 10s. a-piece ; the Barristers at L.2 a man ; and the Students at L.1. Which being performed, there was an order made on the 18th May following, that the gentlemen who were actors in that masque should bring in all their masquering apparel provided at the charge of the House.

<sup>2</sup> Chamberlain to Carlton—MS. News-letter, Feb. 25, 1613.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid., and P. M. Records.

been kept as a surprise to the youthful bride, and apparently gave her great delight.

At the conclusion of the marriage festivities, the King set out on progress to Theobald's, towards Newmarket, meaning to visit Cambridge, and cross the country to Oxford; his son-in-law, accompanied by Prince Charles, followed him, leaving the bride with her royal mother at Greenwich Palace. The progress was for the purpose of showing the young German potentate the spring sports at Newmarket and Royston, and the seats of learning in South Britain. The bride remained with her dejected mother at Greenwich Palace, preparing her for the approaching parting. The royal family reassembled for that parting at Whitehall on Easter Sunday, when the Palatine, to their great satisfaction, took the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England.<sup>1</sup> The Queen exacted a promise from her son-in-law that he would always give precedence to Elizabeth as a king's daughter and his superior in rank, wheresoever they might be, at home or abroad. This mischievous piece of folly did not originate with Elizabeth's father, but with her mother, as all corroborating circumstances prove. It would have utterly destroyed her wedded happiness, if both herself and Frederic had not been truly good-natured.

The rendezvous for Elizabeth's departure for Germany was the naval palace of Greenwich. She previously took the opportunity, one morning in the Easter week, of showing her spouse the lions of the Tower of London, historical and zoological, and amazed him with her own valour by taking a match from the gunners and firing off one of the cannons prepared for saluting her barge when issuing out of the Watergate. She was girlishly fond of such display.

The King and Queen accompanied their daughter and her husband, April 13,<sup>2</sup> in the usual state, down the Thames from Greenwich Palace to Gravesend, and finally to Rochester, where they were entertained at the Bishop's palace. The whole of the morning of April 14 was passed by King James, his son-in-law, his daughter, and the Prince of Wales,

<sup>1</sup> Howe's Chronicle.

<sup>2</sup> Chamberlain to Carlton, March 11.



in the examination of various ships and galleys constructing at Chatham. That afternoon, the last farewell took place between the parents and child. Queen Anne's grief was overpowering, insomuch that she was forced to be carried from the presence of her weeping daughter. The King blessed his daughter solemnly, and laid his injunction upon her to communicate with no church but her own. He reiterated, as his parting command, that she should give precedence to no one, her mother's low ambition regarding her queenship being the prompting motive. Young Frederic promised that she should retain her precedence as Princess-royal of Great Britain in Germany, over himself, his mother,<sup>1</sup> and every other mortal, to his own future discomfort. The Prince of Wales accompanied his sister and her spouse to Canterbury. They were received by the mayor and his train with the usual forms, and conducted at once to the glorious cathedral, and feasted in the fine ancient hall of St Augustine, having for their private abode, like all royal personages, the Dean's house. There they remained waiting for a fair wind to waft them from Margate, where their naval escort was long detained by one of those obstinate "sets in" of easterly gales, which so often characterise our wayward English Aprils.

At Canterbury, while Elizabeth, her spouse, and her young brother, were detained by the friendly wind which delayed their last parting, not caring if easterly winds blew strongly the remainder of the year, her faithful *mâitre-d'hôtel*, Meinhard Schomberg, suffered the most harassing tribulation concerning supernumeraries in the service of his illustrious mistress. This estimable officer had early discovered that the royal lady had never learned how to say "no;" and the absurd consequence was, that from a too ample train of forty-nine servants, the number of attendants, including those of her husband, had swelled to nearly seven hundred, two-thirds of whom were intruders, and withal clamouring and greedy place-hunters, all urging claims and promises old and new. The disturbances, before the bride

<sup>1</sup> State-Paper MSS. Many letters from Schomberg, to whose infinite embarrassment this absurd promise greatly contributed.

and bridegroom left London, totally reversed the tranquillity of the royal family; and the chief part of the calumnies on James I., as the most unnatural and neglectful of parents, were gathered by political historians from the angry expressions of these disappointed gentry. Dire was the toil, and awful the responsibility, of the luckless Schomberg, both before he left Whitehall and afterwards at Canterbury, when sorting the turbulent pretenders to office from the men and women good and true, who were the real servitors of the Lord and Lady of the Rhine; but many a black sheep the hapless *maître-d'hôtel* retained, to his after tribulation, as his letters, still in our archives, fully prove. At last the household of the Palatine was arranged and conducted to Margate by the indefatigable Schomberg, where they were embarked on board the British ships of war there lying under sailing orders, whenever it pleased the perversity of the ancient Anglo-Saxon goddess-fiend, yclept Easter, to permit their departure.<sup>1</sup>

Even as lately as the early part of the present century, biographers who alluded to Elizabeth, found it indispensable to mention her as the object of her father's hatred, neglect, and persecution. Because the easterly wind detained her a few days, she was, by an odd perversion of speech, termed by the sapient historians from whom modern writers have copied, an *outcast*. And this was done in fear of the abuse of the critical press, knowledge of history being limited to the assertions of interested politicians, who said just what they pleased, unrestrained by the diurnal *notitia* of a public press. The simple facts of the case were, that no princess had ever left England or Scotland so nobly provided for, present and future. Her father, besides the dower mentioned, allowed her an annuity of £4000 per annum, besides paying the salaries of her English attendants — a stipend surpassing the provision of any English Queen, being moreover sent out of the country, while our Queens were always forced to spend their incomes in England.

The authorised train of the Princess, when she left England, consisted of her lady of honour, Anne Dudley; three

<sup>1</sup> Miss Benger.

maidens, Mrs Dean, the keeper of the linen, three English laundresses, and a damsel, office unknown, called Maria Smith. Sir Andrew Keith, master of the horse, is at the head of the list of Elizabeth's officers. Mr Elphinstone was her secretary, Thomas Livingstone her treasurer, James Livingstone her cupbearer, Mr Bringel her carver; Dr Chapman, chaplain; Dr Christian Rumpf, physician; Mr Gray, quartermaster; John Spence, tailor; Lazarus Terence and William Short, helpers.<sup>1</sup>

From Canterbury Elizabeth wrote an affectionate girlish note<sup>2</sup> to her indulgent sire, April 18, rather more remarkable for its euphuism than for its wisdom, calling him "the flower of princes," as well as "the king of fathers," tropes and figures which may be forgiven a loving daughter of sixteen, whose judgment was not quite so strong as party eulogists have pretended. Two days afterwards she wrote to Sir Julius Cæsar,<sup>3</sup> her father's Master of the Rolls, to bestir himself concerning a very extensive order for jewellery as wedding presents on taking leave of her friends.

"Good Sir Julius Cæsar,—If you be remembered, I did send you a note, signed with my own hand, on the 10th of September, containing the number and prices of rings which, as tokens of my affection, I have bestowed on my friends. Now I do send you another bill [list], which shall show you the number and prices of rings distributed amongst those who, taking their leave, did require some token which I could not deny, and having nothing to confer [bestow] was constrained to make Jacob Harderet, my jeweller, furnish me with these rings, which I do acknowledge by my signet *apposed* to this last bill, to have received and given away. You know that it is fitting my quality, at the time of my parting from my natural country, to leave some small remembrance of me among my affectionate friends; but that anything employed for my use should rest unpaid, doth not well become my quality."<sup>4</sup>

This was an undeniable truth, and the feeling regarding it was a foretaste of that life-long embarrassment of debt and difficulty which Elizabeth suffered, owing to her impru-

<sup>1</sup> German Quarto of the Marriage Fêtes, published at Frankenthal.

<sup>2</sup> MS. British Museum, in Add.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid. This legalist, whose classical name has caused the most absurd mistakes, belonged to an Italian family naturalised in the palaces of the Tudors since the days of Katherine of Arragon, whose physician was by name Antonio Cæsar.

<sup>4</sup> At Canterbury, April 20.

dence in supplying the expectations of others by extensive orders which she had no immediate means of liquidating. She concludes by urging Sir Julius Cæsar to see her jeweller honestly paid, and that she had her royal father's leave for the same.

The new honours and duties which had devolved on the Prince of Wales since his succession to his deceased brother's dignity of heir-apparent, obliged him to bid farewell to Elizabeth and her husband at Canterbury, 21st April, and hasten to London to prepare for his recognition at the festival of St George, April 23. The day they parted with him, Elizabeth and Frederic went to Margate, and embarked in the "Prince Royal," the flagship of Lord Effingham, the aged hero of the Armada victories. Scarcely were they on board when storms arose, which tossed them up and down many hours on our dangerous eastern coast. At last the sea-wearied bride, her lord and attendants, were glad to find themselves blown back into the friendly port of Margate. So loth seemed the island gales to waft away the Princess to fulfil the career she subsequently pursued. A skilful Dutch pilot, called "Professor More," came over from Maurice, Prince of Orange, in his pilot cutter. This navigator, taking advantage of a tempest which blew the right way, steered the bride-princess and her spouse swiftly and safely to Flushing, where they arrived on the morning of April 28. Instead of landing, the bride received visits from the Stadtholder, Maurice Prince of Orange, who was regaled with a fine supper on board the flagship of the English Admiral. This celebrated man was her husband's eldest uncle on the maternal side: he was accompanied by her old acquaintance the younger Orange prince, Henry, who had been so long in England with her husband; but, more fortunate than herself, the vessel in which he had embarked had gained his native coast some days previously, and he was there ready to welcome her, and to superintend the Dutch festivals with which it was the intent of the House of Orange to greet her. If the bride and her party remained on board ship until the 29th of April, in expectation of some uncommon display of magnificence from Maurice the Stadt-



holder, they were disappointed. The astute soldier-statesman did not waste his means on such follies as pageantries. All his grandeur consisted in a very well appointed admiral's barge, indicative of his rank, being the sea-soldier as well as land-general of the alluvial republic. In this vessel he brought his new niece on shore. But not a velvet cushion or a gay flag had been added on her account; and when she stepped on the pier at Flushing, no gilt litter or richly caparisoned palfrey awaited her,—not even a matted footway. She had to place her dainty feet on the bare earth, and walk without even a canopy borne over her to the place of her destination: a deafening discharge of artillery from the fortifications of Flushing, emulated by the admiral's ship she had quitted, being the only royal compliment allowed to her.<sup>1</sup>

When her husband had consigned her to the care of his uncle Maurice, at Flushing Castle, he sailed to the Hague,<sup>2</sup> to prepare a reception for his bride more in coincidence with the tastes in which she had been nurtured, and for which it must be owned that, with the exception of her mother, she had the most unbounded passion of all her race. However, the natural influence of the most original genius of his day, Maurice of Orange, in whose guardianship she was left, caused her to take all in good part. She was always sweet-tempered, and thus she won the heart of her uncle Maurice, as well as by her youthful charms and graces, as she found to her pecuniary benefit years afterwards. His friendship, moreover, proved a stalwart bulwark to her and hers, when most that she relied on in this world failed. The portrait of this distinguished relative, with whom she was left to be escorted to the Hague, is drawn by the faithful and graphic pencil of a contemporary.

Maurice, like most of the house of Nassau, was low in stature, but, unlike many of them, neither crooked nor lean. On the contrary, he was rather inclined to corpulence; his complexion, naturally very fair, was now tinged with yellow, no marvel to those who knew his style of diet; his brow and head mighty enough to atone for his lymphatic

<sup>1</sup> Carleton Harleian MS.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

temperament and sandy hue ; his eyes light grey, with a singular expression of fun and sagacity enlightening them.<sup>1</sup> He was noted for his wit and dry humour, and was the most successful land and sea soldier, statesman and financier, of his day. Elizabeth had sufficient information to know that this great man had nobly continued the work that his father, William of Orange the Liberator, had begun. She treated him with the respect and attention due to the hero of his country, and thus gave the best proof of mind perhaps she ever displayed : for the outward appearance of her new uncle was not such as usually pleases girls of seventeen. Maurice of Orange received Elizabeth as a pledge strangely thrown into the hands of the Calvinist party by the youthful enthusiasm of her dying brother, Henry Prince of Wales.

Although the head of the Holland republic was economical to parsimony, such was not the case, he very well knew, with his constituents, their High Mightinesses the States-General. In order to meet them, Maurice and his fair niece, with her train of ladies, set out betimes on a land journey to the Hague. The party took their way through Middleburg. Elizabeth met her husband at Rotterdam, who conducted her to Scheveling, near the Hague, where there was an attempt made to amuse her with the performance of some flying chariots worked with sails like wind-mills ; but the wind refused to blow, and the chariots refused to fly. At the Hague commenced the splendour of Elizabeth's bridal continental progress. Here she met a congress of her own cousins of the line of Brunswick, with many of her husband's German relatives, most of whom were vassals of the great Palatinate, and some of them, as the members of the Solms and Nassau Dietz families, were to fill offices of state about the Elector Palatine, her lord.

The merchant princes of the Hague had done their devoir nobly at her reception, having expended the sum of £20,000

<sup>1</sup> The accuracy of this sketch must be acknowledged by every one who has beheld that marvel of Dutch portraiture, the likeness of Maurice of Orange, in Lord Northwick's, Northwick Hall, in Gloucestershire. The life-like expression of the countenance is such, that the Stadtholder can never die while that portrait exists.

on entertainments, in sundry dull fêtes during her sojourn of a few May-days. As for Prince Maurice, she supped and dined at his table when nothing public was going on. The bill of fare of one of Prince Maurice's entertainments must not be omitted. At the head of the supper-table was placed a roasted sucking-pig, and at the bottom another sucking-pig, but boiled! Eels and boiled pork were the *entrémets* of this truly original supper.<sup>1</sup>

When the day of the bride's departure drew near, their high mightinesses the States-General, after many civil speeches, introduced to her attention a cushion finely perfumed, on which reposed a corbeille of gold tissue, and that being uncovered, displayed a number of rich gifts peculiarly acceptable to brides in their teens, being a string of twenty-five great oriental pearls, forming the throat necklace so famous in the annals of costume in that century, as the readers of Madame de Sevigné very well know. Two great pendent pear pearls; a carcanet collar or necklace of embossed gold, set with thirty-six diamonds; a large hair bodkin with a great table diamond set at the end, with diamonds richly embossed, pendent therefrom. To these costly gems the munificent Dutchmen added valuables of their own manufacture, or products from their trade with China and Japan.<sup>2</sup> There were sixty beautiful pieces of Dutch damask for table linen, exquisite tapestry from the looms of the famous Francis Spiring, which rivalled or surpassed the renowned Gobelins, and a whole chamber furniture of black and gold, called China work by the memorialist, but certainly from Japan, consisting of a bedstead, several chests, cabinets, fruit-dishes, plates, and trays, too numerous to mention. Her bridegroom again left Elizabeth to the care of

<sup>1</sup> Letter of Hay, Earl of Carlisle, who married Lady Lucy Percy. He was one of James the First's most dainty favourites; he had been regaled, to his great disgust, with the same kind of supper when negotiating the marriage. Every one knows for whom King James thought a roasted sucking-pig and a pipe of tobacco was a suitable regale; but it does not seem that such a dish as a *boiled* sucking-pig had ever entered the royal imagination. Yet Maurice the Stadtholder was a very great man, notwithstanding his taste in sucklings. But eels and pork, the favourite dainties in Holland, are even now little pleasing to Scotch palates.

<sup>2</sup> Additional MS., British Museum.

his uncle Maurice,<sup>1</sup> and departed for his dominions of the Palatinate, from whence he had been long absent, it being necessary that he should make some exertions, to provide for her reception something in the ostentatious mode to which she had been accustomed, and in which she took more delight than was consistent with the greatness of mind attributed to her. She left Leyden in her splendid French chariot, already mentioned at her marriage fêtes, drawn by four white horses; by her side was seated the Princess of Nassau Dietz. She was escorted by Maurice, and many Dutch and German cavaliers, to the Stadtholder's private residence at Leyden, where she stayed a week, and from whence she made excursions to all the rich cities around, then in the very pride and glory of their commercial weal. Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and Haarlem, were explored by her, and many rich presents she received from their citizens. Above all she astonished the Stadtholder when he took her to hunt, by her skill and activity in slaughtering deer.

Under the care of her warlike uncle, Maurice the Stadtholder, the Princess traversed the Dutch and Flemish cities, until she reached, on her course to the Palatinate, pleasant Utrecht, and halted at the family hunting-seat of Rhenen, which was afterwards to prove to her a place of refuge for many a season when her fortunes changed. Here she lodged among a convent of nuns,<sup>2</sup> to whom she was very generous at departure. As she approached, escorted by the Orange princes, Maurice and Henry, her husband's uncles, guarded by a powerful squadron of Dutch cavalry, the frontier of the Spanish Netherlands, the Governess Isabel, Princess of Spain, sent her a courteous invitation, which was declined by her Dutch guardians, in jealous apprehension lest some mischief was meditated by their enemies. The Roman Catholic cities of Dusseldorf and Cologne were entered cautiously by Maurice and his fair charge, who, however, was indulged by viewing the curiosities of Cologne, and being introduced to the relics of a former British princess, St Ursula, with her eleven thousand Christian virgins, the

<sup>1</sup> Benger.

<sup>2</sup> *Mercure de France*.



whole of which fair bevy, it is to be feared, were a female tribute extorted by the powerful pagan chiefs of Germany from a British Christian king, when British Christianity waxed weak and Saxon paganhoo strong.<sup>1</sup>

At Cologne Elizabeth made some stay, long enough to sit for her miniature portrait, so small that it was set in a ring, for the painting of which she paid seventy-seven dollars to an artist afterwards celebrated, Michael Jansen.<sup>2</sup> Her stay at Cologne drew rather deeply on her privy purse. Among her expenses, however, was a benevolent item of nearly thirty pounds in alms to the poor of Cologne and Dusseldorf. These bounties increased her train somewhat inconveniently ; before she reached Cologne her followers amounted to more than three thousand persons.

The Stadtholder Maurice did not conclude his escort until her arrival at Bonn. There he parted from his niece, apparently with no better token of remembrance than kindness of manner ; but he sent after her a costly present of a diamond chain, worth one thousand pounds, which he had purchased for this purpose when he showed her the curiosities and wealth of Amsterdam, then the richest commercial city in the world. She presented the officer who had charge of this magnificent jewel with twenty pounds, and the steward of the Prince was given by her order a donation of two hundred pounds. At Bonn her husband's kinsman, the young Elector of Brandenburg, welcomed her to an *al fresco* collation, which his attendants had spread on the grass at one of the most beautiful bends of the Rhine. Before Elizabeth now appeared a little gay flotilla of highly ornamented barges, which her absent husband had forwarded to receive her, and bring her by the highway of the glorious and abounding river, of which he was sovereign, to his dominions. This arrangement may be considered a very needful movement of economy to save Elizabeth from the enormous rabble of devourers which were besetting every step she travelled on land.

The principal vessel of this pretty fleet bore her flag, and

<sup>1</sup> This idea is confirmed by Roger of Wendover.

<sup>2</sup> State Papers ; Winwood and Wotton's Letters.

was as gaudy as paint, gilding, and red and blue-coloured velvet, could make it. Elizabeth was at first excessively delighted with her gilded saloon, in which she floated down the exquisite Rhine at her ease in the warmth and beauty of sunny May. The bride was suffered to land for the nights at some friendly ports for repose. She slept at Oberwinter in a nunnery, and rested a whole Sunday at St Goar, under the protection of her husband's relative, the Landgrave of Hesse. Elizabeth, despite of the lovely views which opened themselves at every turn of the Rhine, complained of the weariness of her voyage, when she found several towns were passed by; but on her entreaties to land, she heard the towns bore a bad reputation regarding the plague. Thus she sailed by ancient Baccarach discontentedly, when a swift little galley shot from its bay, and rowed after her flotilla. Elizabeth found to her delight that it contained her husband, who came on board, having arranged all matters to give her a fitting welcome in his Palatinate, which was now close at hand. In the afternoon the flotilla anchored off Gilsheim, the first town in the Palatinate that met the eyes of its new mistress. Throngs of her subjects, and many carriages, appeared at the quay and watergate to escort Elizabeth to the banquet prepared for her welcome at the Hôtel de Ville. Firing of guns, shoutings, and bonfires, announced the moment when her foot had touched her lord's dominions.

Among the other inconveniences which Frederic had sought to obviate by providing a passage down the Rhine, was the extravagant custom of giving presents at the cities through which Elizabeth passed. Hitherto she had travelled at her father's expense. The Peers he had commissioned to escort her safely to her husband's dominions, Lennox, Arundel, and Harrington, had defrayed all cost; but as soon as she arrived on her husband's land that supply ceased. Here Elizabeth betrayed the great weakness of her character, which was always running her into debt and difficulty. Instead of learning her husband's directions, and acting according to the customs of his country, she chose to give as profusely as before. As she had no funds in her

privy purse, she drew on her jeweller in England, Jacob Herderet,<sup>1</sup> for sums to keep up this munificence, adding to the account she had already run up with him. Rarely afterwards was Elizabeth Stuart clear of the world. The Bishop of Mayence, Roman Catholic although he was, sent a kind invitation to the English princess and her lord. They embarked again, and floated up the Rhine to that ancient Roman city, where Elizabeth occupied the Emperor's suite of apartments.

The bridal party now passed on to Oppenheim, which, in the first days of blossoming June, almost turned itself into a city of flowers to welcome her. Among the triumphal arches of this Rhenish city, the first band of music was heard by her since she left England, worthy to greet her musical ears. The next place to which they proceeded was Frankenthal, the principal town of Elizabeth's dower. Extraordinary demonstrations were of course made to welcome her; the city and castle were covered with flowers by day, and with fireworks at night. Elizabeth made her entry in her famous chariot, drawn by the white horses; and being met by the warlike burghers of Frankenthal, in a livery of blue and gold, grey hats and green plumes, they fired a *feu-de-joie*, and formed her guard of honour to her dower-palace, where, from the balcony, Elizabeth and Frederic beheld all the quaint doings the citizens had invented to do her honour. Just opposite, the goldsmiths of Frankenthal had built a stage where pageants were enacted, but which poured forth the sweetest strains of original and well-executed music, to the delight of the Princess, who was now convinced her subjects, unlike the Dutch and the inhabitants of the Lower Rhine, were a musical people. The entertainments were representations of the throne of Solomon and the city of Troy; the Queen of Sheba, seated by Solomon, being a caricature of Elizabeth in her bridal dress. But as the shades of evening advanced, both the city of Troy and the throne of Solomon exploded in such magnificent fireworks, that the English attendants of the Princess shouted for delight, and their national huzzas greatly pleased

<sup>1</sup> State-Paper MSS.

the good folk of Frankenthal as well as the Palatine himself.<sup>1</sup>

Elizabeth was for the third time left by her husband, who speeded forward to Heidelberg, his capital, in order to see that all things were arranged for her solemn entry, and meeting with his kindred assembled there to be introduced to her. This time Elizabeth was left at home, since Frankenthal, her dower-castle and town, had been solemnly surrendered to her father's commissioners for her use. She remained there for a day and night in the guardianship of her own burghers.

The English nobles had dropped some hints to the Palatine that they were disappointed at the absence of military force since they had entered his dominions; he therefore chose to give his wife's entry into his capital the character of a review, as he had a little army of six thousand men at Heidelberg, and great stores of cannon and other artillery. It was June 7th when Elizabeth set forward with all her ladies and English friends towards that romantic Heidelberg, which has since undergone such strange mutations. She was dressed in a robe of cloth-of-gold, a high-crowned hat of red velvet, with white plumes and a standing ruff and collar. She travelled in a close carriage until she met her husband; who, after having drawn up his little force on an elevated plain some distance from Heidelberg, advanced to meet her, riding by the side of his Regent, John, Duke of Deuxponts, his young brother the Palsgrave Louis Philip, Duke of Simmeren, and at the head of a vast train of German princes and counts, some his vassals, and all his kinsmen and allies. When Frederic reached his wife's procession, he presented himself to open the door of her coach; but she sprang out, and, forgetful of all ceremonial, threw herself into his arms. After their loving greeting was over, and she had been formally presented to his regent-cousin, she ascended a grand canopied car, with open pillars, a sort of travelling-throne, in which she made her entry into the capital of the then happy Palatinate.

<sup>1</sup> Benger, from a German Journal. Stowe.



Taking her way to Heidelberg, her cortege turned from the left bank of the Rhine, and wound its way among hills and valleys so fair, fertile, and smiling, that the English guests—although used to a beautiful land, yet not accustomed to the delicious climate which matures the grape—with one consent affirmed that it seemed as if the garden of Eden lay before them, as they descended to the valley of the Neckar.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Stowe. Benger.

# ELIZABETH STUART

## CHAPTER III.

### SUMMARY

Elizabeth's palace at Heidelberg—Her entry—Fishers' tournament—She arrives at the Silver Hall—Her husband's female relatives—Her reception by the Electress-mother, Juliana—Sports and pageants—Long preaching—Elizabeth retires to her hunting-seat—Astonishes the German Princesses by killing deer—Alarming quarrels of the Scotch and English in her household—Fight in her presence—Lord Harrington leaves her to return home—Diet at Worms—Elizabeth insists on her precedency—Troubles in consequence—Differences with the Electress Juliana, who retires from court—Is invited by the latter to a farewell feast—Rural day spent by Elizabeth and her ladies—Her debts and disquiet—Birth of her eldest son—Count Schomberg withdraws from her court—Her consort attains his majority—German Protestants place him at the head of the Calvinist League—He shrinks from the civil war—Ambition of his consort—His mother recommends peace—His health gives way in the struggle—Elizabeth's letter to her father—She persuades Schomberg to return—Arranges his marriage with Anne Dudley—Recovery of the Elector—Increased happiness of Elizabeth's wedlock—The Elector erects an arch in her honour—Makes her an English garden—Schomberg's wise rules for her household—Elizabeth's letter to her father on the death of Countess Schomberg—King James appoints Lord Harrington's daughter as her first lady—Birth of Elizabeth's second son—Lord Dorchester sends her two monkeys—How she spends her mornings—Plot revealed to her by Captain Bell—How the Empress means to murder her and her babe—The Empress's invitation—Bell alarms James I.—Death of Elizabeth's mother, Queen Anne—Germany ready to break into war—Crown of Bohemia offered to Frederic—Elizabeth urges his acceptance—Her letter to her father—Her husband's vacillation.

THE Castle of Heidelberg, which Elizabeth entered as a bride, surpassed in magnificence and extent any palace that her father possessed in either of his three kingdoms. It has withal a most remarkable history. It was founded in 1346

by the great ancestor of Frederic V., Rupert the Red, Palatine of the Rhine and Duke of Bavaria. On the side of a mighty precipice it rears itself, terrace over terrace, towering from a vast height over the beautiful river Neckar. A mountainous chain circles round the castle with a close embrace, but opens where the Neckar rushes into the smiling plain beyond the gorge. Our Elizabeth was little longer there than as guest, although she brought on luckless Heidelberg its centuries of sufferings and final desolation. In 1622 the vengeful Austrian general Tilly took it by storm, and permitted his soldiers to stain every saloon of its magnificent structures with atrocities such as ought to make Christians ashamed of war, and disgusted with glory. The spoiler seized upon the library, the finest in the world, and carried off the books, the delight of Elizabeth and her learned Frederic, to Vienna. The University of Heidelberg had a great loss in this library: that grand institution was likewise founded by Rupert the Red; and whensoever the professors or students needed references, they had always free access to the Palatine Library. It was a barbarous deed to rob a university of its books. The Moslems burnt books; Tilly only stole them.<sup>1</sup> Four times in forty years did this unfortunate palace suffer siege and sack. Massacres were perpetrated therein too numerous to recapitulate. At last nobody, victor or vanquished, cared to remain there; and the repeated desertions of Heidelberg, of which there were three decided ones, resemble those of some defunct cities in the East. Of course it was reported to be fearfully haunted by wicked spirits. How any could be more atrocious than those inhabiting the human forms which had worked their wicked wills there, may be reasonably questioned.

The last siege of Heidelberg is unexampled in the histories of battles and sieges, occurring in the Palatinate wars of Louis XIV. It was, as before, deserted, after means of access had been cut off, and left perfectly desolate; but so imposing in appearance, so commanding in site, and so gay

<sup>1</sup> Polnitz.—The Emperor sent all the duplicates of these books to Rome, where they are in the Vatican.

and riant with its commanding façade, that the French Maréchal L'Orge, never supposing it was uninhabited, summoned it to surrender. The lone castle replied not; indeed it could not. L'Orge finding it was not a castle "qui parle," besieged it; but its grand site mocked his cannon, and its altitude his ladders. Lights were seen glancing by night through its vast galleries, and from window to window, but those, the good burghers of the town below averred and believed were carried by its especial garrison of ghosts and Jack-o'-lanterns. The French Maréchal sat down to starve out the castle, losing much time in the endeavour. How he discovered his mistake is not told; but the French people, who in their joyous days made songs on everything, celebrated his comical siege of nobody in a ballad, the refrain of which informed the world that "L'Orge would have taken Heidelberg had he found the door open."<sup>1</sup> Yet all the slaughterings, plunderings, burnings, mines, sacks, and sieges, did not destroy the love of the old Protestant line of the Palatine to its princely eyry. But when the inheritance fell, at the death of the son of Charles Louis, to the Roman Catholic line of Neuburg, the Duke had the palace grandly repaired, yet he wished to keep the cathedral wholly for the use of his own religionists, instead of being shared amicably; the nave for the Protestants, the chancel for the Roman Catholics, as allotted at the peace of Westphalia in 1660. A rebellion was threatened, on which the Elector Palatine transferred his residence and courts of justice to the next city, Mannheim. From that time, and for that cause, Heidelberg Castle has remained deserted, as now seen and marvelled at by every curious traveller.

But when the triumphal chariot of the English bride paused on the bridge beneath its gates, the palace-castle of the Palatinate was in its very glory, the pride of Germany for science, arts, and arms. Immediately before the ambulatory throne rode her husband, his cousin the Regent, John of Deux-ponts, and their kinsmen the Margrave of Anspach and the Duke of Wurtemberg. The little army of the Electorate preceded the car in their national uniform, one of the tri-

<sup>1</sup> Polnitz.



colors of Germany, of white, green, and red. As for the discharge of the cannon from the walls of Heidelberg, answered by the musketry of the men-at-arms, all that need be said is, they made as much din as their knowledge of the science of destruction permitted. And great was the satisfaction of Elizabeth and her English followers in consequence.

The bridge over the Neckar had been made a very *berceau* of flowery arches, under which the procession moved to the approaches of the castle, which were only gained by steep ascents. The sports in honour of the day commenced with a water tournament, performed by the fishermen of the Neckar, who aimed with poles at a revolving turret fixed in the river, as their boats were rowed swiftly past it, a pastime Elizabeth had frequently seen on her own Thames. She paused awhile to look down and to laugh at the various immersions of the unlucky water-tilters, and then entered the lower gate of the castle nearest to the river. Here an artificial angel extended its wings over the Princess as she entered. She pursued her way through flowery arches, welcomed and harangued in turn by the professors of the famous university, which the palace-castle sheltered and protected amidst the circles of its fortifications, for both town and colleges were embraced by the walls. The citizens lowered a golden crown on the canopy of the car; it was meant for her brow had she made her entry, as was hoped, on horseback. Complimentary inscriptions in Latin met her eyes at every turn; the most appropriate of these was from the Psalms: "The King's daughter is all glorious within, her clothing is of wrought gold!"

Before the entrance of the palace, Frederic had placed a pageant representing the Danube and the Thames, with effigies of all his ancestors, among whom the English princesses who had wedded German potentates—as Matilda the daughter of our Henry II., the wife of Henry the Lion, and Blanche, daughter of Henry IV., the spouse of Louis of Bavaria—had conspicuous places. Frederic performed the classic ceremony of taking his bride in his arms and

lifting her over his threshold. The female relations of the husband stood in a double rank from the hall-door to the Silver Chamber, for Castle Heidelberg had then, as well as the Old Palace at Berlin, rooms furnished with solid silver; we hope they were brighter and better cleaned than the costly furniture of which the Margravine of Baireuth (Elizabeth's clever great-granddaughter) gives so dismal a description. Twelve German princesses stood according to their proper precedence ready to receive Elizabeth, among whom was the aged mother, the two young sisters of Frederic, Charlotte and Catherine, and the young wife of the Regent John. Before all the introductions and ceremonials were accomplished, the illustrious Juliana of Orange, the Electress-Dowager, rushed from her place of dignity at the door of the Silver Saloon, and, clasping Elizabeth to her bosom, expressed the delight that the day had arrived when she could welcome her as her daughter at Heidelberg.<sup>1</sup>

Unfortunately the castle-palace of Heidelberg was too near its protégée, the University, for the festivals to illustrate the natural customs of the country; but all the interludes were classical; so Venus, Apollo, Cupid, Hymen, and Diana, held forth in most elaborate tediousness, which we wholly decline inflicting on our readers. The best part of Elizabeth's diversions was the sight of all the citizens, all the scholars, and all the soldiers, dining in public in the meadows of the Neckar. The great tun of Heidelberg, a German marvel, holding an incredible number of bottles of Rhenish wine, was stationed on the terrace of the castle; and, according to the voracious Stowe, open to all the population, and was twice drunk dry in the course of the wedding festivities.<sup>2</sup> The next day thanksgiving sermons of enormous length were preached by Abraham Scultetus, Frederic's Calvinist tutor, and a tournament was proclaimed for the next day. Elizabeth sat in state both days, taking precedence at the head of the banquet-table of

<sup>1</sup> Stowe, and State-Paper MSS.—Carlton's Despatches.

<sup>2</sup> Every day twenty foeder of wine was drunk. Each foeder contained 1020 bottles.—Ludolph's History of the World.

her husband and of every one, as if she had been the reigning sovereign at Heidelberg. Such was the consequence of her husband's promise to her parents. Even then it began to excite unpleasant comments among the kindred princes assembled for the marriage rejoicings. Emperors' daughters had been the wives of the Palatine Electors, and even the daughters of mighty kings of England; but none had ever before been seen to take precedence of their lords and masters. However, brides were usually much indulged, so the innovation passed at that time uncontested. As for the Heidelberg tournament, nothing remarkable is recorded concerning it, excepting that, to the great scandal of the English lords and cavaliers there assembled, the prizes, instead of being armour or gems, were sums of money, as at the English races of Epsom or Ascot. Very eager the German princes showed themselves, contending for prizes of fifty ducats and other such small gains. Frederic himself, who appeared in the character of Jason arriving on dry land in the Argo, with a Golden Fleece, won a prize of a hundred florins from the Margrave of Anspach. Duke Christian of Anhalt carried off most of these rather ignoble rewards. From the golden mast of Jason's ship was proclaimed an oracle by some viewless speaker, in imitation of the style of Nostradamus, to this effect:—

“When the young Lion, descended from the race of Lions, shall carry from her native isle the Royal Lamb over sea to his own sylvan lair, then shall the glory of the new Jason eclipse that of all the heroes of the earth.”<sup>1</sup>

Jason likewise sung a very pretty *naïve* German song to his princess from the deck of his Argo; but it was suddenly recollected that Jason was a most unlucky hero to personify at a wedding; which, of course, in superstitious Germany, threw a damp on all the evolutions of the young Elector. Palatine's navigation on dry-land.

The marriage festivities, on which it would be tedious further to dwell, were, in the succeeding days, interspersed with several long sermons from Frederic's fanatic theologian, by name Abraham Scullhead, which name, translated

<sup>1</sup> Ludolph's History of the World.



and modified with the classical termination usual to the learned in Germany, is known in history as Scultetus. Elizabeth departed, soon after this course of entertainments commenced, to a hunting-palace belonging to her lord not far from Heidelberg, where she astonished her new subjects, by shooting twelve deer with her cross-bow. One of these beautiful creatures, a noble stag of five years, she wounded so as to hamstring it, and brought it down with a bolt from this cruel weapon. The Rhenish Germans mentioned these exploits as favourably as they could, and lauded the fair young Amazon as "the Diana of the Rhine."

The three English nobles, the Duke of Lennox, Lord Arundel, and Lord Lisle, who had, under the commission of her royal father, accompanied the bride for the purpose of seeing her put in possession of her dower-estates, and paying her expenses, now took leave of her. Lord Harrington, her preceptor, remained a while longer, and received great vexation from some of the turbulent and incongruous persons who composed the new household of his Princess. When the happy and well-ordered arrangements of Elizabeth's early paradise at Combe Abbey are remembered, it may easily be supposed what a contrast was a scene like this, which took place on a journey to Manheim, whither Elizabeth was accompanied by Lord and Lady Harrington, Colonel Count Schomberg, and Sir Andrew Keith, her Master of Horse. On the road a dispute, concerning the performance of some of the horses, occurred between Sir Andrew Keith and Mr Bushell, the squire of Lord Harrington. In his passion Sir Andrew came up to the coach wherein the Princess was with Lady Harrington, and, in the presence of all her suite, accused Lord Harrington of wronging her Royal Highness in the exchange of some horses. Lady Harrington fired up in defence of her lord, but Keith contradicted her without ceremony. Lord Harrington replied sharply; as for Bushell himself, he defied the uncourteous Master of Horse to instant and mortal combat; so, rushing to a convenient spot at a little distance, the Englishman and the Scot drew their swords, eager for a



hot encounter, under the very eyes of the young Princess, who screamed to Colonel Schomberg to part them. For the present he succeeded in preventing the combat; but nothing was gained by the delay, for Sir Andrew Keith having partisans among his countrymen in her Royal Highness's service, and Bushell bringing up his friends on Lord Harrington's side, a general engagement took place, when Bushell was left for dead with fourteen wounds, and several of the combatants were seriously hurt. Elizabeth complained to her husband of the ferocity of her Master of Horse, and the Elector ordered Schomberg to arrest him, and his aiders and abettors.

Thus Sir Andrew Keith, though he remained victor in the fray, which is evident from the list of the killed and wounded, was not altogether triumphant.<sup>1</sup> Not long after this outrage, Lord and Lady Harrington bade farewell to their Princess, and commenced their journey to England. Lord Harrington had suffered far more serious uneasiness than what arose from the appeal to arms of these fiery young men, for his honour was concerned in the charge of pecuniary wrong blurted out by Sir Andrew Keith; and there is reason to suppose that his mind was much wounded by the whole affair. Lord Harrington, it is said, had been left by King James in arrear for the cost of the education of the Princess, money being very short at the Court of England after the funeral of the Prince of Wales, and the marriage of the Princess-Royal. So the King gave him, by way of compensation, the profits of a coinage of brass farthings. It is declared by political historians, that these farthings broke his heart, but it was more probably the untoward affair of the fracas among the officers of the Princess that grieved him mortally, for he fell ill at the city of Worms, not long after he parted from Elizabeth, and there expired.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Harleian Collection, and State-Paper MSS. August 1613.

<sup>2</sup> Letters of Sir Dudley Carlton to Mr Chamberlain. His only son did not survive him many months; his daughter Lucy, Countess of Bedford, became the heiress of the great wealth in church lands that centred in Lord and Lady Harrington. Lady Bedford was with the Princess at Combe Abbey. She was undeniably an accomplished and learned woman, but not a little fantastic in taste. As for her extravagance, it was considered extraordinary in a most extravagant era.

The furious outbreak that had taken place between Sir Andrew Keith and the followers of Lord Harrington, proved but the commencement of a long series of disorders arising from the turbulent conduct of Elizabeth's household. There was a little army of adventurers to the amount of thrice as many, who had quartered themselves on the hapless citizens of Heidelberg, and daily petitioned Elizabeth to be inducted into places at her court, or demanded to have some created on purpose for them. Daily they quarrelled with each other; riots in the city were of frequent occurrence; and when inquiries were made as to who were the disturbers of the public peace, the English of Madame la Princesse were always declared to be the delinquents. Besides their turbulence, these supernumeraries were unbearable in another respect; they boldly presented themselves at table when the household of the Princess were served, and devoured what was provided for the regular officials. When Schomberg laboured to reduce all to proper order, he found an opponent start up in Mr Elphinstone, the Secretary of the Princess, who seems to have been the leader of the Scottish faction of the regular household. The complaints of Schomberg in his letters to King James and his ministers, are truly comic concerning his perplexities, although that faithful functionary never considered the matter with the least tendency to mirthfulness. In the intervals of his negotiations with the troublesome followers of the Princess, Schomberg was called on to arrange the knotty points concerning the question of her precedence as a King's daughter over her husband and all his connections. German notions touching etiquette of the kind yielding only to those of the Chinese, the unfortunate minister of Frederic surely had enough on his hands. So he thought, and thus wrote of his afflictions to James I.: "Your Majesty must consider that I have a young Prince and Princess, an administrator, the Regent John, a mother-in-law, sisters, aunts, and every one of these has their trains. Everybody wishes to govern. Everybody believes I do more for one than the other;" and he adds, "Am I not a miserable man?"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> State-Paper MSS.

Such a state of affairs, it may very well be anticipated, could not continue very long. The Electress-Dowager Juliana resolved to retire with her daughters, Catherine and Charlotte, to her dower-castle of Kaiserslautern, a curious old castle, built by the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, but previously withdrew to her seat of Neuburg. Here she gave a family festival in honour of the bride, where the Regent John assumed the office of *maître-d'hôtel* on this occasion.<sup>1</sup> The old Electress brought out to do honour to it two ancient welcome-cups, one in the form of a monk, and the other in that of a nun. The company drank the health of the Princess in the latter, and that of the Elector in the other. Then Elizabeth, after dinner, wandered all over the domain, visited the mills, the fountains, and the dairy, which the old Electress had arranged with Dutch precision and attention to cleanliness, the very cowhouse, with the beautiful sleek animals therein, being shining and polished like a parlour. Elizabeth delighted in giving the gentle cows grass to eat with her own royal hand, a circumstance which shows, that even then the creatures were fed on the stalled system, as neat cattle are on the Continent at this day. There was a table in the dairy set out with nice little dainties prepared from milk and cream, at which the Princess and her ladies feasted. Anne Dudley, with the other young ladies who served the Princess, were heard to laugh quite joyously; mistress and maids all gave tokens of great pleasure throughout this happy country day.

Insight into the domestic life and manners of Elizabeth Stuart as the Electress Palatine is to be derived from the despatches of that man of many tribulations, Schomberg, to King James and his cabinet, while he was arranging the unruly household of his Princess. Unfortunately the customs of German palatial economy did not harmonise with those of the English. It was usual at Heidelberg Castle to allow neither lodging nor board to those officials of the Court who received pensions; therefore Elphinstone and all the individuals of Elizabeth's paid household, were expected to board themselves—proceedings very opposite to the hospitable

<sup>1</sup> French Ambassades, September 3, 1613.



*bouche* of court and the bounteous tables of green cloth at Hampton Court and Whitehall, now, alas, with other old English hospitalities, defunct! Another grievance was, that when the young Electress Palatine sat down in public with twelve princes and princesses of her husband's kindred to dine with her, the English officials positively refused to hand cup or viand to their serene highnesses.

On very grand occasions Frederic and Elizabeth were waited on by the nobles of the country; but when this species of feudal service was offered by ladies of the lines of Nassau, Solms, or Harrach, to the illustrious consort of their suzerain and cousin, again the English train were up in arms. They would serve no one but their lawful lady, and their lawful lady should be served by none but them. "Such are the little dissensions which are hardly worth troubling your Majesty about," writes Schomberg to James I. "As to my lady's meat, she always has it prepared by her own cook, being served up at table at every meal. I ask her always what she wishes for, and she tells me freely. There is now no table but hers, where there are only princes and princesses."<sup>1</sup>

Elizabeth became the happy mother of a healthy son, born at Heidelberg, January 2, 1613-14, neither of its parents having seen their eighteenth year. The child was named after Elizabeth's deceased brother, Henry Frederic, but the actual baptism did not take place until several weeks afterwards. The presents and preparations, and the numbers of godfathers and godmothers usual at a German baptism, could not all be in readiness before 6th March. Immediate heirs to the Crown of Great Britain had become so few, being limited to Charles, Prince of Wales, and Elizabeth herself, that the news of the birth of this infant was received in England with much satisfaction. The boy was immediately granted the privileges of naturalisation by the English Parliament, and was declared heir and successor to the mother, in her reversionary rights to the throne, a recognition which was extended to all Elizabeth's future offspring. Those who remember the

<sup>1</sup> State-Paper MS.—Schomberg to James I., October 3, 1613.



artful exclusion of James V., on pretence of being an alien, by Henry VIII., will see the great importance of this measure to the Palatine family.

The journals of the houses of Parliament, at that date, will, without a moment's argument, overthrow all the vituperations of political history regarding the cruel neglect of Elizabeth.<sup>1</sup> James I. now increased his daughter's allowance £2000 per annum, the patent for which was placed in a golden siphon and basin, sent as a grandsire's and godsire's gifts. Never was an English prince more bountifully endowed at his baptism than the babe of Elizabeth. Prince Maurice gave him a crystal ship worth £900; the States-General of Holland, who were reckoned among the boy's sponsors, two gold cups; and, with a provident care, which seems almost like foresight in regard to the future necessities of Elizabeth's children, endowed their little neophyte with the magnificent grant of a pension of £400 per annum. The Duke of Deuxponts, the late Regent, gave a rich silver basin and ewer; and the grandmother, the Electress Juliana, a curious nest of twenty-four silver cups, fitting one within the other. The younger maiden aunt, Catherine, Princess Palatine, carried the babe to the chapel, where the Prince of Anhalt, as proxy for the monarch of Great Britain, presented him at the font. A princely crowd of godfathers and godmothers was there, each of whom, according to the national custom, received him by turns in their arms.

The year that followed this happy event was naturally a joyous one; to Elizabeth, as a wife, her felicity was unclouded. Fortunately she loved her husband sincerely. His plain person and saturnine temperament, which his most intimate friends did not scruple to call deep melancholy, impaired not her conjugal affection. The marriage of her sister-in-law, Charlotte, Princess Palatine (for all daughters of the electoral family of the Rhine claimed that appellation), took place in 1614, with George William, Elector of

<sup>1</sup> Likewise Drake's Parliamentary History. Miss Benger, who views the whole history of Elizabeth by the false light of Winwood and Wilson, was utterly unconscious of these facts.

Brandenburg. Great discontent was manifested by the Electress Juliana at the precedence her daughter-in-law continued to take and claim on all occasions; and if Schomberg's evidence is to be credited, the old Electress manifested malignity against Elizabeth little consistent with the saintly character<sup>1</sup> given her by her co-religionists, and her biographer Spanheim. As for Schomberg, his miseries approached their climax, his love affairs being in a most unprosperous state with the friend and confidant of the Princess, Mistress Anne Dudley. Fair Mistress Anne, although she had been long courted, was very coy. Her friends did not deem the match good enough. Young Lord Harrington, and her aunt, his mother, wished to recall her to England, to which her illustrious mistress and the hapless Schomberg were naturally averse. The innamorato at last withdrew himself from the Court of Heidelberg, to the infinite detriment of the affairs of Elizabeth. To soothe the pangs of unrequited love, Schomberg plunged into Dutch garrison service, under the command of Prince Maurice. Elizabeth then rushed inextricably into debt. A few weeks previously, Schomberg had left his post only for a fortnight, and went to Frankfort fair, for the purpose of expending money for her thriftily, according to the German custom of laying in stores at these great marts, buying every kind of goods, from broadcloth to papers of pins. While absent on this good errand, peculators had involved the Princess in gifts and promises to a ruinous amount. King James, finding the really noble pension he allowed his daughter swallowed thus uselessly, demanded what had become of Schomberg, to whom he gave an annuity for taking care of her interests.

The consort of Elizabeth attained his majority of eighteen in August 1614, and forthwith took on his own shoulder the weight of government resigned by his cousin, Regent John of Deuxponts. Frederic and Elizabeth made a tour through their dominions, hunting as they went with the pertinacity of North American savages. Elizabeth that summer had nearly caused the deaths of her husband, and of a relative of his, the Landgravine of Hesse-Cassel : while

<sup>1</sup> Benger is most sentimental on her love for Elizabeth.

following on her daring chases, Frederic was thrown from his horse, and nearly broke his neck, while the Landgravine fractured her arm.<sup>1</sup>

Congresses of the German Calvinists now drew the Elector Palatine into their vortex, and to his consternation began to discuss the plans of placing him at their head in the tremendous war preparing against the Empire. Frederic, soon after this revelation, was seized with a terrible nervous fever, which struck him even while sitting in the diet at Heilbrun, when this fearful destiny was announced to him. He must have known that he was neither fit in mind or body for a part so onerous. At the same time, he knew the ambition of his young partner to bear the rank and title of a Queen. The religious liberty of the Reformed Church of Germany was no motive with Elizabeth, as she never communicated with it, being under promise, she pleaded, to her father that she never would, although she began to consider the political expediency of so doing at this juncture. On the other side, the heart of Frederic yearned after his mother's peaceful advice. The Electress Juliana was of a very different spirit from her brother Prince Maurice, who, professing small belief in any religion but that of the sword missionary, was to be the military champion of the Calvinist League. The old Electress, on the contrary, was of that best bias of puritanism which endeavoured to practise the good simple life of the primitive Christian.<sup>2</sup> Thankful for the spiritual liberty gained by her father, the illustrious William of Orange, the Liberator, she seemed strongly averse to any warlike demonstration while that liberty could be enjoyed. Of course she impeded the personal aggrandisement on which her girlish daughter-in-law was so strongly bent. The struggle in the mind of Frederic was too much for his health and strength. The illness which had stricken him when presiding in the diet of his confederate princes redoubled its attack, and delirium ensued. After a sharp crisis he recovered, and returned to Elizabeth at Heidelberg, it is true, yet only as a blighted and melan-

<sup>1</sup> Harleian MS., Brit. Mus.

<sup>2</sup> Spanheim's Life of Juliana.



choly invalid. He had not amended when his wife wrote the following letter:—

ELIZABETH, ELECTRESS PALATINE, TO SECRETARY WINWOOD.<sup>1</sup>

“SIR,—The Elector sending this bearer to his Majesty, I was desirous to let you understand something of his state, and of this place. Himself, at the last assembly, got an ague, which, though it hath held him not long, yet it hath made him weak, and look very ill. Since his fits left him, he is very heavy, and extremely melancholy, as I never saw in my life such an alteration in any. I cannot tell what to say to it, but I think he hath so much business at this time as troubles his mind too much. If I may say the truth, I think there is some that doth trouble him too much; for I find they desire he should bring me to be all Dutch, and to their fashions, which I neither have been bred to, nor is it necessary in every thing I should follow, neither will I do it, for I find there is what would set me in a lower rank than them that have gone before me, which I think they do the Prince wrong in putting in his head at this time when he is so melancholy.”

Elizabeth here complains of her mother-in-law, and her party, Juliana being now declaredly of the adverse or peace faction, and the heart of the affectionate Frederic was torn in the struggle between the wife and mother. In the conclusion of her letter, she entreats Winwood to induce the return of Schomberg, as the only person capable of drawing her husband from his morbid state. As to her aversion to becoming “all Dutch,” that expression must not be taken literally. It merely means the entire adoption of German habits.

When Schomberg was called for, he refused to come; but Sir Henry Wotton, being fortunately at the Hague, used his utmost skill in the art of pleasant persuasion to entice him back to the Court where he had been treated with capricious coquetry on one side, and unthankful folly on the other. But the young Electress promised and vowed that she would be entirely guided by his advice in money matters; hinted that she would afford him her interest in his untoward love affairs; and perhaps sent him a little encouragement from the perverse fair one, Mistress Anne. So the brave German count was at last induced to leave the side of Prince Maurice, and return to his former station, without which the dejected Elector Palatine could never be brought up to martial intents, as

<sup>1</sup> State-Paper Office MS.



Prince Maurice very well knew. Before Schomberg went to Heidelberg he opened his mind to Sir Henry Wotton, explaining to him "the difficulties he encountered in managing between the reserve of the Elector's character, the ill-humour of the Electress Juliana, and the baseness of the ecclesiastical influence,"<sup>1</sup> probably pointing at the gloomy and superstitious fanatics Scultetus and Horneck, whose absurdities regarding fortune-telling, witches, and astrology, surpassed anything recorded of the superstitious seventeenth century.

All was in confusion when Schomberg returned. The Elector would not see, speak to, or receive any person, whatsoever might be their rank;<sup>2</sup> indeed, the symptoms described by Schomberg tended strongly to mental disease. The old Electress was on bad terms with the young Electress, on account of the absurd precedence she claimed as a king's daughter; but perhaps it was still more absurd for the ascetic Juliana to resent it as she did. Yet the cause of contention went deeper than even Schomberg knew, being the great point, whether Frederic should, young and feeble as he was, plunge into an ambitious war, in order to give Elizabeth the title of Queen or Empress. The household of Elizabeth was misgoverned; she gave to every one that solicited her, patronised every complainant, right or wrong; "the very stable-boys run after her Highness," says Schomberg, "to importune her, and make her believe they are ill-treated; nor could any explanation prevent her from taking their parts." The dismissal of Elizabeth's Secretary, Elphinstone, and the resignation of her Master of the Household, went far to rectify existing abuses. Schomberg then drew out regulations, to which Elizabeth set her hand, and he was at once installed as Comptroller.

Notwithstanding Elizabeth's most earnest endeavours, the family of Anne Dudley still opposed the union of their kinswoman with Schomberg. However, in the commencement of the year 1614-15, King James inquired of his daughter whether it was the custom among the German princes for the first lady attendant to be a married wo-

<sup>1</sup> State-Paper MSS.—Wotton to Winwood, Nov. 18, 1614.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., Schomberg to Wotton, Dec. 1, 1614.

man; to which Elizabeth replied, in rather broken English "Touching my dame d'honneur, I can assure this truth, which I beseech your Majesty to believe, that she hath ever been careful for my good, and hath most faithfully served me, without ever having taken present of me, since I came into Germany, and I shall even be ungrateful when I do not witness this same; and since your Majesty desires to know if it be the custom [here] that the dame d'honneur should be married, to this I can tell your Majesty, Yes; that it is the fashion, and that the Elector, his council, and all here, have often desired me to forward *their* marriage—your Majesty yourself having written me word that you wished it, and should like she were married to Schomberg."<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth added some commendations of him, which removed from her father's mind the absurd gossip sedulously spread by the discharged officers on their return to England, that Schomberg only permitted the Princess to buy five robes in a year, and all on account of sparing the purse of his master, her husband. James, who had heard that one of his daughter's ladies, lately dismissed from Heidelberg, had been seen in the possession of ruby studs which had belonged to the Crown, sent his pursuivants to hand the rubies before his Privy Council, and Mrs, or, in present parlance, Miss Tyrwhitt, to account for them; on hearing of which tragical circumstance, Elizabeth found it needful to come to confession concerning a little transaction between herself and the Queen her mother, of which the gossip-loving monarch had been kept in ignorance. Until this was done, James had every reason to suppose the rubies had been stolen from his Queen by Mrs Tyrwhitt. Elizabeth explains,<sup>2</sup> that when she was at York with the Queen (and this must have been at her first entrance from Scotland), the King sent her a present of a fair pearl chain, which the Queen her mother desiring, exchanged these unlucky ruby studs for it. She added, that Mrs Tyrwhitt had served her long, and received nothing—that is, nothing by way of benefaction, for which the servitors of royalty were in that age as greedy as Arabs for *bachshish*.

<sup>1</sup> State-Paper MS.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., Jan. 1614-15.

She finished her memorial of the transaction by giving Mrs Tyrwhitt an order for £300 on arrears of her own pension in England, and requesting her honoured sire to keep the rubies; declaring withal, there never were more than twenty-two of them. James murmured much at the whole affair, and sent an agent to Heidelberg to make inquisition as to what had become of his daughter's jewels, in the course of which he contrived to affront Schomberg; for the King asked his daughter "who had the care of her jewels, and whether it was not Anne Dudley?" This the Princess declared was not her office.<sup>1</sup> At last James, being satisfied, removed all family interdicts to the union of the faithful friends of his daughter. Schomberg and Anne Dudley were wedded, to the great joy of Elizabeth, in March 1615. She composed a ballet to celebrate their nuptials,<sup>2</sup> and danced at it herself, according to the custom of that and the preceding century.

The return of Schomberg to his former influence at his master's court was most propitious to the wedded happiness of the young Electress. Relieved from the heavy cares which had overwhelmed him, her husband partially recovered his health and spirits, and then the bonds of affection became pleasantly reunited, and their conjugal friendship too strongly cemented for this world's direst storms ever to overthrow.

Perhaps the happiest portion of Elizabeth's life was the period of the formation of an English garden, which her fine taste had devised among the broken cliffs of Heidelberg. Her lord's desire to please her caused him to incur the expense. Leading to it was a triumphal arch, built in one night, as a surprise to his wife.<sup>3</sup> Forming the entry of the new garden he had inscribed thus :—

FREDERICUS V.

ELIZABETÆ

CONJUGI CARISS.

A.C.M.D.C.X.V.F.C.

<sup>1</sup> State-Paper MSS.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.—Letter to Winwood, March 30, 1615.

<sup>3</sup> Description of the English Garden of Heidelberg Castle, by Solomon Caves, the designer of it.

An old ruinous turret, coeval with an older castle of Heidelberg, had been the habitation of a prophetess called Jetha Bethel, "who told fortunes in a holy manner," and was so much venerated by the people that it was suffered to remain in memory of their sybil. Both Frederic and Elizabeth had sufficient love of the picturesque to make this tower a point of sight. Besides the plantations of English orchards, evergreens, flowers, and shrubs, water was collected in basins and fountains; the lovely Neckar below was shown in many a varied view through the trees. Gravel-walks were achieved, too, and those who are familiar with Continental gardening know the want of these useful accessories. Combe Abbey grounds had been the model, but diversified in bolder style on the romantic locality of Heidelberg. Elizabeth's English garden is still shown among the beauties of this grandest of palatial ruins.

Schomberg now having set his mistress's household in order, composed these wholesome rules, which the Princess promised to observe:—

"Your Highness should ever seek to please God and the Prince, and reprove those who try to sow dissensions between you. Never grant anything on the first request, but answer, I will consider—I will think of it—I will see; then, if you find it reasonable, grant it of your own accord, as from an heroic liberality. Have a wardrobe in which to put all your old dresses, and every year examine them; those you will not wear again give them as you please, but have a list kept of all, with the names of those to whom you give; the same with tapestry and furniture. Let the same be done with your linen. You brought two thousand pounds' worth from England, and have bought one thousand pounds' worth here; yet Mistress Dean complains you are ill provided, which makes one think there is some abuse somewhere. Have all the plate, gold, and silver weighed afresh and enrolled; the same with your jewels, and all little boxes and pretty bagatelles, and let all be deposited in presses and cabinets in your closet, with inventories, one of which you should keep. Those jewels you wear daily to be intrusted to Mademoiselle Apsley. The jewels should be carefully inspected every six months. You know what fault my wife and I have often found on this point."<sup>1</sup>

This sensible though quaint memorial, it is thusevident, was compounded after he had married Anne, whose authority, as dame d'honneur, he is exceedingly firm in maintaining

<sup>1</sup> State-Paper MSS.



throughout a pendant paper, which was intended to impress on the mind of the Princess the urgency of reducing to obedience her men and maids. Schomberg is no flatterer, or he would not have placed under her ken some of his sentences, which show at a glance the lawless state of her people. But she was only a girl in years, whose love of approbation had really been unduly cultivated in the happy Eden of her childhood. Out of the retreat of Combe Abbey, she issued with capabilities more fitting to pet parrots, dance with dogs, play with monkeys, and kiss kittens, than to govern the rabble rout that followed her to Germany. Schomberg, in his advice regarding the government of her servants, says :—

“ Generally they must receive orders from the Marshal of the Court, the maids must obey the dame d’honneur, the men the *maître-d’hôtel*, according to the order approved by the King [James] when I returned from England. Your Highness should never be teased into countermanding an order given by these officers, for this makes you constantly teased. You must never allow reports of one about the other, nor importunate solicitations, nor care when they take offence, for that is giving yourself up to be tormented. Prevent gossiping between servants of all grades ; they only combine together to resist your commands, and let order and reason govern your Highness, not the prattle of maids or valets, to whom you are now enslaved ; and while they thus abuse your goodness, you will always be despised, and lose control over your people.”

This is strong language, it must be owned, but not more strong than wholesome. Elizabeth made the first advance towards that sterling excellence of character (for which she is praised by her indiscriminating biographers long before she deserved it), when she listened mildly to this true friend, and acted on his counsels.

“ Let it be known,” continues her wise monitor, “ that you will be ruled by reason ; that you abhor flattery and lying ; that you will hear no tales or importunities ; that you will have no coquetry in your presence ; that the men-servants shall keep their places at the door, so that, when you want a little private conversation, you may not be obliged to retire to your bedroom or dressing-room ; also, that you will not allow private individuals to bring in persons unknown, nor even ambassadors, unless when you are attended as becomes your quality.”

The recommendation of all this theory of right leads to the natural calculation of how much practical wrong was

actually established. Nevertheless, the faithful adviser, pursuing his reforms, in a few months was enabled to pay her London jeweller £50 as part of payment for a pair of diamond spurs, costing £100, with which she had presented her dear Frederic. There was likewise cash in hand for Schomberg to purchase her next year's stores, at Frankfort fair; among which were "a thousand pins in a paper."<sup>1</sup>

The young Electress took with her lord a tour of progress to view the beautiful new palace he was erecting for her, on her dower-principality of Frankenthal. During the summer they visited the Upper Palatinate, one of the most picturesque and romantic districts in Germany, abutting on the kingdom of Bohemia. The old Electress Juliana came to Heidelberg to take care of the infant hereditary prince, in the absence of his parents. This worthy Dutchwoman, who was not, by the way, disliked by Elizabeth more than she was by Schomberg, conducted herself as a loving grand-dame to the little Henry Frederic, and wrote a pleasant record of his infantine charms to James I. "He grows as tall, fine, and pretty as possible. I often wish he could have the honour of being seen by your Majesty; I am sure he would soon get into your good graces." After the return of the princely pair to celebrate the birthday of the Elector Palatine in August, Juliana, announcing the health and happiness of the Princess to her father, observes, that "she loved her husband better than ever, and that she was at that very moment playing with and caressing her infant prince."

Nothing now interrupted the married happiness of Elizabeth, excepting the absurd precedence over her husband, which her father, and above all, her mother, had insisted upon in her marriage articles, and which, if we may judge from analogies, she herself stickled for earnestly. All the wiseacres in the councils at Heidelberg and St James's sat in solemn disputation on points for and against it, which broke out ever and anon, until the cause of controversy vanished among the shadows of Elizabeth's subsequent fatal

<sup>1</sup> State-Paper MS.

queenship. So unpopular was this precedence among Frederic's neighbours, allies, and relatives, that Elizabeth gave up many a family festival of gay christenings and marriages, rather than go where it must have been acted upon to the indignation of the kindred potentates of Deuxponts, Brandenburg, Wurtemberg, and Baden.

The halcyon days of Elizabeth's married life were clouded very mournfully by the death of her friend the Countess of Schomberg in childbed, of puerperal fever, a few days after she had become the happy mother of a boy. The fatal disease did not affect the reason of the poor sufferer, who tenderly exhorted her weeping mistress to live so that they might renew their friendship in Paradise, and then she bade the Elector and her loving husband, and unconscious babe, a solemn farewell.<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth, whose personal conduct expressed more affectionate concern than her letter, thus mentions the death of this faithful friend to King James:—

ELIZABETH, PRINCESS, TO JAMES I.<sup>2</sup>

"SIR,—I have not written to your Majesty for a long time for want of a subject. Now I have to tell you, with much regret, of the loss of my lady of honour, Dudley, for she died of high fever in her confinement, on the 8th of December, for which I am very sorry, since both in her life, and when dying, she testified the respect and friendship she bore me, and her sincere fidelity. She has left a son. She is a great loss to me, for she was very careful in all that concerned me. Your Majesty will perhaps be teased by one or another for her place; but I intreat you to consider that it is not every one that is fitted for it in this country, and in this place. I intreat your Majesty, therefore, to let me know who are solicitous for it, and I will write you word whom I judge [to be] most suitable; or perhaps in two months I may send Colonel Schomberg to determine with your Majesty on this point, and divers others of importance. For the rest, all is as usual in these parts. The Elector and my little black baby are very well, thank God—to whom I heartily recommend you.

"I ever remain, Sire, your most humble and obedient Daughter and Servant,

"ELIZABETH.

"Heidelberg, Dec. 14, [1615]."

The motherless babe of her departed friend was reared up in her own nursery, with her "black baby," as she called her own little son, who had very dark hair and

<sup>1</sup> Harleian MS., Brit. Mus.

<sup>2</sup> State-Paper MS.—Royal Letters.

eyes like his father. The infant Schomberg, named Frederic, after his loving sponsor and sovereign, was soon rendered entirely an orphan by the death of his noble father, who did indeed visit England, as the Princess announced to King James, but died directly he returned to Heidelberg. Young Frederic Schomberg was brought up a soldier, among all the hot strife of the Thirty Years' War, following the fortunes of his princely patrons. He is well known in our history as Field-Marshal Duke of Schomberg, who fell, as the general of William III., at the passage of the Boyne Water.<sup>1</sup>

The appointment of the lady of honour who was to succeed her deceased friend, was the chief subject of Elizabeth's correspondence and thoughts. She was to be an Englishwoman, sent and paid by the King her father, and of course was rather chosen according to his fancy than hers. Elizabeth petitioned for a young lady like her lost Anne, who would be companionable to her, especially in following the chase. Since the broken arm of the Landgravine of Hesse, the German ladies had shrunk from partaking her dangerous sylvan sports. James I. intimated that a woman of staid years would suit her best. Elizabeth petitioned for her former guardian and early friend, Lady Harrington, then a widow. Sir Henry Wotton was sent to negotiate the important matter. His observations on the young princely pair at Heidelberg, in a letter to his royal master, are given graphically. The smallness of Frederic's stature, in which he resembled his Nassau kindred, had often been discussed when he came to wed Elizabeth. The King thought his son-in-law would grow, and had evidently set Sir Henry Wotton to send him intelligence regarding his height. "I do not find the Palatine," writes Sir Henry Wotton to King James, "in the judgment of my eye, much grown since your Majesty saw him, either in height or breadth, though there be a common opinion of the first. *Par boutades* (literally, by sudden kicks) he is merry, but for the most part cogitative, or as they here call it, *melancolique*. The Palatine and my

<sup>1</sup> Burke's Peerage. Benger's Life of Elizabeth of Bohemia.



Lady [Elizabeth] adopt kind rather than amorous deportment, according to the sober manners of the country.”<sup>1</sup> He mentions the differences between them at first, which threatened to cause lasting disunion, owing to the mischief-making of servants, but now happily settled. “My lady, your gracious daughter,” he informs King James, “retaineth still all the former original verdure [freshness] of her complexion and features, though she be now the mother of one of the sweetest children that I think this world can yield.”<sup>2</sup>

It was settled between Elizabeth and Wotton, that Lady Harrington was to be the first lady; King James allowing her the munificent stipend of £700. Many complaints did Elizabeth pour into the ear of her countryman concerning the old Electress Juliana, who, she said, would have certainly succeeded in depriving her of the contested precedence, but for the firm support of Schomberg. Elizabeth and Frederic made a series of progresses among the German principalities, as far as the Calvinist stronghold of Sedan, close to France. The Princess returned to Heidelberg for her second confinement. She became the mother of a second son, on Christmas Eve. The very same day arrived a great relay of English nurses, cordials, and confections, which the coddling propensities of James I. had provided for his dear child.<sup>3</sup> It is very probable that my Lady Harrington formed part of this caravan, because she was early employed in announcing the happy event.<sup>4</sup> The young Prince was brought to baptism by such a number of sponsors or witnesses, according to the customs of the country, that the enumeration of their titles only would fill a dull page or two. He was named after his maternal and paternal uncles, Charles, Prince of Wales, and Louis, Duke of Simmeren, his young father’s younger brother. He was the Charles-Louis Elector, too well known in history.

The years rolled on at this happy period of Elizabeth’s life with few troubles, excepting those arising from her

<sup>1</sup> Wotton’s Despatches, April 1616.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> MS., edited by F. Devon, Esq.

<sup>4</sup> Carlton Correspondence—State-Paper MS.

mania concerning precedence. She meant to visit her father, but probably her funds were not ample enough. However, her children, her English garden, her animals, and her hunting, wiled away her youth at Heidelberg pleasantly. The friendship of Lord Dorchester enabled the Princess still further to cultivate her taste for monkeys. Hitherto she was the possessor of only one monkey, but Lord Dorchester sent her two which he had recently received from some Indian correspondent at the Hague, in the spring of 1618. The new monkeys were consigned to the care of mistress Elizabeth Apsley. The young lady acknowledged the addition made to her charges, and her illustrious mistress wrote the address thus: "To Sir Dudley Carlton, from the fair hands of Mrs Elizabeth Apsley, chief gouvernante to all the monkeys and dogs." Elizabeth Apsley's letter contains a sketch of the manner in which her mistress passed the first hours in the morning. It appears that her children and her monkeys were brought to her bed, and all recreated themselves with a game of play before the labours of the toilet commenced. "The monkeys you sent hither came very well,"<sup>1</sup> wrote the fair governess of the menagerie, "and are now grown so proud that they will come to nobody but her Highness, who hath them in her bed every morning, and the little Prince. He is so fond of them, that he says, he desires 'nothing but such monkeys of his own.' They [the monkeys] be as envious as they be pretty, for the old one of that kind, which her Highness had when your lordship was here, will not be acquainted with his countrymen by no means. They do make very good sport, and make her Highness very merry." Lady Harrington thought these important newcomers of sufficient consequence to assure his lordship, "that her Highness esteemed them as jewels."

Her Highness's attention was, however, drawn from the contemplation of these esteemed animals to the important revelation of a most horrible and bloody-minded plot, contrived by the dying consort of Matthias, Emperor of Germany, against the harmless lives of herself and her eldest

<sup>1</sup> State-Paper MS., April 1618—Carlton Despatches.

babe. But wherefore her Imperial Majesty should have plotted murders so utterly useless to herself, no one but a plot-monger in the seventeenth century can imagine. The Empress expired of a lingering malady, about the same time that the plot was introduced to Elizabeth and her anxious friends and parents, probably in happy unconsciousness that such an undertaking had ever been attributed to her; for she was well respected by her contemporaries, and enjoys the rare historical distinction of having had a husband who died of grief for her loss.<sup>1</sup> As for the plot itself, it indubitably belongs to the class and order called in political, though not natural history, "mares' nests." Any fortunate finder who could light on a feasible one at this period, was pretty sure to enrich himself, and rise to place and power. Such was the case with Captain Bell, whose rigmarole in our archives is one of the many prototypes of the last of this class, got up by Titus Oates, only it is more cunning, and not invested with the terrible interest of wholesale homicide.

Like most figments of the kind, it had a slender peg or two of fact to hang upon. When George William, Elector of Brandenburg, married Charlotte, Princess Palatine, he changed his Lutheran creed, to the extreme indignation of his subjects, for that of the family he had married into, and became forthwith as thorough-going a partisan of the Calvinist League as his variable nature would let him be.<sup>2</sup> In the midst of his proselyte zeal, the declining Empress of Germany had courteously invited the young Electress Palatine to visit her at Ratisbon, where the Imperial Diet met that year. The infant, her eldest son, then little more than two years old, was invited to accompany his mother. The least observant of persons might have guessed from the two principal defects in Elizabeth's character, personal ambition and vanity, that both would have been wonderfully gratified at this grand ceremonial, where the Empress would probably have persuaded her to keep her

<sup>1</sup> Atlas Geographique.

<sup>2</sup> History of House of Brandenburg, by Frederic the Great, his great-grandson, who gives him a wretched character.

loving spouse out of the calamitous war she actually goaded him into. Their brother-in-law, George William, perhaps acting on his knowledge of her character, sent for one of Elizabeth's countrymen, of the name of Bell, an English diplomat seeking employment in Germany, and condescendingly informed him, according to this veracious person's *ex parte* evidence, that, to his certain knowledge, if his Princess accepted the Imperial invitation, she and her baby would be murdered by the Empress. On the Empress, in the year 1618, renewing the invitation, Bell took upon himself to discover the plot, and Elizabeth being appealed to in corroboration, took the Empress's letters of kindness "out of her pocket," and acknowledged that she had been so much deceived by them that she had intended to go to Ratisbon. Transported with gratitude at her miraculous preservation by means of Captain Bell from the designs of the Empress to destroy herself and little boy, Elizabeth presented him with a rich diamond ring. Further, she recommended him to be rewarded by her father, as the vigilant guardian of her life. Bell posted to England with this marvellous news, armed withal with the letter of the Empress, "written in Dutch," as he says.<sup>1</sup> Singular enough, as such letters were invariably written, if private, in French; if state circulars, in Latin. However, it had better have been written in Arabic than German, for the comprehension of James and his ministers. Therefore the ingenious bearer had it all his own way when he translated it at Theobald's Palace for the information of the King and Charles, Prince of Wales, who gave him an interview in the garden.<sup>2</sup> King James, born and reared as he was amidst plots and counterplots, relished a spice of the same kind of adventures for his daughter. Whether George William, Elector of Brandenburg, took Captain Bell for rogue or fool, or whether George William's part in the business was all sheer invention, it is certain that for a time the matter was profitable to the ingenious plot-finder, who obtained, either from the King or Prince, a lucrative place in the

<sup>1</sup> State-Paper MSS.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.



Cornish mines. The whole affair was well worthy the sardonic pen of Ben Jonson, who drew the characteristics of the age he lived in with hideous truthfulness. Elizabeth's Captain Bell<sup>1</sup> might have figured with Captain Face and Dr Subtle.

Elizabeth's eldest girl was born November 18, 1618, and christened Elizabeth. Anne of Denmark never knew that the queenly rank she desired for her had devolved on her daughter; she died in the succeeding March, just before that calamity befell Elizabeth. A cold commonplace letter of condolence to King James, little worth quoting, is all that remains to mark the feelings of the daughter.<sup>2</sup> There had been little friendship between the Queen of Great Britain and her daughter. Indeed they had been very little in the society of each other. Not long after this event, the Lady Harrington craved leave of absence, and departed to England. There were signs in the times portending severer

<sup>1</sup> He must have been a most inventive person, for he is chiefly known by having made himself the hero of a ghost-story. Aubrey, who identifies our man closely enough, tells us that Captain Bell, the translator of Luther's *Table-Talk*, had been a diplomatic agent of James I. in Germany. In the introduction to that work, published during Cromwell's domination, Captain Bell indulges in so many figments as positively to raise doubts of the authenticity of Luther's work itself. Many literary persons set it down as a forgery altogether; and no wonder; for, though racy and brilliant in style and ability, it contains some very odd passages. The veracious Captain's mode of introducing his translation, precedes and surpasses, as a bookselling puff, Defoe's celebrated introduction to *Drelincourt on Death*, with the *Narrative of the Ghost of Mistress Veal*. Captain Bell had, years before, undertaken the translation of Luther's *Table-Talk*, and brought a copy with him in German to England; but he found no leisure. One night, his wife being sleeping by his side, he awoke trembling with horror, and saw stand by his bolster an old gentleman of foreign aspect, with a venerable white beard reaching to his girdle; if he meant him for Luther, the description is by no means a likeness. The spectre, with most courteous manner, said to Captain Bell, "Will you find time to translate that book? Well, then, I will provide you with leisure anon!" Then the shape vanished. Soon after Bell was handed before the Privy Council, and committed to the Gatehouse prison, for discrepancies unknown to Aubrey, but not difficult to surmise from the apocryphal appearance of some of his "plot" documents now extant in the State-Paper Office. During his long imprisonment he found leisure to translate Luther's work, and, above all, to concoct the audacious untruths in the introduction. Captain Bell gave out that he was committed for no offence excepting asking for the arrears of his sinecure. Moreover, the dominant fanatics were wonderfully gratified with his ghost-story; so his publication turned out a better hit than his plot.

<sup>2</sup> State-Paper MS.

service than suited her. She never returned to Heidelberg again.

A few hours after the death of Elizabeth's mother, occurred the death of the Emperor Matthias,<sup>1</sup> which hastened the outburst of the religious civil war in Germany. The successor to his hereditary dominions, his cousin Ferdinand, had, in hopes of preserving the kingdom of Bohemia, gone through the ceremonial of being elected king during the life of the Emperor. But Ferdinand, being the sourest of fanatics as a Roman Catholic, commenced a furious persecution of the Taborites and other wild sectaries in his new kingdom. They, being wonderfully like him in temper, threw his ministers out of the council-chamber window at Prague—that being the most approved way of showing political difference in the seventeenth century. Usually the persons thus ejected were cut to pieces—as in the cases of St Maigrin and Concini—by men-at-arms below. Fortunately the diplomatists of Ferdinand alighted on a friendly dung-hill, and were neither harmed by the fall nor by anything else. The Bohemian insurgents declared their throne vacant, and ready to be filled up by any one eligible. All Europe knew that one was to be the Elector Palatine, their neighbour, if he could be induced to accept it. The difficulty was to persuade him to decide. August arrived, but the Elector Palatine was still in a state of uncertainty regarding the crown of Bohemia. When it seemed to draw back, he eagerly watched for its next approach; and when it cast itself at his feet, he avoided it with tears and sighs. According to the following letter he was at Amberg, the capital of the High Palatinate, close to the Bohemian border. It is the first of an interesting series which he addressed to his wife, written in very easy French. In their course we shall see them unveil all the feelings of the husband and father's heart. Each letter commences with the stiff conventional "Madame," but invariably finishes with the adoring phraseology of the lover-husband. One grieves to find a heart so fit for just and peaceful govern-

<sup>1</sup> New style, March 20, 1618-19—Atlas Geographique.

ment, so open to all tender and friendly affections, doomed to wither and perish amidst the horrors of civil war—nay, of religious civil war—the worst aspect under which the demon Moloch can show his hideous aspect :

TO MADAME THE ELECTRESS PALATINE.

“MADAME,—The Count de Linange has at last brought me your dear letter : he was detained on the way near ‘Comte Graf,’<sup>1</sup> and also at Sultzbach. I find him purblind as ever. I arrived here yesterday, where I found the Duke of Weimar,<sup>2</sup> who has been to visit Heidelberg. He no longer assumes the Italian, but is very properly dressed : I find him much to my taste. He left this evening, but comes back to me very soon, and will maintain a company of a hundred horse at his own expense. I have not yet seen the Princess of Anhalt, for she lodges, with all her children, at the Countess of Ortenburg’s ; besides, she begins to feel ill, and I think will have her *acouchement* very soon. We make the Supper<sup>3</sup> here the next Sunday. I have heard nothing from Bohemia this week. It would appear that, for one crown Ferdinand will gain at Frankfort, he will lose two elsewhere. God give grace that so he may do ! A very happy prince he is, for he has the luck to be hated by everybody !

“Believe, my dear heart, that I oftentimes wish myself near you : it seems long to that happiness. Meantime I entreat you love me ever, and think constantly of me, as of him who will be, until the tomb, with all affection, Madame, your very faithful friend and most affectionate servitor,

“FREDERIC.

“D’Amberg, this 13th August 1619.”

Ferdinand was crowned Emperor of Germany at Frankfort the succeeding week, August 20 ; but Frederic, Elector Palatine, the head and leader of the German Princes, whose office it was to nominate him, was absent from his appointed place at his right hand that day. The Imperial crown was observed to totter—no marvel, when its accustomed supporter was away. Nevertheless he continued to carry on the semblance of loyalty to Ferdinand II., and, as Vicar of the German Empire, gave him the title of King of Bohemia only three weeks before he assumed it himself.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The series of family letters called the Bromley Letters, from which this letter is quoted, valuable as they are, will be found incorrect as to names, dates, and places.

<sup>2</sup> Supposed by mistake to be the celebrated Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar ; but this hero was the youngest brother of several younger sons, and was about ten years old.

<sup>3</sup> He means the Holy Communion.

<sup>4</sup> Atlas Geographique,—“German Empire.”

# ELIZABETH STUART

## CHAPTER IV.

### SUMMARY

Elizabeth and Maurice of Orange insist on her husband's acceptance of Bohemia—James I. refuses to acknowledge their regality—Elizabeth and Frederic depart for Prague—Leaves her younger children in the care of the Electress Juliana—Progress through Southern Germany with her husband and eldest son—Arrival at Prague—Meeting with the Taborites—Laughter at their strange proceedings—Her coronation takes place three days after that of the King—Crowned with the diadem of St Elizabeth—Left by her husband in Prague—His letter—Women of Prague's deputies insulted by the Queen's servants—Ladies of Prague present her with a magnificent cradle—Birth of Prince Rupert—Elizabeth waited on by the Taborites (*Vignette*)—Description of her portrait—Change of fortune—James I. sends F. Nethersole to be her secretary—Frederic's campaign and tender letters to Elizabeth—Surprise of Prague—Hasty retreat of the Queen—Taunted concerning the Bridge Statues—Refuge in Breslau—Elizabeth asks protection during her accouchement of the Elector of Brandenburg—Refused—Tender letter of her husband—She retires to Custrin—Birth of her infant, Prince Maurice—Insults of the Catholics on Elizabeth's distress—Frederic joins her—Forced from Custrin—Prince Maurice and the States invite her to Holland—Guarded by English cavaliers—Given a confiscated house at the Hague—Kindness to its unfortunate owner—Birth of her daughter Louisa—Devotion of Christian of Brunswick to the Queen—Her children sent to her from Brandenburg—Coolness to her young daughter Elizabeth—Letter of Christian—Unavailing efforts of her husband and Christian—Births of Elizabeth's sons Louis and Edward—Deaths of Christian of Brunswick, of James I., of Maurice of Orange—Her friend Amelia of Solms marries the Prince of Orange—Elizabeth's letters to Sir T. Roe—Mentions the marriage of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria—Birth of her third daughter Henrietta.

THE most splendid comet that had been seen since the breaking out of the Huguenot wars had flamed through the heavens during the preceding summer. The learned in



those days, being as ignorant as they are in these of the real business of the celestial messenger, scrupled not to accuse it of interference with affairs below. The Germans insisted that it came to announce the death of their Emperor Matthias. King James thought it was sent for his queen, and wrote some very pretty verses on the occasion. Contemporary historians were positive that it betokened the terrific 'Thirty Years' War, which immediately followed its apparition. It cannot be denied that the appearance of extraordinary comets are often coincident with notable human commotions; perhaps because they occasion unusual weather, and unusual weather irritates the brains and aggravates the tempers of the most pugnacious animals on the face of the earth. Men rushed to arms, they scarcely knew why; and when they were thoroughly tired of hacking each other to pieces, threw all the blame on the comet! Modern philosophy has taken away even this poor excuse for going to war, which is, after all, as rational as any other.

Elizabeth, we fear, had much more to answer for as the primary cause of this tremendous war than the comet of 1619. When Frederic shuddered and drew back from the leap into the hideous gulf of civil war, she urged him on, taunting him with the question, "Why he had married a king's daughter if he had dreaded being a king?"<sup>1</sup>

When he went to Amberg, close on the frontier of Bohemia, to meet the confederate Calvinist princes, they were most urgent in persuading him to accept the proffered Bohemian crown, entreating him to abide by the advice of his consort, well knowing what that advice would be. Elizabeth replied by letter, ardently pressing his acceptance of the crown, declaring she would endure the utmost deprivation and part with her last jewel in the cause;"<sup>2</sup> whereby we can ascertain her ideas of what real deprivation was. Still Frederic remained undecided, and in this mind returned from Amberg. Stadtholder Maurice had just arrived at Heidelberg, and was exulting with Elizabeth at the certainty of their point being carried. But Juli-

<sup>1</sup> Schiller's Thirty Years' War.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., and Harleian MSS.

ana, whose foreboding spirit anticipated the worst, met her son, not with dissuasive speeches, but with sobs and streaming tears, incapable of utterance. Frederic, who liked the aspect of the future as little as his mother did, wept as piteously as herself. Maurice of Orange, exasperated at the dejection of his nephew and sister, suddenly asked Juliana "whether there was any green baize to be got in Heidelberg?" "Yes, surely," replied the old Electress, her innocent soul on thrifty thoughts intent; "but what for, Maurice?" "To make a fool's cap for him who might be a king and will not," was the sardonic answer of the ambitious Nassau.<sup>1</sup> Overcome by the persuasions of her he loved, and the sarcasms of him he feared, Frederic signed his acceptance of the antique elective crown of Bohemia. His mother took to her bed in an access of despair, while Elizabeth rejoiced that she could no more be called Goody Palsgrave and Mistress Palatine by her mother's party in England, for she was at length a queen. The former regent, John des Deuxponts, who knew full well the resources of the dominions he had recently governed, was of the despondent party, and sympathised with the grieving mother Juliana. But Abraham Scultetus cheered his sovereign with a series of prophetic sermons, in which he expounded a whole chapter in Revelations as foretelling great success to the undertaking. Thus encouraged, Frederic made preparations for departure from his beautiful and peaceful Heidelberg with his consort, meaning to take possession of Prague, the capital of his new royalty. As a preliminary act, he reinstated his faithful regent, John des Deuxponts, in the administration for the Palatinate, and entreated his mother to resume the place in the council she had filled during his minority. Elizabeth confided her infant daughter and her second son, Charles Louis, to the care of their grandmother; she carried her eldest boy with her, meaning to present him to their new subjects.

Roman Catholics, Lutherans, and Calvinists, had united in asserting their national right to the elective regal fran-

<sup>1</sup> Spanheim's Life of the Electress Juliana.

chise, and they had hired withal a skilful mercenary commander, Ernest Count de Mansfelt (who, by the way, exceedingly resembled in morale the Italian Condottieri of the middle ages). This worthy was to organise the huge and crude levies of the Bohemian ban, or militia. Notwithstanding such promising preliminaries, King James perversely refused to acknowledge the regality of his son-in-law and daughter, and set the example of denying them the titles of king and queen, forbidding his ambassador, Elizabeth's friend and poet, Sir Henry Wotton, to call them so. He declared that a few weeks would show that they could only rely on the very small minority of Calvinists. Indeed, James knew that all other religions would be disgusted and persecuted by Frederic's party. Moreover, he declared he could not for such a hopeless chance interrupt the peace and prosperity of his country, break up its commerce, and plunge it into the miseries of war and taxation; he did not deem his daughter's personal aggrandisement a sufficient equivalent.

The last day that Elizabeth and Frederic passed at Heidelberg so strongly resembled the last day that King James her father spent at Edinburgh on the eve of his departure to take possession of the English crown, that the same words would describe both. Elizabeth, who then was a girl of six years old, must have remembered it well. The farewell in both instances was on a Sunday. Frederic attended two services with his son, and in the afternoon took leave of his affectionate people with a paternal speech. They were in agonies of grief, and stretched out their arms to him with sighs and tears. The day was dismally wet and dark, but the people crowded round their departing sovereign and entreated him not to forsake them. In their utmost dejection, they could not anticipate the fifty years of unutterable woes to which that desertion doomed them. Elizabeth was likewise absorbed in her devotions; her preacher was of the Church of England—Dr Chapman—whose sermon was like that of Abraham Scultetus, prophetic of prosperity. Early the next morning the great departure took place in eighteen coaches. Elizabeth's English ladies were not

numerous. All vacant places were filled by noble German girls; and Countess Amelia de Solms, a beautiful and clever relative of the Palatine family, filled the functions of Elizabeth's lost friend, Anne Dudley. Count de Solms, who held a petty sovereignty, was Frederic's Grand Marshal; he was likewise the possessor of small feudal dominions held under the Palatinate. Frederic, in his letters, does not forget now and then to joke concerning Solms' red face and the corpulence of his wife; but this pair were the parents of three charming daughters, all faithfully attached to Elizabeth, whose chief happiness in after life was to rest on Amelia.

The departure of the elect King and Queen from their happy home and loving people took place September 27, 1619. There was then at Heidelberg John Harrison, an English minister, chaplain to the fanatic Lord Brooke, who has left some quaint observations on the subject, and tried his hand at a turn of prophesy too on the happy fate of that poor child whose early and disastrous death forms the saddest page in our o'er true history. His prediction breaks out thus: "In the face and countenance of the hopeful young Prince, methinks I observed some divine thing extraordinary, which may give the world to conceive he will one day make good all those great hopes which were dead in Prince Henry [Elizabeth's brother], but revived in him. And no heart but would have been ravished to have seen the demeanour of that great lady at her departure with tears trickling down her cheeks, so mild, so courteous and affable—yet with a princely reservation of state well becoming so great a majesty—like another Queen Elizabeth revived also again in her the only Phoenix of the world. Gone is this sweet Princess with her now more than princely husband towards the place where his army attendeth, showing herself like that Virago of Tilbury—another Queen Elizabeth, for so she now is, and what more she may be in time, or her royal issue, is in God's hand for the good and glory of his church! Such a lady going before, and marching in the front, who would not adventure life and covet death?"



A century and a half later the Margravine of Baireuth, Elizabeth's witty great-granddaughter, records so many oversets when travelling in high Germany, that wonder it is to find her going with her carriage the right side uppermost. But Germany and German roads were not quite so miserable before the Thirty Years' War as they were in the last century. One disaster befell on the way, which was from a stone striking Elizabeth's ankle as her coach whirled rapidly down a hill near Anspach, causing such pain that she swooned; but recovering, she speedily resumed her journey.<sup>1</sup>

The course of the progress towards Prague was through the Margraviates of Moravia and Lusatia, and the Dukedom of that Silesia afterwards so fiercely contested between the descendant of Elizabeth, Frederic the Great, and the Empress Maria Theresa. These little states likewise exercised some elective franchise pertaining to earlier and freer times, and, taking shelter from the persecuting Imperial eagle under the shield of Bohemia, elected Frederic their sovereign.

The whole family crossed the Bohemian frontier October 27, new style.<sup>2</sup> They were received at Falkenau, a domain hereditary in the family of Count Andreas Schlick, a leading politician in Bohemia, whose line and name are not out of date in the present day, although now the strongest bulwark of the present imperial dynasty of Austria. At Falkenau Count Schlick entertained his newly-elected King and Queen with a fine collation in the open air,<sup>3</sup> and by way of dessert his preacher regaled them with a long open-air sermon, which, as it was a political one, was peradventure not so wearisome to them as might be expected. The last day of October was appointed for the solemn entry into the Bohemian capital; and the intermediate days they advanced, tarrying at the castles of their partisans, until they rested in view of the beautiful Thiergarten or Parc d'Etoile, forming the approach to the romantic city of Prague, which was

<sup>1</sup> Letter of an English visitor—Tracts on German History, 1620.

<sup>2</sup> Theatre de l'Europe.

<sup>3</sup> Merc. Franc.

then marshalling its thousands to greet the sovereigns of the national choice.

Elizabeth took her place in the procession on the morrow, seated in a chariot or moving throne, having a canopy of violet velvet adorned with gold lace and tissue. Her ivory fair complexion never showed clearer than that day, and her delicate beauty was wondered at by the brown population pouring from the city into the wide avenues of the Bohemian Hyde Park to gaze on her and greet her. Frederic, who had been by her side until close to the walls of Prague, alighted from the car, and mounted his war-steed on the approach of a barbaric troop which rushed out of the antique gateway of the Strathoff—a fortress so sacred to liberty that no king can pass it without direct invitation from the citizens of Prague;<sup>1</sup> and this gracious permission to their sovereign-elect was borne by the strange band, the appearance of which first excited astonishment and then irrepressible mirth from the young English Queen and her attendants. Dangerous mirth! for it was a band of Taborites armed in the same costume as when they surrounded the chariot of their terrific warrior-prophet, Zisca. Their body armour and clothing resembled the buff-coats, belts, and breastplates of the roundhead troopers; as to arms, some carried sickles and some flails as weapons of war, which they whirled about their heads with frightful agility. Then they bore on their standards, and carried hung to their belts, queer things which Elizabeth's attendants, from whose letters home this account is given, called pewter cups and flagons, pots and pans. Ever and anon, with sharp yells as a slogan, the Taborites clashed these utensils together in a sort of wild cadence like the Turkish cymbals. But the pots and pans, flagons and platters, were not really pewter, but made of beech-wood, and proved to be the celebrated mazers or wooden vessels for the sacrament so famous in the Zisca insurrection, and in the controversies of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. The Taborites, who professed to be the disciples of these reformers in their own wild way, were infuriated

<sup>1</sup> Atlas Geographique.

at the denial of the cup to the laity by the Roman Catholics at the sacrament; likewise by the luxury of gold and silver chalices. To testify their abhorrence, these fierce reformers carried their wooden communion-vessels, out of which they took the sacrament every day, hung at their belts and clattering on their standards, clashing them ever and anon as good cause of quarrel; thus drawing from them, withal, their military music. Such was one specimen of the numerous sects of Eastern Europe, and the subjects over whom Frederic and Elizabeth had attained the felicity of governing.

The Taborites forming in some sort of order before the Strathoff Gate, their leader addressed a short martial speech to the King-elect in the native Bohemian dialect, which the band finished off by an especial flourish on their pots and pans. Elizabeth and her attendants echoed it by a fit of laughter, in which the grave Frederic almost joined. However, he hastened to answer them in the Bohemian tongue—which he spoke perfectly—and by Elizabeth's request told them "how much she regretted being ignorant of their language, which she would forthwith set about learning."

Surrounded by this fierce band, the King and Queen entered that Prague whose name has been identified with so many conflicts. It is a beautiful and curious place even now, when at least three sieges and two battles have come off every century since the arrival of Elizabeth Stuart, and somewhat dimmed its picturesque magnificence. The old town, or Prague proper, is built on terraces rising up the mountainous banks of the river Moldau, which is here broad, deep, and rapid, a few miles above its junction with the mighty Elbe. Old Prague was joined to the new town, then comparatively small, by a remarkable bridge built by Queen Judith, the consort of King Wenceslaus. It is an avenue of statues representing saints, warriors, and other Bohemian worthies.<sup>1</sup> By the river's bank, at the foot of the Weisseberg or White Mountain, stands the Edissa, the old palace of Prague,<sup>2</sup> a structure so antique that its foundation is beyond the memory of tradition. No anti-

<sup>1</sup> Atlas Geographique—Bohemia.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

quarian is able to class its massive and grotesque architecture. The Edissa is ball-proof, cannon-proof, shell-proof, and bomb-proof, having been experimented upon in good earnest from time to time by almost every destructive engine the malice of man has contrived. Of course its gigantic halls and corridors have the reputation of being fearfully haunted; but its very spectres are like its architecture—too ancient to be defined. To this singular royal residence Elizabeth bent her devious way, testifying the utmost astonishment at the customs of the people; particularly when she saw the women fall prostrate on each side of her car—this she declared completed the Oriental semblance that everything took about her.<sup>1</sup> There was a Queen's palace in Prague, but Elizabeth preferred inhabiting the grim old Edissa with her husband. Before Frederic took possession of it he went to return thanks at the Cathedral of St Veit, or Holy Faith, a structure so old as to have been erected by Slavonic pagans, and thus named by the Christians when they took possession of it, and all the heathen idols were trundled into the Moldau.<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth declared that it was in great need of a similar purification—being crowded with more statues of saints than she had ever seen together in her life. Her husband and his minister, Scultetus, liked them still less, although the latter had the wisdom to preach the most tolerant sermon ever heard from him; yet the zeal of his master broke out before he left the church. The Bohemians, who had great value for their saints, heard with dismay their new King declare he would demolish them the first opportunity. Unfortunately, neither Frederic nor Elizabeth had arrived at those years when thought usually precedes speech; for she, in her first examination of the beauties of her new capital, taking great offence at the avenue of statues on the bridge, vowed they should all be demolished before she crossed to the new town again—a speech remembered afterwards.

Meantime the Taborites, the Hussites, and Frederic's fanatic chaplain, Scultetus, fraternised to admiration; and as

<sup>1</sup> Spanheim.

<sup>2</sup> Atlas Geographique—Bohemia.



the latter had an extreme antipathy to the unction in the approaching coronation, he permitted John Cyril, the elder of the Hussites, to perform the ceremony for his master. Frederic was crowned King of Bohemia, November 3, by this elder, who was clad in a long blue gown, and wore an enormous blue hat. Nothing else differed from the coronation of our ancient kings, save that the Queen was not crowned excepting by the grace and favour of her Monarch. Three days afterwards the coronation of the Queen took place. Royally robed, she was led to her place in the chapel of St Wenceslaus, by Frederic himself; after some benedictions over her by the blue-robed administrator, the King demanded "consecration, and the crown of St Elizabeth<sup>2</sup> for her namesake, his wife," saying in Latin: "Reverend administrator, I beseech thee to bestow with thy benediction the crown on my beloved and deserving consort, whom God hath given to be my helpmate."

The crown of St Elizabeth, as it appears in one of her portraits, is small, of an antique form, and worn on the top of the head. The fashion is probably derived from the regalia of the Greek empresses, for the Russian czarina wears her diadem in the same manner. Directly the ceremony concluded, Elizabeth was shown to the populace, and the whole city of Prague echoed with "Vivat, vivat Isabella!" for so her name was rendered by the tongues of her new subjects. The young son of the royal pair was in the course of these ceremonies declared by the council of Frederic the hereditary successor to the kingdom of Bohemia—an imprudent encroachment, for which the Emperor Ferdinand II. had been dethroned.

Directly his wife's coronation was completed, Frederic departed for his city of Amberg, on pretence of presiding at the baptism of the Prince of Anhalt's infant, but in reality to muster and combine the powers of the Calvinist League. The Prince of Anhalt was to be the general of their combined military forces. But the very letter Frederic wrote

<sup>1</sup> Theatre de l'Europe. The Scottish Queen-consorts were crowned on the same principle.

<sup>2</sup> Theatre de Monde says St Isabella, but the names are synonymous.

to Elizabeth announcing his arrival at his capital of the higher Palatinate, proves how ill chosen this *bon-vivant* was for such responsibility.

TO THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

"MADAME,—This is to tell you my safe arrival here. The Prince of Anhalt tarries, being detained with gout in both feet. I do not think that he will get to Nuremburg, where I hope to be to-morrow, without great pain. The Landgrave Maurice, the Margrave of Anspach, and the Duke of Wurtemberg, are there already. The baptism takes place in an hour or two. I have not yet seen the Princess of Anhalt.

"I entreat you to send me by a man express [*en poste*], well packed in a tin or wooden box, the bond given me by the States [of Holland], for the money I lent them, with some writings appended. I do not know if you can find it. It seems to me that I put it in the gold box with the bond that the States gave to the little one, which is near the *vaisselle d'or*. Retain the gold box, and likewise the bond pertaining to the child.

"Yesterday I had letters from Madame my mother, who humbly kisses your hands. I send you with this a letter from my sister, the Margravine [of Brandenburg]. I shall hasten my return as much as possible. I finish at present, as I write you more amply from Nuremburg ; but am ever, my dear only heart, your faithful friend and very affectionate servitor,

"D'Amberg, this 8 November, 1619.

"FREDERIC.

"Pray remember me to my brother, and kiss my little one for me."

The new Queen was at this time chiefly occupied with receiving addresses of congratulation and presents from all classes of her subjects. Her people, the lower order of the Bohemian women, came with their address and offering on the day of their darling royal saint, Isabella. Their address was spoken in Bohemian. Elizabeth graciously replied by the lips of her mehmänder, Baron Rupa, "that she hoped ere long their language would not be a dead letter to her." So far so well ; but the present brought by these good dames of the Halle aroused the derision of the lawless, and perhaps rapacious, attendants of the Queen. The simple folk had, according to their customs, presented sacks full of their national cakes and confectionaries, likewise loaves of bread, very likely the stipulated tribute from lands held of the Crown. The loaves must have been made, as we often have seen them in France, in large rings, for Elizabeth's saucy English pages seized them and put them on their hats, and danced about the hall before the Queen, who

might have remembered the lesson given her by her friend Schomberg on her own deficient governing powers, which permitted such liberties to be taken in her presence. The language of derision is ever understood, however that of differing speech may be unintelligible. The harmless country folk withdrew, grieving and abashed. Elizabeth's officials preferred deputies who brought up long purses full of ducats, out of which they might hope for fees. The ladies of Prague who brought a cradle of carved ivory, embossed with gold, silver, and gems, were better welcomed. This was for the use of Elizabeth's infant, whose birth was now daily expected. The famous Prince Rupert, fourth child of Elizabeth and Frederic, was born November 28, 1619, in the ancient tower of the Strathoff, a few days after the presentation of the magnificent cradle.<sup>1</sup> His mother had to give free access to the whole female population of Prague, or at least as many as could crowd near her. The noble size of the infant, his liveliness and vigour, made the Bohemian populace loudly regret that he was not to be their future King. He was given the name of Rupert, after that mighty Elector Palatine who built Heidelberg, and deposed Wenceslaus, the Bohemian king, from being Emperor;<sup>2</sup> not Wenceslaus the Saint, but Wenceslaus the Sinner. The grand festivals at this baptism excited the spleen of the Austrian enemy, who derided Frederic and Elizabeth as the Winter King and Queen, and promised them such royalty as the monarchs of the Bean belonging to the Continental twelfth cake, and no longer enduring than theirs, and that their state would melt away with the snow.

The baptism of the infant Rupert was made a great political gathering; the newly elected King of Hungary<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Spanheim.

<sup>2</sup> Atlas Geog.—Hist. Bohemia and German Empire.

<sup>3</sup> Bethlem Gabor, which means Gabriel Bethlem. Hungary had cast herself free from the house of Austria, and elected a magnate from her own dominions, as her king: of course he formed a close alliance with Bohemia, ratified by his deputies at this baptism. Bethlem Gabor is railed at by all parties as a low adventurer, but he was of rank quite high enough to be eligible to the Hungarian election. His family are great people in Transylvania to this day. He claimed, too, to be classed as some species of Protestant dissenter, but it is to be feared that he was nearer to the creed of Mahomet.

was invited as principal godfather. This sponsor, instead of bidding—

“The pagan fiends avaunt,  
Mahomet and Termagaunt,”

on behalf of his godchild, was himself, if he had any belief, inclined to Moslemism, and brought Frederic into the ever-luckless alliance with the Turks. And as that people, whenever they broke over the Christian border in Europe, comported themselves towards the wretched population like the Mohammedans in India, and the Mohammedans throughout all history, Frederic raised common humanity against himself when he leagued with them.

A revolt in Prague was the first indication of the coming storm. The Lutherans as well as the Roman Catholics of Bohemia, who had united in electing Frederic, were infuriated at the war of extermination which the King and his minister, Abraham Scultetus, had declared against all the statues in the cathedral. But when the image-breakers proceeded to the bridge over the Moldau, and began to destroy the effigies of St John Nepomucene, St Wenceslaus, and St Elizabeth, and tumbled them into the Moldau, all Prague rose to the rescue. Even the Taborites clattered off a call to arms on their cups and platters, and mustered in fierce wrath. Count Schlick rushed into the royal presence, crying out to Frederic and Elizabeth, “that if the order for pulling down the bridge statues was not recalled, Bohemia was lost!”<sup>1</sup> This was done instantly, and orders given for the damage to be repaired, whereby Abraham Scultetus was infuriated. It was sad want of good sense and firmness to begin such a measure, and not dare to carry it through. The people of Prague forthwith subsided into their accustomed bounds, yet they did so sullenly, and never forgot the attempt. Then Abraham Scultetus broke out, and raging against his fellow-Protestants, the Lutherans, invoked fire and fury upon them as latitudinarians, hurling on them long sermons full of wrath. As he had been one of the leading spirits of the intolerant Synod of Dort, where

<sup>1</sup> Atlas Geographique, 1689, contains a minute and curious History of Bohemia.



various Dutch sectarians, who did not exactly adopt his notions, had been persecuted with exile, confiscation, and death, the citizens of Prague began to be alarmed. "Mercy be upon us," wrote the Elector of Saxony's chaplain, "in what respect are these Evangelists better than the Papists? Even more intolerant shall we find the turbulent spirit of Calvin! What avails it being freed from the Antichrist of the West, if his rival usurps over us?"<sup>1</sup> Such were the difficulties preparing for these young sovereigns, neither of whom had seen their twenty-third birthday. Elizabeth made it matter of expediency to receive the sacrament, according to her husband's persuasion, in the Cathedral at Prague, where a long dinner-board, covered with a white table-cloth, at which the recipients were seated, was used instead of the broken high altar.<sup>2</sup> It was not very likely that any Church of England person would have approved of it. But Elizabeth complied, "because," as she wrote to her father apologetically, "it had been reported through Bohemia that she was a Lutheran, and she entreated permission to continue the same."

The popularity of both the King and Queen was evidently on the wane. As it was objected that the Queen was always surrounded by her English or German attendants, who scorned the native Bohemians, she resolved that on the next public day her new subjects only should serve her at table. Scultetus chose her servitors from among his friends the Taborites; their awkwardness, however, provoked the mirth of the whole Court. The Taborite cup-bearer spilt all the wine from her goblet on her velvet robe. The sewer let the mighty haunch slide to the ground, and placed the empty dish upon the table before the Queen. Worse than all, a grim warrior, who stood near the chair of state holding a silver bowl full of lumps of sugar, became fascinated with terror at the sight of the Queen's monkey, a species of animal he had never before beheld, and now took for something peculiarly unholy. But when the monkey, perpetrating a grimace of defiance, skipped up on the arm of Elizabeth's chair, and, extending its paw, helped

<sup>1</sup> Tracts by Moser.

<sup>2</sup> State-Paper MS.

itself to a lump of sugar, the Taborite threw down the bowl, and, uttering a loud yell, escaped from the royal presence.<sup>1</sup>

The praises of Elizabeth's beauty, on which most of her contemporaries dwell, are fully confirmed by her fine portrait at Hampton Court—the work of her favourite artist and faithful follower Honthorst. The complexion and features depicted precisely agree with a remarkable description of her person still extant, from the clever pen of her granddaughter, Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans. There is something exceedingly characteristic of that original, in the way in which this valuable sketch of long-forgotten beauty was elicited. A daughter of Elizabeth's son, Charles Louis, the issue of his irregular marriage with Louise Degenfelt, had ventured to declare herself the exact resemblance of her grandmother, Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia, a piece of presumption which drew on her the following sketch of her own person, and that of the royal beauty in contrast: "I remember our grandmother, the Queen of Bohemia, as well as if it were to day," writes Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans,<sup>2</sup> to her half-sister; "she had a quite different expression from you; likewise your hair is sandy, with a broad face and a high colour. But the Queen of Bohemia had fine black hair, her face a long oval, a high slender nose, and in one word, quite another cast of person. The Elector Palatine, further, bore a great likeness to his mother."

The occasion of Elizabeth's sitting for the Hampton Court portrait was vexatious. It was to be sent as a reminder to her father; yet, as he denied her husband regality, she dared not assume in the picture the antique crown of Bohemia she had even then begun to guess that she had too dearly bought. Her head-dress consists of a constellation of pear-pearl pins stuck upright in a high head of hair, like pins in a toilet pin-cushion; a few diamond sprays are at the back of the hair. The ruff is point-lace vandyked, not

<sup>1</sup> German Tract, by Moser. (See Vignette prefixed to this volume.)

<sup>2</sup> Letters of Elizabeth Charlotte lately published in Germany, addressed to her half-sisters.

very large, and moreover, under the chin, it shows her bosom beneath. Four rows of rich pearls encircle the round corsage of her dress, and hang in loops about her jewelled ouche, which represents a royal arched crown, with a mass of coloured gems beneath. The dress is dark-colored velvet; it is very short-waisted, round and full, bordered with pearls and gems; the sleeves very full and stiff, slashes of beads trimmed with gems, and terminating in vandyked manchettes; lace cuffs high up the arm, of three rows, the narrowest lace next the wrist. Her hands are very long and white, and are hung out rather ostentatiously for admiration. Large pearls strung in chains fill up the space between the hands and the wrists. Her royal mantle is of black velvet, lined with fire colour, and bordered with rich gems; this is the imperial fashion. Elizabeth is standing beneath the scarlet-velvet drapery of her canopy; one of her hands rests on a table covered with scarlet, fringed with gold; her attitude is haughty; she is apparently giving receptions. Her eyes are brown, her complexion the ivory fairness sometimes accompanying dark eyes and dark hair. Her forehead, eyes, and brows, bear strong resemblance to her beautiful grandmother Mary Stuart, but the drooping mouth expresses fretfulness, induced doubtless by care and anxiety.

King Frederic made a progress through Moravia and Silesia accompanied by Scultetus, who, being a Silesian by birth, outdid all his former doings, prophesying and astrologising at every preaching, and outraging every other Protestant sect wheresoever he led his master. Had Frederic and his tutor undertaken a mission of enemy-making, their success would have been complete. The consequence was, that a general defection took place among the Protestant Princes who had engaged to support the King and Queen of Bohemia. When Frederic took the field in the summer of 1620, he found no one to espouse his cause excepting those who could agree with Scultetus, which, truth to tell, were but few. Spinola, an experienced general commanding a small fierce army of regular Spanish troops, seized on the Lower Palatinate, and threatened Heidelberg, from whence the Electress Juliana

wrote a piteous letter to James I., entreating him to succour his two grandchildren she had there under her guardianship. Elizabeth likewise wrote in despair to her brother Charles, Prince of Wales, reminding him that their father had promised to exert himself if the original patrimony of her husband should be invaded. Charles, who was tenderly alive to her troubles, could do nothing with their father, but he sent her all his savings, one remittance of which amounted to £2000<sup>1</sup>—a very small assistance to a Queen whose ideas of expenditure were so enormous that she had given away more than that sum in presents at the baptism of her little Rupert, and often regretted that she could not visit her father, because her expenses in progress would cost at least £100,000.<sup>2</sup> About the same period, Francis Nethersole was appointed her secretary by her father, who paid his salary. Great bales of his despatches exist in our archives, but Nethersole is so complete a dullard that little is to be gleaned from them; neither is this worthy remarkable for valour, for his first idea on arriving at Prague was the necessity of retreat for Elizabeth and all her household.<sup>3</sup> King Frederic was in the field doing the best his military inexperience would permit to keep his Roman Catholic cousin and great enemy, Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, from seizing Prague. His hopes and fears were thus written to his Elizabeth; his letter is manly, and shows not the least shade of apprehension. He had planned a night attack on the Duke of Bavaria, called the Surprise of Rakonitz. But he wandered with his forces a whole night, and the only surprise was, when he found the enemy gone some miles nearer Prague in the morning. After telling his war news, he thus alludes to some intelligence his wife had sent him from Prague:—

“I believe that the Margrave must be greatly afflicted at the death of his girl; but it is surely a great absurdity to attire a corpse in full dress. As for me, I should wish for nothing better than a shroud. I hope, however, that God will preserve us to be a long time together. For God’s sake have a care of your health, if not for love of yourself, at least for love of me and

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<sup>1</sup> State-Paper MS.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Nethersole’s Despatch, September 4, 1620.



your dear children, and for that dear little creature. Give not way to melancholy. Much I wish to be near you ; but my vocation carries me here. I hope you think not that I love you the less for that.”<sup>1</sup>

King James had sent to Prague, besides Nethersole, several other envoys to treat about peace ; and Elizabeth wanted to know who was to be at the expense of their entertainment, which Frederic declares he cannot afford ; but he advises her to invite them every day to dine at her table.

Frederic's next letter to his “ dear only Heart,” is dated from Rakonitz, where he had occupied the ground vacated by the Bavarian enemy. He praises his wife for the noble spirit of her letters, but prepares her for the necessity of withdrawing from Prague, for which the foe was in full march. He recommends retreat before it might appear like flight. He assures her he had tried to force a battle, but his enemies were coy. He dates November 1, and sends her an intercepted letter from Duke Max of Bavaria, who promises his wife the spoils of Prague. Elizabeth would not, or could not, remove ; but she sent off her eldest son to the Lower Rhine, escorted by his father's brother, Duke of Simmeren, who was a very young man.

Frederic, with better generalship than could be expected from his inexperience, by forced marches interposed between Duke Max and Prague, and occupied the *Parc d'Etoile*, to guard all he loved with his utmost energy. And there is no doubt, had he been entirely self-reliant, he would have done so successfully ; but eager to be in the company of Elizabeth, he resigned his command to the Prince of Anhalt, as the more regular and experienced general, taking upon himself only the leading of the reserve. This was on Saturday, November 19. The next morning, while all Prague was kneeling in the cathedral, the booming of the Bavarian cannon was heard over the *Weisseberg* or White Mountain, and the troops were seen descending on the city through a thick November fog. All the Pragueites rushed out of church. Frederic declared it would be but skirmishing ; nevertheless he mounted his horse, and rode to the *Parc*

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters, Oct. 22, 1620.

d'Etoile, where his general was intrenched. Prince Anhalt received him with news of a glorious victory gained by his son, Prince Christian of Anhalt, young Count Bernard Thurm, and other dashing cavaliers, who had repulsed the invaders. Thus reassured, King Frederic ascended the Strathoff Gate Tower, and continued anxiously to reconnoitre the environs. In a short time Prince Anhalt and his staff of officers came thundering at the gate, and when admitted to its guarded precincts, declared that the Bavarians had forced his camp, were masters of the environs, and would soon be in Prague. The King hastened to provide for the safety of his dear wife, whom he had some trouble to persuade to fly. While lifting her to a carriage he had provided for her retreat, he was heard to say with a deep sigh—"Now I know what I am! We princes seldom hear the truth till we are taught it by adversity."<sup>1</sup> He might, in the massive walls of the old palace, have long resisted the undisciplined Ban of his Bavarian cousin; but it was plain to be seen that the Pragueites were worse than indifferent to his cause, they were inimical, as might be told by the excitement they showed when Scultetus read that day from Scripture—"Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,"—at which moment the Bavarian cannon interrupted the Protestant service. Scarcely was the exultation of the citizens restrained when they saw their lately crowned King and Queen bend their flight over the Moldau, crossing it by that bridge she had vowed not to cross until the ancient statues were removed.<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth declared that her objection to cross the bridge was not to the statues, but to the want of decorum of the people in their manner of bathing. And this is alluded to in a placard published by the imperial party a few hours after her retreat, to this effect<sup>3</sup>—"Whither goest thou, Elizabeth? whither but over that bridge which thou didst refuse to pass, under the specious pretence of modesty, and because thou wouldst not look upon the men and women bathing in the Moldau beneath. Mockery and

<sup>1</sup> Schiller's Thirty Years' War.

<sup>2</sup> Atlas Geographique—Bohemia.

<sup>3</sup> German Tract, edited in Benger's Life of Elizabeth.

falsehood—thou couldst not endure to look upon the holy crucifix ! Unsanctified unbeliever ! Now art thou carried whither thou wouldst not go ! ” If such were the notes of exultation over the fugitive Queen, her consort was not spared, and a complete din of accusations of cowardice was raised against him on all sides, especially by the English, most unjustly, as the foregoing plain narrative shows.

When the poor Queen had crossed this unlucky bridge, her husband's band of cavaliers flung to the gates at the Tête-de-pont Tower, which had always stood open for the traffic of Prague, arranging themselves to defend that pass to the utmost, while she made good her flight. Several of these brave gentlemen rode by the side of her carriage until she had gained the distance of a mile from the city, when young Count Bernard Thurm, and the young Count de la Tour, of the princely house of Auvergne, one of her husband's Huguenot French relatives, looking back at the bridge, saw that the battle was getting hot. They bade the Queen farewell, telling her they would die or defend her retreat. Elizabeth charged these brave gentlemen not to sacrifice their lives in her hopeless cause. “Never,” she exclaimed, “let our best friends have reason to curse us for the loss of their sons ! ” Speaking in French, Count de la Tour “commended the Queen to God—he wished her safe departure and triumphant return ; but assured her he would do the work he went about, or die.” And he did it, says the English despatch, and lives ; and honour live with him as his portion for ever !<sup>1</sup>

That day's journey was long, says this despatch ;<sup>2</sup> six great leagues, to a town called Nimburg. The Croats were fast on the steps of the Queen. Sometimes she remained in the carriage, though within a month of her accouchement ; sometimes, under the terror of the Croats, she mounted behind young Ralph Hopton, afterwards so renowned as the cavalier Lord Hopton, and dashed up and down the mountainous ridges of High Germany, whilst

<sup>1</sup> Schiller's Thirty Years' War. Conway's Despatch—State-Papers, Nov. 14, 1620. Tooke's Gustavus Adolphus.

<sup>2</sup> Harl. MS., Nov. 14, 1620.



“the plundering fingers of the Croats” were busy with her baggage waggons.

It was found that, in the hurry of retreat, many valuables had been left at Prague; among others, the regalia of Bohemia. It was not indeed likely the citizens would have suffered them to carry off the crowns of St Wenceslaus and that of St Isabella; but Frederic’s jewel of the Order of the Garter fell into the hands of the triumphant foe, to the vexation of Elizabeth; her own night-clothes were likewise left behind—a loss of more real significance.<sup>1</sup>

Early in December 1620 they reached Breslau, the capital of Silesia. From thence she wrote to supplicate aid from her father. Her husband tarried to rally his forces, and then persuaded them to proceed to Frankfort-on-Oder, from whence she sent a piteous request to George William, Elector of Brandenburg, for permission to lay-in at Berlin or Wolfenbittel, and that he would let her wait at Custrin for a reply, as she could not long remain at Frankfort. Most churlishly did this recreant conduct himself on the occasion. Simultaneously the mother of Frederic was forced to retreat from Heidelberg, carrying with her the eldest daughter and second son of King Frederic and Queen Elizabeth; she succeeded in gaining with them the protection of her daughter, the Margravine or Electress of Brandenburg.

While the unfortunate Queen was reposing herself at Frankfort-on-Oder, dubious as to the shelter she might find in her time of anguish and helplessness, her husband decided for Custrin in a letter still extant, written from Breslau, where he was still bravely striving against the overmastering odds of physical and numerical force.

#### TO THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.<sup>2</sup>

“I received this morning when I rose your dear letter from Frankfort. I praise God that I know you are safely arrived there. Constantly and diligently do I pray for your welfare. It troubles me to hear of the decision of the Councillors of Berlin, who are very unwise. You will find no place better than Custrin. Certes, I dearly wish myself near you. I wrote to you yesterday a letter large enough, in which I sent you all I knew of

<sup>1</sup> *Mercure de France*, Nov. 1620.

<sup>2</sup> *Bromley Letters*.



news. I did not find in or near your letter that which my sister wrote me. I suppose you forgot to put it in your packet.

"Love me always, and believe me to the tomb, your faithful, &c.

"FREDERIC.

"From Breslau, 11 *December* 1620."

Most aggravating were the reports and comments of friends as well as enemies on this dire reverse of fortune. Tidings were brought to England that Elizabeth had died in premature childbirth. At Antwerp they went so far as to publish engravings of her hearse and funeral. Notes of exultation were sounded loud and long throughout Spanish or Papal Netherlands on the occasion. The public press, then in a very evil and perverse infancy, mocked our fugitives. "The Lamentation of Frederic" was printed at Antwerp,<sup>1</sup> a doleful regret "for marrying a king's daughter, who chose that her spouse should have a kingly title bought, be it ever so dear. So now Frederic has to foot it with a staff, and Elizabeth follows, dragging a cradle at her back." Placards were fixed on the walls of Brussels, with a reward for "a king run away a few days since, of adolescent age, sanguine colour, middle height, a cast in one of his eyes, no mustache, only down on his lip, not badly disposed when a stolen kingdom did not lie in his way—his name, Frederic." The English Roman Catholic party echoed the taunts of the Imperialists. Mr Floyd, a Member of Parliament, for repeating in a speech an insulting squib, declaring that the King's daughter fled from Prague like an Irish beggar-woman with her babe at her back, was expelled by a majority of the House, and condemned to branding, flogging, and ruinous fines.<sup>2</sup> King James has been greatly blamed for his tyranny in this affair. But all he had to do with it was pardoning the most disgusting part of the sentence. He was now seriously unhappy on account of the utter destitution of Elizabeth and her children; his allowances were munificent, but all sunk immediately in the gulf of civil war. He sent a magnificent New Year's gift of £20,000 to Elizabeth from his privy purse, and asked his Parliament for supplies to aid his daughter's husband to

<sup>1</sup> Moser.

<sup>2</sup> Drake's Parliamentary History.

regain his original patrimony. How the two causes of the kingdom of Bohemia and the Palatinate were to be separated no mortal on earth could tell then, or ever can tell; perhaps this was the reason why King James's negotiations were interminable. Whether battles and sieges, and torrents of blood and treasure, would have succeeded better, cannot be decided here. The "Thirty Years' War" caused a superfluity of bloodshed; but whether it did any good to the general interests of humanity must be left to the admirers of such remedies.

The insults and gibes of the enemy could be borne, but the cruel selfishness of the Princes of the Protestant Union, as it called itself, was indeed wounding, considering they had forced Frederic into the trouble. The Duke of Brunswick would not give an asylum to his distressed cousin, Elizabeth, at Wolfenbittel. As for George William, he murmured most inhospitably at her taking refuge in his castle of Custrin, exaggerated the discomforts of its cold damp walls, its want of furniture, and threw out not a few taunts on the impossibility of his poor means being taxed for the pomp of a royal christening.<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth's incorrigible extravagance certainly gave point to this ill-natured remark. Nevertheless, the hapless Queen in her distress clung close to such shelter as the bare walls of massive Custrin could give her.

About Christmas her husband was presented by his Silesians with a subsidy of 100,000 florins, and was humbly entreated by them to depart out of their land. Frederic withdrew then from Breslau, and at the latter end of December arrived at Custrin. Elizabeth gave birth, January 16, to the finest boy she had yet borne him. The child was named Maurice, in remembrance of the warm friendship of their uncle Prince Maurice, who cheered them by his support when all others deserted them. As for George William, their host, he raised an inhospitable cavil concerning forty barrels of butter, many thousand eggs, besides beeves, pigs, and muttons in vast numbers, that Elizabeth and her household devoured at Custrin;

<sup>1</sup> Spanheim.

likewise bales of hay, and measures of oats, of which he found himself minus. "The churl!" exclaims one of his countrymen, "was it not well known that he would give thrice the cost to one of his buffoons in a drunken bout, whose jokes were coarse enough to please him?"<sup>1</sup>

The truth was, that the ban of the Empire which had been hurled at Frederic began to tell visibly against him. George William was reprov'd, while Elizabeth was in childbed at Custrin, for harbouring the enemies of his Imperial master. George William was admonished to dismiss the Princess Palatine [Queen of Bohemia] as soon as her recovery permitted it.<sup>2</sup> However desirous the Imperial family—according to Captain Bell's plot—were of destroying Elizabeth and her infants, it was not proposed to turn them into the snow, as in the case of Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh's wife and babe.

George William now began to manifest some affectionate loyalty to his Emperor; Elizabeth, therefore, had in about six weeks to move on, which she did February 19th, for a few hours' visit at Berlin, where she left her infant son, Maurice, in the kind care of her sister-in-law, Charlotte, the Electress.<sup>3</sup> She crossed the Elbe to Wolfenbuttel, but there was no rest for the sole of her foot there. Her kinsman, the reigning Duke of Brunswick, was unwilling or afraid to permit her stay; his brother Christian, the Bishop of Halberstadt, was, on the contrary, enthusiastic in her cause. Here an escort from her husband met her; and soon after Frederic himself, who had parted from her to try the cold and timid aid of kindred and friends, the Princes of the Protestant Union in North Germany, rejoined her.<sup>4</sup> It is said that, about this period, Frederic disguised himself effectually, and, passing up the Rhine, visited secretly his treasure-vaults at Heidelberg, and brought from thence a great mass of coin. When he returned, he and Elizabeth commenced their journey through Westphalia towards

<sup>1</sup> Picture of the March of Brandenburg, by Von Gallus.

<sup>2</sup> State-Paper MS., January 19, 1620-21.

<sup>3</sup> Carleton Despatches—State-Paper Office, from Feb. to March.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

Holland, having received a warm invitation from the States. They were escorted by a troop of English cavaliers, who formed a voluntary guard - noble for them. Ralph Hopton still tendered Elizabeth his best services, and the word went among the gallant band, that "if their King, James, forbade them to call his daughter Queen of Bohemia, they supposed they might call her Queen of Hearts."<sup>1</sup> At Münster six companies of men-at-arms were sent her by Prince Maurice, who brought them down the Rhine in triumph to Emerich, where Elizabeth had the pleasure of meeting, safe and well, her eldest boy Henry Frederic, who was under the protection of Count Ernest of Nassau. And there Count Solms, his three daughters, and several other members of her shattered and scattered court, gathered round the King and Queen of Bohemia, making a shadowy show of royalty.

Little Rupert was his mother's companion, then a lively infant of about fifteen months old, whose innocent appearance excited the utmost affection in the good fraus and bourgeoisie of Delft and Rotterdam. All the intermediate thickly-set villages between these towns and the Hague, were lined with living walls of people to see the Queen "of Hearts" pass with her little prince on her knee. The Palace of Henry Frederic—the King's youngest uncle—of Orange, was prepared for their reception. Here Sir Thomas Roe, the envoy, his brother diplomat, Dorchester, and crowds of English, gathered round Elizabeth.

Next door to the Orange-Nassau palace was a fine building nowise inferior to it, but belonging to Cornelius Von Myle, a Dutchman of vast wealth, who had been exiled on some religio-politic pretence or other. All his property had been confiscated to the States, but his afflicted wife was permitted to shelter in an obscure corner of her once magnificent home. The States presented the mansion to Elizabeth; who, instead of expelling the right owner, consoled and comforted her, and retained her as an inmate, assuring her that she would not forget to use all influence to obtain the recall of her husband and the restoration of their goods,—

<sup>1</sup> Howell's Letters.



and Elizabeth Stuart kept her word. The kindness of Elizabeth to the desolate wife of Cornelius<sup>1</sup> drew on her a most dangerous request, which was to ask for mercy from the States on three Roman Catholic priests condemned to death. It seems Elizabeth actually had the humane intrepidity so to do, although as sure of being maligned by certain spirits of her own party, as if she had had the temerity to write historic truth in the nineteenth century. The Popish matter was thus compromised: the condemned priests underwent their sentence, but their bodies, instead of being left to rot on the gibbet, to the delight and edification of their opponents, were, in compliment to her intercession, decently interred.<sup>2</sup>

Three of Elizabeth's little ones were still dispersed in distant lands. The Prince, and his little brother Rupert, were with their mother in Holland; Maurice with his kind aunt of Brandenburg; the Princess Elizabeth and Charles Louis resided with their grandmother, Juliana, ostensibly protected by the mighty King of Poland, but in reality on the march-ground of his vassal, the Elector-Margrave of Brandenburg.

Howsoever it might be afterwards blighted by the strife of the world, and, worse than all, by religious politics, Elizabeth reared her young children in the same domestic love which had united her so fondly with her own brothers. They were encouraged to write to each other the same kind of innocent little letters expressive of genuine feeling. Elizabeth's promising eldest son excelled in these infantine epistles. Some are extant to his next brother Charles Louis, mentioning his journey from Prague, of which he, in happy unconsciousness of its dangers, speaks with delight. In another he tells him that though little Maurice was left at Berlin, yet Rupert was with them "blythe and well, safe and sound;" that little Rupert began to talk, and that the first words he uttered were in the Bohemian tongue, signifying—"Praise the Lord." The young prince sends withal the most loving messages to

<sup>1</sup> Description of the Hague, printed at Delft, 1730.

<sup>2</sup> MS. British Museum.

his grandmother (the Electress Juliana), and to his dear sister Elizabeth. Many of his little letters to his grandfather, James I., are preserved in our archives, in one of which he triumphantly announces that he can say "*hic hæc hoc.*" As they are in English, his letters are usually mistaken for those of James I.'s eldest son.

When settled at the Hague, Elizabeth was visited by many of her former ladies, who vied with each other in making her presents. At last no one knew what to send; the "material aid" of money and arms was not at the command of ladies. Lady Sedley, the relative of Elizabeth's old friend Lord Dorchester, requested him to instruct her as to the best kind of gifts she could send her. The answer<sup>1</sup> gives us an idea of the life she led at the Hague. As usual she had packs of little dogs and monkeys round her, most likely more than were pleasant, for he warns Lady Sedley not to add any more to that stock. Horses were always acceptable to the Queen, but, unfortunately, she could not use them just then at the Hague, where she had already more than it was convenient to keep. Of gold trinkets, she had sufficient store. Sweetmeats she never tasted, and as for fine stuffs or brocades, they were far more choice at the Hague than in London. Quaint or ingenious devices were all that could be acceptable, and the figure of Fortune turning on her wheel, is finally recommended as an offering most likely to be acceptable. Lord Dorchester affirms that the Queen has always sixteen or seventeen dogs and monkeys around her, and if she wanted any more, his wife has as many at her service. The poor man seems to think it were pity to fill a possible place for one of his own domestic nuisances.

Elizabeth did not break her royal word to Madame von Myle. The same spring she solicited the States so strenuously on behalf of her exiled lord, that Cornelius von Myle was permitted to return to the country of Holland, though not to enter the walls of the Hague. Elizabeth wished to restore his house, declaring to the States that her family

<sup>1</sup> State-Paper Letter, Carleton to Sedley, Feb. 1622, Hague.

increased so fast it would be no longer large enough for her. April 17th, 1622, Elizabeth gave birth to another daughter: she was the first born a Dutchwoman, and was welcomed by her hospitable entertainers with as much glee as if a daughter had been born to them all.

Christian of Brunswick is first mentioned as Elizabeth's friend on occasion of the christening of this little lady; yet he did not attend personally, not even by deputy, by reason of a quarrel between him and the States. For Christian, though a layman and swordsman, was the Lutheran Bishop of Halberstadt—most terribly predatory in his customs and manners, rather too much given to catching rich Mynheers, and not letting them out until they had paid ruinously for their freedom. He was the younger son of Elizabeth's great-aunt, a princess of Denmark, who had married the representative of the line of Brunswick. He seems first to have met and admired the bright Queen during her recent visits at Berlin and Wolfenbützel. The redoubtable Christian, on close inspection of his *fautes* and *gestes*, differs frightfully from the chivalrous hero described by certain fair authors disposed to sentimentalise on his passion for his lovely cousin, the Queen of Bohemia, therefore the less said of him here the better. At present he disappointed and disarranged the christening procession of his little kinswoman and godchild, so that there was no time to provide a proxy to represent his gracious person. However, as three Hogan Mogans, deputies of the States of Holland, attended to stand for the infant Louise Hollandine, for so she was named, she was in no want of sponsors. The young Amelia of Solms carried the bearing-cloth or train of the baby, and her hopeless lover, the brave Prince Henry of Orange, was near her in close attendance at the ceremony.<sup>1</sup> The States presented their name-child, Louise Hollandine, with a substantial annuity, amounting to eight thousand crowns; as for her godsire, Christian the Bishop, he rode forth, took a goodly prey from his Catholic neighbours, and sent a weighty

<sup>1</sup> Carleton's Despatch, April 1622—State-Paper MS.

purse as his benefaction to his spiritual relative.<sup>1</sup> The money came in at a most seasonable time, when the mother of the newly-made christian was involved in distress and debt on account of the showy ceremonial. Elizabeth sent her thanks so warmly to the Bishop of Halberstadt for his gift, that henceforth he vowed himself her knight of the lance—mounted a glove he had taken from her fair hand at her last visit to the Duchess of Brunswick on his helm, put a motto on his standard “Fur Gott und fur Sie,” and took vow never to lay down his arms until his beautiful cousin was restored to her Bohemian kingdom.<sup>2</sup>

In the course of little more than a year George William of Brandenburg began to tire of protecting the children of Frederic and Elizabeth. The young Elizabeth, on arriving at the Hague and joining the family circle, was of course a stranger to mother, father, brothers, and sisters. The austere puritanism of her grandmother, the Electress Juliana, had imbued the quiet little German maiden. The Dutch warrior, her great-uncle Maurice the Stadtholder, tried to enliven the solemn little lady by pinching her ear, *à la Napoléon*, saying, at the same time, “Another Julienne, as demure as the prototype!”<sup>3</sup>—so closely did the young Elizabeth resemble his sister, the Electress-Dowager, who had reared her. Her infant sister, Louisa, was consigned to the care of Sybella Ketler, a lady who had fulfilled the office of governess to her father<sup>4</sup> in his infancy, and had followed the electoral family’s changeful fortunes. Sybella Ketler likewise undertook the charge of the young Elizabeth. The Queen of Bohemia never scrupled to admit that Louisa, who grew up lovely in person, was her favourite daughter; the eldest, Elizabeth, who had laid the foundation of an almost miraculous weight of learning at the sad and solemn court of the dowager Juliana, was not brilliant in beauty. She always avowed a melancholy conviction that her mother did not love her. Nor does she seem to

<sup>1</sup> Carleton’s Despatch, June 1622—State-Paper MS.

<sup>2</sup> Harleian MS.; Miss Benger’s Life of Elizabeth.

<sup>3</sup> Guhraeur, Memoirs of the Princess Palatine.

<sup>4</sup> Letters of Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans.



have deceived herself. Such is frequently the case when a child has been brought up apart from the family nest.

In the commencement of May, the same spring, Bishop-duke Christian, having plundered and swept all the parts of Northern Germany supposed to be inimical to the regality of his dear Queen and cousin, joined himself to Mansfelt, who was still a mercenary of Frederic's, when Frederic could command any cash. But both heroes experienced a thorough overthrow from the terrible Count Tilly, that Imperialist general infamous for his cruelty. Mansfelt laid the blame of his defeat on "the mad Brunswicker," and the mad Brunswicker on Mansfelt. In a very pretty letter<sup>1</sup> the said Brunswicker thus exculpates himself to his dear and beloved Queen and cousin :—

"Most humbly I entreat you not to be angry with your faithful slave for this misfortune, nor take away the good affection your Majesty has hitherto shown me, who love you above all in this world ! Consider victory is in God's hands, not mine, and that I cannot challenge victory, although my courage in dying for your Majesty and serving you will never fail me, for I esteem your favour a hundred times dearer than life ; and be assured I shall try not only to reassemble my troops, but moreover to raise as many more, that I may be in better condition to serve faithfully your Majesty, whom I love beyond the possible ! Assuring you, that as long as God gives me life I shall serve you faithfully, and expend all I have in the world for you. Your most humblest, your most constant, faithful, affectionate, and most obedient slave, who loves and will love you infinitely and incessantly to death.

"CHRISTIAN."

Notwithstanding these ardent protestations, the attachment was a most innocent one, at least on the part of Elizabeth, whose husband saw and approved of the enthusiasm which promised him material aid against his enemies, and Frederic well knew the jargon of gallantry at that period, which consisted of such verbal flourishes. Taking advantage of Christian's warlike intentions, Frederic joined him with all the troops he could gather, and made a demonstration which put Heidelberg and the Lower Palatinate for a short deceitful moment of success almost in their power. The result was, however, that Tilly was too strong for them. Christian lost his arm, after losing several battles ; his life was in danger.

<sup>1</sup> Among the Carleton Correspondence—State Papers.

Frederic speaks of him tenderly and gratefully to Elizabeth. After lamenting the loss of his poor Heidelberg, and mentioning in most natural terms the misery of his loving people, he says: "I am rejoiced Duke Christian is recovering, for rather would I lose an arm myself than he should die. We are extremely indebted to him, and God knows I love him as a brother! Continue still to love your own poor Celadon, and be assured that his thoughts turn continually to his soul's star, and that he is ever, to the tomb, your Frederic." The whole letter is most touching, and indeed gives good cause for the true love with which Elizabeth ever regarded her unpretending spouse.<sup>1</sup> Christian, during the short remainder of his life, wore a silver arm. The negotiations of James I. are said to have caused the utter loss of the whole of the towns in the Palatinate, including Elizabeth's dower-castle of Frankenthal.

If Elizabeth's stores of wealth decreased, the number of her children increased in proportion. Her sons Louis and Edward were born in the succeeding years 1623 and 1624. These additional scions to an already numerous family had no better welcome than the consummation of their father's ruin. The Palatinate being taken from him by the Emperors' Diet, the Upper Province was settled fast upon his foe, Max, Duke of Bavaria. The Lower Palatinate, being chiefly Protestant, of various sects, though unfortunately only the Calvinist was tolerated, still remained true in affection to its hereditary ruler Frederic V.—fresh insurrections breaking forth as soon as one seemed trodden out.

The success of her brother's marriage with the Infanta was of course impeded by the situation of the Palatine's family. Elizabeth herself was willing to show amiable feelings towards her expected sister-in-law; "she spoke her fair in a letter, and sent her, as she says, out of her poverty, a pair of diamond pendants." Her feelings at this period are best depicted by her own pen, in one of her confidential letters to Sir Thomas Roe:—

"I have cause enough to be sad," she writes,<sup>2</sup> "yet I am still of my wild humour to be as merry as I can, in spite of fortune. I can send you no

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters, Sept. 1622.

<sup>2</sup> State-Paper MS., May 1623.

news but that will make you sadder, and I see you have no need of it. All grows worse and worse, as I know you understand by honest Carleton. My brother is still in Spain. The dispensation is come, but I know not yet upon what conditions. My brother is still loving to me; I would others had as good nature. He sent Will. Crofts to see me, from Spain, with a very loving letter and message. But my father will never leave treating, though with it he hath lost us all; for my poor Frankendal he hath delivered to the Spaniard, and would make a truce for fifteen months, till a peace be made, to give our enemies time to settle themselves in our country. My young cousin of Brunswick [Duke Christian] is still constant; he hath a fair army of 20,000 men. He was forced to leave Mansfelt by his evil usage. Mansfelt is a brave man, but all is not gold that glitters in him. I am glad you like our pictures."

She breaks out into a delighted exclamation on an alliance with the Turks, effected by her husband's family connection, Bethlem Gabor, elect King of Hungary; but it brought no blessings to Christendom:—

"I would," she adds, "that the Turks paid the Emperor soundly, for it is a hard choice which is the worser devil. I pray recommend my love to your wife. Farewell, honest Thom."

This homely abbreviation was the word by which she usually addressed her old friend Roe.

The rupture of her brother's Spanish marriage-treaty, and his hasty return to England, roused Elizabeth from the despondency which, with all the forced bravado of a high spirit, really pervades this letter. Her brother, and even Buckingham, now led the opposition, bent on forcing England into war to vindicate her cause. "All is changed from being Spanish," writes Elizabeth triumphantly, "in which I assure you that Buckingham doth most nobly and faithfully for me. Worthy Southampton is much in favour, and all that are not Spanish. One thing gives me much hope of this Parliament, because it began on my dear dead brother's birthday."<sup>1</sup>

Her doughty knight Duke Christian, the Protestant bishop, began to stir himself, and with Mansfelt presented himself in England, lured by the aids of men and money promised them by this Parliament, and still more by the private loans and benevolences that James now

<sup>1</sup> Roe's Correspondence—State-Papers. Miss Benger.

encouraged his people to raise for his daughter. Elizabeth, in order to give the greater eclat to her champion, Christian the Bishop-duke, had solicited her father to cause his election as Knight of the Garter. But an unfortunate impediment interposed—and the marvel is, that in those times people were found old-fashioned enough to heed it—for if purity of conduct, and hands clean from pillage, had been requisite for candidates of that noble order, even the royal founder must always have had a short complement of knights. But one of Christian's late pranks was pleaded against his admission, to the following effect :<sup>1</sup> Two of his marauders, of the very appropriate names of Kniphausen and Rooke, had laid their claws on some fat traders of Hamburg, a neutral if not a friendly Protestant territory, and coerced the poor creatures, until they parted from a large portion of their substance to save the rest of their skins. Elizabeth, who was true of heart and honest in her dealings, was dreadfully afflicted at what her friend Carleton calls "the accident," and more, as she declared, at the light and reckless view Christian took of it. With an honourable principle that does her credit, she insisted Christian should be cleared of this stain before he received the Garter ; but she had hopes the pillage and robbing was the work of his merry-men. Christian was too manly to admit this extenuation ; he exonerated Kniphausen and Rooke, and confessed the wicked fact. In consideration of his penitence she withdrew her opposition to his election as Knight of the Garter at her father's court.<sup>2</sup>

"I had answered you sooner," wrote Elizabeth to her friend Roe, "but that I staid, hoping to send some certain good news out of England, where there is 13,000 men a-levying for Mansfelt. What they are to do I know not, for the King [Frederic] and I are utterly ignorant of all, though they say it is for our service." After much discussion on the marriage of the nominal King of Hungary, and some expressions of hope concerning the part the King of

<sup>1</sup> Carleton Correspondence, June 1624.

<sup>2</sup> Roe's Correspondence, edited by Miss Benger.



Sweden was likely to take in her quarrel, she proceeds to mention mournfully the death of her friend Lord Southampton, likewise the death "of my youngest boy save one, called Louis. It was the prettiest child I had, and the first I ever lost. I have christened my youngest of all Edward. You see I can send you nothing but deaths; only your wife Apsley,<sup>1</sup> is gone to England to marry Sir Albert Morton, who goeth extraordinary Ambassador to France."

The expedition for her assistance, like many a one that has left this island's shores, mouldered away miserably. Neither in friendly Holland nor on the coasts of Picardy were these ill-disciplined volunteers permitted to land from their transports. Plague broke out in the vexed flotilla, and famine did such hideous work that no pen has dared record the details; while tempests strewn the sands of Calais with wreck and corpses. Scarcely a volunteer survived. As for the Bishop-duke Christian and Count Mansfelt, the terror of whose depredations was more felt by friends and neutrals than by their foes, both died natural deaths a few months afterwards. Christian expired at Wolfenbittel of a raging fever.

Elizabeth had to mourn nearer friends; she writes: "The King's death and the Prince of Orange's did follow so near one another, as it gave me double sorrow for the loss of such a father and such a friend, whom I loved as a father." Her husband's uncle, Maurice, Stadtholder of Holland, she here deplures, who died within a few days of James I. It was the disastrous siege of Breda, then invested by the Spanish commander-in-chief Spinola, that broke the heart and sapped the constitution of Maurice. At this siege, and many others of useless bloodshed, Frederic had served as volunteer. At the same time both Spinola and Maurice died of wasting diseases. Superstition never was more active than at this most horrid siege; nocturnal alarms hurtled in the air, the *reveille* was beat at dead of night, no one could tell by whom, when the slaughter-tired soldiers

<sup>1</sup> One of Elizabeth's young ladies, before mentioned. She calls her "wife" in allusion to some old joke.

on each side were sleeping profoundly. Spectres were seen in every form at noonday ; and fearful signs of a fiery-red arm in the heavens, holding a blazing sword, often hung over Breda, to the consternation of all beholders. At last the devil was seen walking about with *Mort* in his mouth—a singular proceeding of his sable majesty, of which one Mr Elborough bore veracious witness,<sup>1</sup> who met him—but whether the fiendish apparition cried “mort,” or carried a label so endorsed in his mouth, he does not precisely define.

Stadtholder Maurice, who had lived a most profligate life himself, did homage to female virtue on his deathbed, by exhorting his beloved half-brother, Henry of Orange, to marry the lady he loved, Elizabeth’s favourite friend and attendant, Amelia of Solms. Elizabeth herself mentions her in the course of the following letter :—

“I should have been sadder,” she says,<sup>2</sup> “but the comfort of my dear brother’s love doth revive me. He [Charles I.] hath sent to me Sir Henry Vane, his cofferer, to assure me that he will be both father and brother to the King of Bohemia and me. Now you may be sure all will go well in England, for your new master will leave nothing undone for our good.”

After a few glances on the policy of Denmark and Sweden, she thus mentions the Orange wedlock :—

“I am sure you must have heard already of this Prince of Orange’s marriage with one of my women ; she is a Countess of Solms, daughter to Count Solms that served the King of Bohemia at Heidelberg. I doubt not you remember him by his red face, and her mother by her fatness. She [Amelia] you never saw, but two of her sisters ; she is very handsome and good ; she has no money, but he [Henry, Prince of Orange], has enough for both.”

Then referring again to Charles I., after some comments on Roe’s recall,—

“I have,” she says, “the best brother in the world ; he is now a married man, for his marriage was performed at Paris the 1st of this month,<sup>3</sup> by Prince Joinville, representing my brother. She [Henrietta Maria] is now on her way for England. If I can at any time do you any good with my

<sup>1</sup> Roe’s Correspondence, May 26, 1625.

<sup>2</sup> Harleian MS.

<sup>3</sup> May 11, new style. Miss Benger has edited this letter very ably, all but the date, misprinted July.

brother, I assure you I will, if I do but know in what, for I never will be unfaithful to you, for the many testimonies you have given me of your good affection. Therefore, honest Thom, be assured I will never change."

A little daughter added to her family by Elizabeth soon after, was named Henrietta Maria, in compliment to the new sister, of whom she speaks here with so much complacency.

# ELIZABETH STUART

## CHAPTER V.

### SUMMARY

Legacy of Prince Maurice to Elizabeth—Her husband and eldest son go to Amsterdam concerning it—The packet-boat run down—The young Prince perishes miserably—Elizabeth's grief impairs her health—Birth of her daughter Charlotte—Presides at surrender of Bois-le-Duc—Catches camp fever—Goes to Rhenen—Dislike of the Hague—Her husband and herself publicly rebuked by a preacher—Birth of her fifth daughter Sophia, at the Hague—Death of her daughter Charlotte—Her husband ill and indifferent to life—New league in their favour, led by Gustavus Adolphus—Birth of Elizabeth's thirteenth child, named Gustaf—Frederic departs to join Gustavus Adolphus—His farewell to Elizabeth and little Sophia—Meeting with the Swedish King—He refuses to yield to Frederic the Palatinate—Frederic refuses to tolerate the Lutherans—Frederic's letters to Elizabeth from Frankfort and Munich—Elizabeth's letter to Sir H. Vane—Letters to Elizabeth from her husband, deploring the miseries of his country—Smashing of her Glasen Salle by the Spaniards—She requires purchases at Frankfort fair—Messages of the German Princesses, wishing her among them—Frederic's first complaints of illness—Billet of his, with his sister's present—Gustavus Adolphus endeavours to reduce him to vassalage—Spaniards treat about Elizabeth's dower-castle—Great battle of Lutzen—Death of Gustavus Adolphus—Small cause for Frederic and Elizabeth to regret him—Elizabeth's dower-palace surrendered to Frederic—Elizabeth's exertions for Frederic to succeed Gustavus Adolphus—He retires very ill to Mayence—Fever and delirium—His last thoughts on Elizabeth—Her name in his last prayers—Dies—Trouble regarding burial—Buried finally at Sedan.

THE friendship which Elizabeth had ever experienced from her husband's uncle Maurice the Stadtholder, had been further testified by his last will. Among other more substantial legacies, he had bequeathed to her his share in a Dutch company that had raised a fleet, the object of which



was to intercept some plate-laden galleons from Mexico bound for the Spanish Netherlands. The legacy left in 1625 appeared in 1628 somewhat visionary; but at the close of that year news arrived that Admiral Heims had actually captured the galleons, and come to safe moorings in the Zuyder Zee with his prey, to the amount of £870,000.<sup>1</sup> In joyful expectancy of receiving Elizabeth's share of the cash, which amounted to one-eighth of the whole, the King of Bohemia set out from the Hague to Amsterdam by the packet-boat. Unfortunately the young Prince, his eldest son, in his fifteenth year, was staying with him at the Hague, having finished his education at Leyden, and now preparing to serve as a volunteer in the next campaign. Frederic made him the companion of his voyage. It was the dead of winter, January 7th, old style; but all the waters between Amsterdam and the Zuyder Zee were covered with vessels of every sort and size. The amphibious population of Holland was in a state of delirious exultation on account of this national triumph. Moreover, too many were dangerously excited with strong potations in honour of the republic; and under such stimulus they rushed about in their various craft, without any observance of the laws of the nautical highway. Frederic, having visited Amsterdam, was returning with his son by the passage-boat through the frost-fog of the dismal evening, when, as they passed Haarlem Meer, the packet-boat in which they were was run down by a heavy Dutch bark laden with beer. The skipper of the packet swam after the vessel, which was escaping, and called out "to save the King of Bohemia, who was on board." A cable was then thrown out, on which Frederic gained the other vessel. The poor young Prince climbed to the mast of the sunken packet, and cried piteously, "Father! save me, father!" Frozen by the piercing air, his voice was soon silenced by death; his body was not found until the next morning; his poor cheek was congealed by the ice, and resting peacefully against the mast to which he still clung.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. News-letter, British Museum—Pory to Rev. J. Mead.

<sup>2</sup> News-letter—Beaulieu to Sir T. Puckering, January 21, 1625-29—MS. British Museum, and Howell's Letters, p. 176.

At the time he thus perished, Henry was the next heir-male to the throne of Great Britain, and he was the third Henry of his race occupying that position whose life had ended in the morning of their days—the two former being his great-grandfather, Henry Lord Darnley, and his uncle, Henry Prince of Wales.

Frederic, the wretched parent of the drowned boy, had heard his piercing cries, but was unable to obtain succour for him of the drunken and stupid crew which had run them down. He declared those cries would never leave him, and that he should hear them ring on his ear to the last hour of his life. But who was to tell the bereaved mother this hideous accident? Three weeks had not elapsed since the birth of her fourth daughter Charlotte, and she still kept her chamber in more delicate health than usual on such occasions. Her husband was carried to his bed in unspeakable agonies of mind and body, and the task fell on the English Ambassador at the Hague, her intimate friend, the Earl of Carlisle. Whatsoever skill he used, the calamity nearly cost poor Elizabeth her life. Probably she never learned the worst of the casualty, that her poor boy's life was sacrificed to the drunkenness, stupidity, and want of presence of mind of those about him. She was at that time so very poor that her distress was aggravated by the impossibility of interring the young Prince suitably to his rank. Her appeal to her pitying brother Charles I. was not in vain. Distressed as he already was, he pawned his personal jewels to send her an immediate supply of £1000, and the young Prince's corpse was interred in the Cloister Church at the Hague.<sup>1</sup> Charles I. continued the income of £2000 which he had allowed his eldest nephew to the next brother, Charles Louis, and enlarged his pension to the rest of the family. The Court of England assumed mourning for the death of young Henry, and the whole people followed its example. Great blame was thrown on Frederic in England for his parsimony in going by the packet, which, indeed, does not seem the most blamable part of his con-

<sup>1</sup> News-letter—Beaulieu to Sir T. Puckering, January 21, 1625-29—MS. British Museum, and Howell's Letters, p. 176.

duct. But the national pride was much offended that the next heir-male of Great Britain should have met with his death in so commonplace a manner; and the fact that the princes could enter such a conveyance has been denied, yet it seems the simple truth.

From the period of this sad event the health of Elizabeth's consort was gradually undermined by regret; the remembrance of his miserably lost child deprived him of his sleep, and seemed never to be effaced from his mind. As for Elizabeth, she soon regained her spirits, being probably unaware of the agonising facts which preyed on the mind of her hapless partner; but the chief of her correspondence, and that of her consort, with her brother Charles during the rest of the year, consists of supplications for money, and of representations of wants and debts. Nothing can be more tedious and dispiriting to read than such letters. Charles was most willing to aid his beloved sister and her family. The great personal attachment of this brother and sister survived the political circumstances, so adverse to human affection, in which they were placed. From his own distress he spared many large sums for the relief of his sister and her lord.<sup>1</sup> Constant complaints, however, pervade their correspondence, that the rapacity of the agents through whom they were transmitted, intercepted or impaired these supplies. Nevertheless Charles and Elizabeth continued to love each other; although she was the idol of the Calvinist party in Great Britain, set up most invidiously against her brother and his children. Charles imputed no fault to his sister, however provokingly these circumstances might annoy him. What became of the rich legacy left her by her husband's uncle, Maurice, Prince of Orange, it is not easy to ascertain; but this is certain, that Elizabeth's profuse generosity, combined with the number of her followers, and retainers hanging on her bounty, would have dissipated wealth five times as much as she obtained from the plate galleons.

The warlike Maurice, Prince of Orange, Stadtholder of

<sup>1</sup> Domestic Correspondence—State Paper Office, from 1626 to 1630. Likewise Holland Correspondence—Ibid.

Holland, had been succeeded by his brother Henry,<sup>1</sup> the younger son of the great William, surnamed the Deliverer. Thus a brother of Juliana of Nassau, the mother of Elizabeth's husband, still guided the powers of Holland. This Stadtholder Henry<sup>2</sup> was a great soldier, not inferior to his warlike brother and father. Maurice, it is supposed, sunk under the failure of the Calvinist struggle against Spain, but the great booty gained repeatedly by the fleets of Holland from the plate ships of Spain had inspired his successor with new spirit, and moreover supplied the Dutch with the sinews of war. In 1629 the Stadtholder Henry began molesting the Spanish provinces of the Netherlands. Frederic assisted him, and Elizabeth came from Rhenen to witness the surrender of the town of Bois-le-Duc, the first fruits of their uncle's campaign. It received honourable terms; and, placed advantageously, she had the pleasure, one September afternoon, of beholding the exit of the Spanish garrison, guarding their sick and wounded, and moreover all the monks and nuns. As this curious procession defiled out of one gate of Bois-le-Duc the Dutch troops marched in at the other.<sup>3</sup> Elizabeth was treated as the heroine of the day in the triumphant entry. But she dearly paid for this pleasure by catching a camp fever in the long-besieged town, and, after very severe medical treatment, was forced to retreat to Rhenen. She, as usual, wintered at the Hague, a place of abode endured impatiently by the tortured mind of Frederic, the failure of whose health now became the frequent subject of the English Ambassador's despatches. Nevertheless, during the winter of 1630, a new champion for the Protestant cause, it was whispered in Europe, was about to take the field, as intrepid as Elizabeth's lost cousin Christian of Brunswick, and far more skilful and prudent. This was the King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus.

Full of hope, Elizabeth accompanied her dejected consort to their little hunting-seat at Rhenen, near Utrecht. The

<sup>1</sup> Atlas Geographique, 1711, vol. i. p. 202, which gives an excellent compendium of the History of the Dutch Republic.

<sup>2</sup> His name was *Frederic* Henry, but he was usually called by the last name.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Dudley Carleton's Letters to Sir Thomas Roe, June 1629.



unfortunate Frederic greatly preferred a residence there, with the amusements of hunting, gardening, and farming, to his sojourn at the Hague. "A great city is always detestable," he was wont to say; "but of all *canaille*, defend me from the *canaille* of the Hague!"<sup>1</sup> This detestation of the Hague evidently arose from a rather droll incident. One of the Calvinist preachers having publicly taken to task both the King and Queen of Bohemia, for having danced at a mask on a Shrove Tuesday, whilst the whole republic of Holland were in mourning and lamentation for some disaster regarding a siege, Frederic, who was no reveller either by taste or education, rose and contradicted the preacher, as to his own share in the reprobated caperings. But the preacher of course had the best of it in his own pulpit; the King remained disdainful and indignant. Yet his expression concerning *canaille* was ungrateful to the Dutch people, to whom he and his family owed many benefits, since, without the co-operation of this despised *canaille*, small could have been the aid of his valiant uncles the Stadtholders Maurice and Henry.

Elizabeth entirely regained her health at Rhenen; and though she again expected to increase her already numerous family, her hunting was as indefatigable as if the daily meat of the royal table depended on her success. "I think I was born for the chase," she says in one of her letters, "for I never had better health in my life." She was forced to leave this favourite retreat for the Hague, on account of her approaching accouchement. Her journey was made within ten days of the birth of her twelfth child, Sophia, her fifth daughter, who was born October 13, 1630, at the Hague. The recovery of the royal mother was rapid, luckily for herself, as she needed strength to endure the double affliction of the death of her little daughter Charlotte, then about twenty months old, and the dangerous illness of her husband, whose indifference to life aggravated the pulmonary disease that pursued him.<sup>2</sup> "The little Madame Charlotte," as Sir Henry Vane (then one of the diplo-

<sup>1</sup> Carleton's Ambassades, 1630.

<sup>2</sup> Bengér.

matists at the Hague) calls her, had been in a decline from her birth; she was buried by the side of her brother Henry, in the Jacobite Cloister Church at the Hague.<sup>1</sup>

Before Frederic and Elizabeth left the Hague for Rhenen, they received affronts, on the sore point of their regality, from Cæsar de Vendôme, son of Henry IV. and the fair Gabrielle. He could not pay them a state visit, though he would, he declared, "if his own will was consulted, give Elizabeth the honours of an empress." Vendôme could do no otherwise without declaring war on his own country, which did not acknowledge the Bohemian kingship. He tendered a friendly visit by calling at ten in the morning, when neither Frederic nor Elizabeth were out of bed. Vendôme was half-brother to Queen Henrietta Maria, and the only great man that had sprung from the royal hero of France. He was charged from Richelieu with a private mission of alliance with Gustavus Adolphus. It had been but wisdom if the dethroned potentates had met him on the safe ground of incognitoship. But Frederic, if not very stubborn in storm and siege, was utterly inflexible in matters of etiquette; therefore Elizabeth wrote civilly to the Duke de Vendôme, representing that, as they were departing for their hunting-seat on the Rhenen, their servants and baggage being actually gone, she could not conveniently receive him. Elizabeth's secretary, Francis Nethersole, by whose diplomacy this affair had been guided, wrote to the English Ambassador, Lord Dorchester, complaints of the French resident at the Hague, M. de Hauterive, to whose malice prepense he attributed the conduct of Vendôme; as if either could act in defiance of the instructions of their government, and such a governor withal as Cardinal Richelieu. "His queenly mistress," he said, "had the least tendency to revenge of any lady in the world, yet the displacing of the French Ambassador at the Hague would be acceptable to her, if Dorchester could add such very acceptable service to all he had previously rendered," declaring moreover "that the desire of righting the wrongs

<sup>1</sup> Vane's MS. Letter—Harleian Collection.

of her consort was as stirring a passion in her mind as revenge in most of her sex.”<sup>1</sup>

The extraordinary change of policy which led France to seek alliance with the Lutheran champion, Gustavus Adolphus, and, in fact, to hire his services against the Emperor of Germany and the King of Spain, led to the recall of the ambassador, De Hauterive, greatly to the exultation of Nethersole, who, with the sapience of the fly on the wheel, imagined that his potent epistle had vindicated his royal lady.

Gustavus Adolphus, son of Charles Vasa (afterwards King of Sweden), had been educated in the school of adversity, as the youngest grandson of a king who had achieved his own royalty, the son of a younger son, struggling against his Roman Catholic elder brother and nephew, John and Sigismund, who united for a time the crowns of Sweden and Poland. In early life Gustavus Adolphus made the tour of Europe on foot, learning languages, and graduating at more than one university. Some say, indeed, that he crossed the Alps of Switzerland with his wallet at his back, like a poor student on the tramp, and studied at Padua. After his father had routed his Catholic kin, and become King of Sweden on the Lutheran interest, and the poor student was elder son of a sovereign, the hand of Elizabeth Stuart had been earnestly craved for him, but refused by her father. Her uncle, the King of Denmark, Christian IV., prevented an alliance so desirable for her. After Gustavus Adolphus was on his native throne, he sustained six years of very doubtful struggles, during which time his hardy troops were educated to conquest. He had, when his royal authority was secure, strengthened himself by Protestant alliances. He had given his sister, Catherine Vasa, in marriage to the Duke des Deuxponts, the near relative of the King of Bohemia, and had himself married another close connection of the Palatine house, Eleanora of Brandenburg, whose brother, George William, Marquis of Brandenburg, had married Frederic's sister. Indeed, Frederic himself had proposed and promoted the marriage of his cousin Eleanora with Gustavus Adolphus.

<sup>1</sup> Carleton's Despatches—Additional MSS., British Museum.



Unfortunately no great happiness attended the high contracting parties.

One symptom of more promising fortunes occurred when Elizabeth and Frederic returned from Rhenen to the Hague. Vendôme, who had visited his sister Henrietta Maria in England, had just arrived there on his return. He found it requisite to atone for his previous neglect. Amelia, Princess of Orange, the loving friend of the Palatine family, alleviated the embarrassment under which the son of Henry IV. laboured, with womanly tact. She took him with her when she visited Elizabeth, and all previous misunderstandings were speedily arranged to general satisfaction. Just at this time all the contemporary news-letters are full of gibberish of gallantry concerning the personal devotion of Gustavus Adolphus to the Queen of Bohemia—a sort of re-echoing of the fine speeches and Quixotic professions of her cousin, Christian of Brunswick. Some modern writers have given us reason to suppose that Gustavus Adolphus was quite the knight of the lance devoted to Elizabeth. The matter of fact is, they never met in the course of their lives.

The battle of Leipsic, fought in the summer of 1631, and triumphantly won by Gustavus Adolphus, was followed by successes so rapid that most of the Lower Palatinate, with many other of the Rhenish cities, were in possession of the Swedes by the end of the campaign. Of course Frederic and Elizabeth supposed their own self-appointed champion meditated nothing less than their speedy restoration at least to the hereditary dominions of the Palatinate. In this hope Frederic, although neither very strong in health or pugnacious in spirit, armed him for the fray, accepting thankfully whatsoever assistance his good uncle, Henry of Orange, and his well-disposed Dutchmen, would bestow. They gave him, towards the expenses of his campaign, about £4000, and £800 for his personal expenses. His warlike uncle, Henry of Orange, the Stadtholder, was at the head of a well-appointed army of five thousand men, severely trained in the wars of his brother Maurice.<sup>2</sup> His part of the

<sup>1</sup> Carleton's Despatches—Additional MSS., British Museum.

<sup>2</sup> Atlas Geographique.



war was to make incursions with sap and siege on the frontier cities of the Spanish Netherlands, governed by the Archduchess Isabel, from whom, in that very campaign, he speedily took Venloo, Ruremonde, and Maestricht. Hitherto the defence of Protestant Europe had been sustained, almost since the liberation of Holland, by the Calvinists, most gallantly, but with fearful inequality of force. A thousand atrocities had been committed by the belligerents on both sides, in which the Roman Catholics, as infinitely the strongest in physical force, were the least excusable.

Elizabeth was still confined to her chamber at the Hague, having, January 2, 1632, given birth to her thirteenth child, a son, whom she insisted on naming Gustaf, after the Swedish champion.<sup>1</sup> Her husband bade her a tender farewell a few days afterwards; full of hope and high spirits, she little anticipated that it would be his last. She saw nothing worse before her than their speedy restoration to their beautiful Rhenish dominions. Frederic was observed to bid farewell with peculiar tenderness to the little Sophia, then more than two years old, whose liveliness and infant charms had often wiled away his devouring melancholy.<sup>2</sup> At Leyden Frederic tarried to take leave of his elder boys, who were pursuing their studies at the celebrated college there. He witnessed the examination of the young Leyden students, among whom he saw his sons Charles and Rupert<sup>3</sup> contend for pre-eminence in a style which proved that they had pursued no royal road to learning. Frederic gave them his embraces and paternal benedictions before he went forth to the war, all parties being in blessed unconsciousness that it was the last time the father and his sons looked in each other's faces. After this sojourn with his young princes, Frederic proceeded with his uncle Henry of Orange to Rhenen, where they rested. He went to Wesel the next day, where his uncle the Prince of Orange took leave of him, and he journeyed towards Gustavus Adolphus, then in winter quarters at Frankfort; for this was the middle of January 1631-32.

Elizabeth tarried for safety at the Hague; the Rhenen

<sup>1</sup> French Gazette L'Etoile.

<sup>2</sup> Benger.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

was no safe abode for her, when the Rhine was in arms. Once in the preceding war, it was well remembered, she had had to ride for her life when her hunting led her beyond the bounds of safety.<sup>1</sup> The superintendence of the education of her children, then rapidly advancing in growth and intellect, was her chief employment. Many glimpses of the family group are reflected from her letters by those of her loving husband, who confided to her his hopes and fears in a correspondence from the seat of war, partly in cipher.<sup>2</sup> He tells her that the inhabitants of Hanau came out to welcome him with many "vivats" for the King of Bohemia. There he was met by the English envoy, the old diplomat Sir Henry Vane, who was ambassador from Charles I. to Gustavus Adolphus, much to the dissatisfaction of the Swedish hero. The heavy baggage with which Frederic was encumbered had all stuck in the mud, owing to the winter rains. Whatsoever was in this long train of carriages, his personal preparations for his campaign were moderate. He took with him but his wearing apparel, his writing-desk, eight cases of books, a folio of maps, a portrait of his wife and of his mother, and a camp dinner-service, not of plate, but of pewter. One German elwagen would have carried these, and much more. The chief part of his caravan remained for extrication by the patient labour of German cattle. Frederic waited for them with equal patience several days, and it was as late as February 10 when he made his entry into Frankfort in solemn state, with his forty coaches complete in number. If they were meant to make a remarkable impression on the Swedish hero, the intent was lost, for he was at Höchst, a country-seat some little way off, with the Queen of Sweden.<sup>3</sup> Frederic went thither next morning, accompanied by Lord Craven and twenty cavaliers. He was received with royal honours by the King and Queen of Sweden. They dined together, Gustavus Adolphus giving his guest the right

<sup>1</sup> State Papers—Holland Correspondence.

<sup>2</sup> Printed in the Bromley Letters, which came into the possession of Sir George Bromley by his descent from an illegitimate daughter of Prince Rupert, third son of Frederic and Elizabeth. Some mistakes are apparent in these collections. James I. is placed in action five or six years after he was at rest.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

hand, and entertaining him with details of his own great victory at Leipsic, a little tendency to gasconade being by no means contrary to the humour of the illustrious Swede. He had indulged, when he first invited Frederic to the field, in a sarcasm on the unfitness of a brother-in-law of the King of Great Britain joining him with no greater equipage than his doublet and hose, which was more expressive of his disappointment of subsidies and armies from Charles I. than meant for a sneer at the penury of the exiled Prince. But this speech had probably had the bad effect of causing Frederic to encumber himself with the heavy caravan of coaches with which he had crept from the Hague and entered Frankfort. It was not very easy to follow the mercurial temper of the royal Swede. Sometimes he delivered a sermon at dinner in the style of the Calvinist divines. Such he used to hold forth to his troops, "preaching from the saddle as well as the best:"—the godly phase of the royal hero's character being in accordance with the religious mission under which he entered Germany, and the precise tendencies of Queen Eleanora, his consort, to whom, nevertheless, he was but an unfaithful partner. Anon he was in the midst of the carnival, which he kept at Frankfort with wild glee before he marched for the delivery of three strongholds which yet remained of the Palatinate in the clutches of the Spanish allies of the Emperor. The one mad day of carnival being always entered into with equal gusto by Lutherans as by Roman Catholics, Frederic was seduced by Gustavus Adolphus to share in the frolics of the masked ball. He assumed the costume of a Jesuit, in which he could indulge his satire on his enemies, while Gustavus Adolphus took the disguise of the *garçon* of an inn.<sup>1</sup>

From Frankfort they departed to storm Creuznach, one of Frederic's former fortified towns. It was presently carried. The gallantry of the English volunteer, Lord Craven, was so conspicuous when mounting the wall, that the King of Sweden, patting him merrily on the shoulder, congratulated him "on his liberality of giving his younger brother a chance of his estate." Frederic was received with

<sup>1</sup> Correspondence of Roe—State Papers.

rapture by the citizens his subjects. He took care to thank the English regiments in his own name and that of his wife,<sup>1</sup> and to request the continuance of their valiant co-operation. The delight with which Frederic's natural subjects greeted him of course made him exceedingly desirous of the fulfilment of the promise with which Gustavus Adolphus had lured him from his home and Elizabeth, to which he could obtain no direct answer. But Wallenstein mustering strongly, Gustavus re-crossed the Rhine, and again occupied Frankfort as his headquarters. Here there was a great gathering of the Protestant princes of Germany; the dispossessed King of Bohemia being treated by Gustavus Adolphus with distinction; above all, he caressed him frequently, fraternising by calling him "*mon frère*" at every word. Till midnight, amusements of cards, dice, and dance went on; but when the princes and counts, the Queen of Sweden, and the ladies, withdrew, Gustavus Adolphus and his guest often conferred long and seriously until three in the morning. Frederic, now among his old subjects, urged his ally to permit him to levy troops; while the Swedish king declared "that would ruin his own recruiting." And here the inconsistency of making war on religious pretences becomes painfully apparent. Gustavus demanded that the Lutheran religion should be tolerated when he surrendered the Palatinate to its lawful owner, and this very reasonable reward for all his toils and conquests Frederic positively refused to admit. Frederic, as the pensioned refugee of Holland, where he had left Elizabeth and her little ones in the very stronghold of Calvinism, was forced to view this request of the Swedish king in the light his Dutch patrons would wish.

The deep dejection which often pervades the letters of the unfortunate Frederic to his beloved Elizabeth, evidently arose from the extinction of hope as to the issue of the contest. The commencement of that written March 8th, old style,<sup>2</sup> and beginning in cipher, is addressed to Elizabeth as usual,

<sup>1</sup> Monro's Narrative of the Expedition, &c.

<sup>2</sup> Bromley Letters—De Lorce, March 8/18, 1632.



*"Mon très cher cœur."* He tells her how he safely received her letter when marching between Lorce and Aschaffenburg with the King of Sweden, who continued to treat him honourably, but positively refused to let him raise troops in his own Palatinate. "He could not imagine why the King of Sweden wished him to come, and that he had much better have staid at the Hague." Frederic continues to inform Elizabeth that he follows the Swedish conqueror, who was in full march to overthrow Count Tilly, in the unhappy state of a volunteer. Then, dismissing the painful subject of politics, he enters into reply of her last letter, and a little family gossip. Elizabeth wanted purchases made at Frankfurt fair; but her husband cannot buy her the stuff she required, for the fair commenced not until after the march of the Swedish army. Then he gives Elizabeth a little criticism on the persons of the ladies. "The Landgravine of Hesse-Darmstadt, his first cousin, is not disagreeable in person; but as to real grand beauty, I have seen none on my travels. As for my brother's wife, she can even be termed ugly; but she is a truly good woman." These princesses had been to the Swedish Court at Steinau, but how they returned he cannot tell; for how ladies could go about near the seat of war passes his comprehension, and that leads to this comment on Elizabeth's wish of joining him:—

"You need not fear, as soon as I could do it with safety. I am asked why I send not for you to this country, but truth to say, of that as yet I see little likelihood. If a battle was given, it might be talked of—God be pleased, if it comes to that, all might go well. Yesterday we had a long march among mountains, that is why we repose here to-day. I have written to you, and to the Prince and Princess of Orange, by Count de Solms. He waited to hear of my arrival, for what he has to deliver to you. Good M. de Plessin is happy to be dead. I wish I could have some one who was capable about the children. I know not if you think that Boniqua is fit; but although he is a Lutheran—having nothing to do with their studies—that would not matter much. I am very glad that Morgan is so gallant and gay, and that he acquits himself so well of his charge. If he were with me, would he not swear rarely? I will answer for that, and drink withal your health very often in the good wine of Ai. I am astonished that he is still lovingly disposed.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters—De Lorce, March 8/18, 1632.

Then follows a mystical bewailing in cipher on the failure of Charles I. to send him what he had not for himself—money to pay the Swedes ; and he concludes :—

“The danger of the roads is such that I dare not write all ; but I entreat you to believe that whilst I live I shall never be other than, my dear only heart, your faithful friend and most affectionate servitor,

“FREDERIC.”<sup>1</sup>

Elizabeth's answer to him is not forthcoming, but the reflection of it may be seen in her epistles to the British envoy, Vane. Of him Frederic, throughout his whole correspondence, manifests the worst opinion, earnestly affirming that his primary object was to affront the King of Sweden, and make mischief between him and his brother-in-law Charles I. Frederic attributes this propensity to personal hatred of himself. But that was not the case. He, as the ostensible head of the Calvinists, would actually have been the highest in the regard of Sir Henry Vane, the elder, whose enmity was to the toleration Gustavus Adolphus extended to the Roman Catholics, and the firm footing on which he wished to establish the Lutherans on the Rhine. If Charles I. and Gustavus Adolphus were on too friendly terms, the ends of Sir Henry Vane's party would not have been answered. Elizabeth, who was used to speak of this double-minded envoy as the “fat man” in her letters to other people, began her epistles to him with “Honest Harry.”<sup>2</sup>

“*The Hague, April 5/15, 1632.*”

“I hope these letters by Home will pass to you, as well as my little monkey did to me.”

This monkey was a human one—her favourite page of honour, the brave Sir Jacob Astley, who had served her from a tender age, ever since her departure from England, and now had departed with her consort to learn experience in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus.

“He [Home] can tell you all the news of England, *en matière des dames*, and of the Hague. The Prince of Orange [Henry the Stadtholder] is preparing to go to the field, and most of his officers are come. His old Grace [Lennox] is here, and saith that his gracious aunt the Duchess of Richmond

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters—De Lorce, March 8/18, 1632.

<sup>2</sup> State-Paper MS.

will come to see me, with all her white sticks. She doth write so to me herself; but I confess I do not believe her. We look for my Lady Strange every day, and my wise widow."

This was Madame la Comtesse de Loewenstein, belonging to a younger branch of the Palatine princes. She had succeeded Amelia de Solms in her state attendance. She was a faithful friend to Elizabeth, yet so full of pompous absurdity as to be the butt of all the young princes of the Palatine family.<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth's expected guest, "with the white staves," was the widow of her father's kinsman, the Duke of Richmond, as great an oddity, who, beginning life as a beautiful but impoverished lady of the house of Howard, by marrying Frank Prannel, the heir of a rich city vintner, went mad with pride on obtaining great wealth, and finally an alliance with royalty. The distressed Queen of Bohemia had more than once tasted her bounty, although not to the amount the boastful old dowager pretended. Perhaps it was not very prudent to trust the treacherous diplomat Vane with this fling at her white-staffed retinue; but prudence was no quality of Elizabeth, or she would not have written to "Honest Harry," excepting in the most guarded style of ceremonial.

"I hear your pretty gentleman, Mr Gifford, is laid by the heels," she says, "and another towards it, for talking foolishly. I long to hear the end of your treaty. I see by the King's letters [Frederic, her husband] the King of Sweden doth not desire he should make levies, saying, 'It would spoil his army.' If my dear brother [Charles I.] would have been pleased to have granted the King's request by Robin Honeywood, it would have been better for him and your treaty. For then the King [her husband], having troops, might have had more voice in the chapter than he now has, being but a volunteer, which is a very wearisome profession. But I hope God will turn all to the best, and am confident that you will still continue to do your best for him.

"I pray believe me ever, your most constant affectionate friend,

"ELIZABETH."

"To Sir Harry Vane."

Elizabeth, in her next despatch, announces to him the birth of a daughter to their kind relatives, the Prince and Princess of Orange, who had been wedded six years without

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters, p. 271, where one of them has written a queer paper on her "Faïtes" and "Gestes."

offspring. In reply, Frederic sends his beloved lively transcripts of all his hopes, fears, and adventures. The Swedish army, having in the interim destroyed Tilly and his forces, were now in full march to punish Frederic's inimical cousin, Max, Duke of Bavaria; the history of which is rapidly embodied by Schiller in Wallenstein's magnificent speech to the Austrian envoys—

—“Beside the Lech sunk Tilly, your last hope;  
Into Bavaria, like a wintry torrent,  
Did that Gustavus pour.”

On his march to Bavaria, Frederic thus wrote to his wife :—

“This morning, as we were leaving Freissingen, I had the satisfaction of receiving four of your letters, three of April, and one of the 2d of May. I thank you much for the pains you have taken—writing to me so carefully. I see that you forget me not. Believe me, I think continually of you. Very long it seems, since I beheld you; and what afflicts me most is the slight prospect I have of seeing you soon. Affairs go ill for the Palatinate. If the King of Sweden could remain there, with the aid of God he would soon lower the pride of the Spaniard.”

Already in these letters may be perceived symptoms of the political coquetry between Wallenstein, the Imperialist general, and the Swedes, which afterwards led to the death of that noted character at Egra. A strong reason kept Wallenstein from proceeding further. His astrologer, Seni, had foretold to him “that the good fortune of Gustavus Adolphus would leave him in the ensuing November!”<sup>1</sup> When touching on this subject, Frederic, after involving himself in ciphers, to which his beloved consort only had the key, continues :—

“I dare not write all—it would be too dangerous; that is why I only mention events already past. The King of Sweden is still much inconvenienced with the rosse [St Antony's fire], but he is recovering; he can walk and mount on horseback. He is a brave prince; no one can be troubled with ennui near him. God preserve him to us! I am very glad that my letters have arrived so well, and that the portraits that I sent you by the Count de Solms have given you pleasure. You are much obliged to the king your brother [Charles I.] for the cession he has made you of the heritage of your grandmother.”<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Benger.

<sup>2</sup> Bromley Letters.



This was the personal property of the mother of Anne of Denmark, who was mother of Charles I. and Elizabeth. She had died very rich, and her wealth being divided between her descendants, Charles I. had relinquished his portion to his distressed sister. Frederic glances somewhat contemptuously on the proceedings of his brother, Louis Philip, Duke of Simmeren, who, having complied with the tolerations which Gustavus Adolphus chose should be observed on the Rhine, had received back his small appanage.

"I am not sorry Simmeren is not with me. I believe that he will follow the wife of the King of Sweden. You have heard of the death of Count Tilly<sup>1</sup> and of the poor Marquis of Baden, both on the same day. Alteringer,<sup>2</sup> they say, is there. I am glad that I have enlightened thee as to the false reports raised. I wish [and then he enumerates some ciphers which stand for his personal attendants] that these had as much good sense as fidelity ; I should then be well served. I am rejoiced at the happy accouchement of the Princess of Orange [Amelia de Solms]. Tell her as much on my part, and that I wish that at the end of a year she may be the mother of a son.<sup>3</sup> How earnestly do I desire that but for one only day I could have the power of being in the circle with which you are surrounded ! Tell me, I entreat, you, whether the nephew of him you know of is always in the same odd humour as formerly. I am astonished that Brutus has not come with the Countess of Loewenstein."

Thus Elizabeth's "wise widow" had safely arrived at the Hague, but accompanied by some attendant, four-footed or otherwise, the absence of whom had been noted in the letters Frederic had received from his consort. He proceeds :—

"I assure you that I rejoice extremely to see that the king your brother testifies so much affection for you, and that Nethersole assures me that he is satisfied with me. God knows that I should be grieved to displease him, or to forget, above all, the benefits we have received from him."

Amidst a cloud of ciphers regarding the political treaties embroiled by Sir Harry Vane, Frederic wishes that Nethersole, the faithful secretary of Elizabeth, was resident minister for Charles I. in his place, for the negotiation with Gustavus Adolphus.

<sup>1</sup> The Imperialist general defeated on the Lech. He had never prospered since his atrocious abuse of his victory at Magdeburg.

<sup>2</sup> An Imperialist general familiar to the readers of Wallenstein.

<sup>3</sup> She was so, afterwards : her son was the son-in-law of Charles I.

One of his own officers had left him with a very bad grace, yet expected to step into some place vacant in the Hague residence.

"But of this," pursues Frederic, "I wholly disapprove. A brother and sister in the same house, of their humour would permit nothing to go on well. You would very soon be deserted, and you know not how he would quit. I believe it would be better to leave the place vacant some little time. I am very glad to hear that Rupert is in your good graces, and that Charles does so well—certes they are thrice dear to me in consequence. May God make me so happy as to have the power of beholding you all once more ! Pray, make my *baisemains* to Madame la Princesse de Bouillon and to our Queen, Madame Orange. I am very vexed that her son has not made his appearance yet ! I hope by the time you receive this the Prince of Orange will be off on his campaign. Just as I wrote this the Marquess of Hamilton has arrived, and with him Home, who has brought me your dear letter. I have before seen the cession of the King your brother [of the *Danish legacy*]. He testifies for you much affection ; much it rejoices me, but still more to see yours in your wish that it should be employed in my benefit. I know not how to thank you enough, but I wish that this heritage should be for you alone. Let it be put out at use, and with the income pay your debts by instalments. I desire nothing of you but that you love me always as much as I love you. No absence, you may be well assured, can chill my love for you, which is very perfect.

"I wish your daughter might become very beautiful, and that I could find some good match for her. Count Maurice<sup>1</sup> will not be very well pleased to have the Count of Hanau for rival ; I think that neither one nor the other will have her, but that Mr Hautin reserves her for his son."<sup>2</sup>

All this is the playfulness in which the fond parent indulges when his thoughts rest on the dear ones at home. His daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, was then advancing to womanhood, and the suitors he mentions are some of those ancient ones with which girls of thirteen are sometimes joked for the amusement of seeing the airs they give themselves. By "Mr Hautin" he probably means Hawtayne, as an English gentleman of that family was in the service of the Queen of Bohemia at the Hague, and his son afterwards was tutor to William III.

In the course of this long family letter, Frederic announces to Elizabeth that he has arrived at Munich :—

<sup>1</sup> Count Maurice of Nassau, often confounded with his relative the celebrated Prince Maurice the Stadtholder.

<sup>2</sup> Bromley Letters.

"I am now come with the King of Sweden to the fine seat of my good cousin. The Marquess of Hamilton admires it much, saying that he never saw anything more beautiful. He [Max of Bavaria] has carried off the best of his precious things, but has left many very fine ones not so easy to be removed: but even if that were the case, I would none of them."

This magnanimous feeling which disdained the acquisitions of the military plunderer was the more noble, because his own Heidelberg, with all its marvels of art and antiquity, had been mercilessly plundered, and then left to the devastating Spaniards by Duke Max. Frederic was seen to smile mournfully and shake his head, when he read his own name on some of the cannon at Munich, captured formerly from Duke Christian.

"The King of Sweden is in doubt," pursues Frederic, "if this can be maintained; as a military station, it is well situated. If they have but time it might be made good, and something has already been commenced. It is a delicious site, with every sort of game, and convenient for every description of sporting. Yesterday I commenced this letter, I finish it to to-day."<sup>1</sup>

The improved spirits apparent in this most interesting letter to his Elizabeth were soon damped in the mind of the unhappy Frederic by the violent passion his protector Gustavus Adolphus put himself into at Munich; but it was with one who doubtless well deserved it, being the diplomat Vane. The royal Swede stormed so furiously at this treacherous person that he thought it necessary to apologise for his violence, by lamenting, when his passion subsided, "that when irritated something seemed to rush to his head which took away all command over what he said and did"—a humiliating confession for one of the master intellects of his day; but probably connected with the "rosse," or St Antony's fire, with which the hero had been afflicted in his march.

"I am glad that all is well again,"<sup>2</sup> wrote Elizabeth herself to Vane: "I know that the King of Sweden himself is sorry for it when his choler is past. It is a great pity that he is so subject to that, he hath so many other good parts. I pray you make the best of all. Remember his good actions, and forget his words."

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<sup>1</sup> Bromley. Endorsed, "From Munich, May 7/17, 1632."

<sup>2</sup> State-Paper MS.

Elizabeth, notwithstanding the mischief that the attack on Bavaria did the cause of her husband and the Palatinate, does not imitate Frederic's mournful magnanimity, but indulges in a few notes of exultation over the discomfiture of their family foe, Duke Max. She confesses "that of all men she does not pity the Duke of Bavaria, as the King of Sweden only pays him in the coin he lent us!" Gustavus Adolphus, before he left Munich, one day at dinner told his guest the King of Bohemia, "that as they were dining at Munich, hopes might be entertained that they should soon sup at Heidelberg." Yet Heidelberg and Frankenthal were still occupied by Spanish garrisons, and at every report of the successes of Gustavus Adolphus, the soldiers committed fresh outbursts of mischief. They were particularly active in smashing that marvel of the Bohemian glass-workers' art, Elizabeth's beautiful suite called the Glaser's Halle, at Heidelberg, which had been finished with such care and cost for her by her loving consort.

In the middle of June the Swedes had returned to the Rhine, capturing Donauwert and other garrison towns thereon. In the midst of this career news came that the Elector of Saxony had lost Prague. Away went Gustavus Adolphus to his support, and Frederic, in his letter to Elizabeth of June 7/17, from Nuremberg, announces his intention of following the royal Swede towards Prague—"to see," he says, "what God would send for my good." But if religious politics would not suffer him to be reinstated in his Palatinate, where his kind good subjects were all yearning to receive him, anxious withal to go the same way in religion as himself, it was not likely he could keep his seat for a month in a city where the Lutheran and the Calvinist hated each other more deadlily than they did their common enemy the Roman Catholics, who, moreover, had the predominance. However, Frederic diverges into a much more pleasant subject, one which often occurs in his letters to his consort, being a criticism on female beauty.

"I have seen here your cousin, the wife of Duke Auguste [of Saxony]. I supped yesterday with her. This is a good princess; she has a fine complexion: as to the rest of her there is little enough, and that but ordinary.



Just at this minute two of your letters are come, those of the 1st and 3d of June. I rejoice in the happy progress of the Prince of Orange.

Frederic complains of the arrogance of Vane, and that he had sent him "a most imperious letter, which, he was quite sure, did not express the intentions of Charles I." Then after a puzzle of ciphers, the development of which would only bring the crabbed product of politics, he adds,—

"I should be very glad to have the portraits of my children. I wish they could be transmitted safely ; until now the posts have gone well. Yesterday I saw the old Margravine of Anspach, who is at Luneburg. Simon serves me well ; so do my other valets-de-chambre ; but my lackeys are good for nothing. Riches, I see, come in quick march on Cromwell ;<sup>1</sup> he cannot do better than marry the widow.

"I hope this journey to see Madame my mother."

That he never did ; for, in anticipation of worse times than had yet befallen her family, the Electress Juliana had withdrawn to the protection of the King of Poland.

Gustavus Adolphus had placed his camp before Nuremberg, throwing up trenches to fortify it as his headquarters. The Swedish queen's ambulating court was in that ancient city, and from Nuremberg the letters of Frederic are dated in the midsummer of 1632.<sup>2</sup>

"I have received," he writes to Elizabeth, "your letter of July 1st, and I rejoice to hear of your health and that of my children. If the Prince of Orange takes Maestricht, Spanish affairs will be in a bad state. We have the army of the Duke of Freidland [Wallenstein] and the Duke of Bavaria very near us here. Yesterday they took Swabach, which is but two leagues from us. I do not believe they will attack us here, the army is so well intrenched. I hope their army will waste away in this country, where there is so little sustenance. This of the King of Sweden augments on all sides. Yesterday I was with him as far as Swabach, with most of the cavalry, in the direction of the enemy's march. Four companies were despatched towards us ; they fired, but did not engage ; so we returned without doing anything. To-morrow I believe they will come near us here. That renders the highways very insecure, and I fear that your letters and mine would have been intercepted if Duke Freidland [Wallenstein] had not had the good feeling to send them on. I have always heard that he was esteemed for his courtesy ; he has always acted thus honourably towards my sister the Electress of Brandenburg. This evening Bercka has arrived ; he has been a long while on the road. . . . The King of Sweden the day before yesterday broke Colonel Hebron, and has given

<sup>1</sup> Not Oliver.

<sup>2</sup> Bromley.

his regiment to one who was his lieutenant-colonel, who calls himself Phul. I am very sorry for it, for Hebron<sup>1</sup> was a brave man, though a little obstinate, which has caused this disaster. I dare not enter into particulars.

“If the enemy comes, the battle will be in the style of Amadis de Gaul, for the ladies will be on the towers to see how they combat. The Marquis de Culmbach with his eldest son is arrived here; his wife came within a day’s journey, but dared not proceed because of the insecurity of the roads. I fear that I shall not receive the remainder of my children’s portraits.”

No battle took place. Wallenstein and Duke Max of Bavaria remained within a league of the Swedish trenches, these two commanders hating each other too much to join heartily against the Swede. Meanwhile Wallenstein threw out many tokens of good-will, which were probably meant for conciliation to the elect of his native country, the titular King of Bohemia.

It had been well for Frederic if he had acquired hardihood as a soldier in some such campaigns before he accepted, in his inexperienced youth, a crown which required more than ordinary human might to uphold. Amidst his failing health and spirits he now betrays no pusillanimity, although often the companion of the dashing sorties of the heroic Swede. He still writes to Elizabeth from the trenches before Nuremberg. In his letter of July 23, he says,—<sup>2</sup>

“These slaughterings and burnings please me not. I was yesterday at the Margravine of Anspach; there I saw also the widow of Count Hans Wilhelm. I do not find her at all changed. All these ladies wish much to see you in Germany. God send that might be very soon. Meantime you are convinced that I love you with all my heart, and that my thoughts are continually on you. I have not had this week any of your letters. I fear that they are intercepted with the portraits of my two girls, whom I wish well married.”

At the end of July, Frederic continues to write from the trenches before Nuremberg; he still dwells on the chivalric friendliness shown by Wallenstein, on whose mysterious history these neglected letters cast some light. Let us remember that that great war-chief was Bohemian born, and always in a state of antagonism with the ecclesiastics of

<sup>1</sup> There is reason to suppose that Hebron was Hepburn, a Scotchman in the service of Sweden.

<sup>2</sup> Bromley Letters.

the Roman Catholic Church. Then his coqueties with the opposite army become not difficult for the historian to construe, whose mental eye can steadily view the present and past of the Thirty Years' War, and all their clashing combinations of circumstance and character.

Elizabeth had left the Hague for the hunting-seat of Rhenen, where she betook herself to hunting as if for her daily sustenance. The camp broke up before Nuremberg, for Wallenstein moved off without coming to blows. In September, Frankfort was again the rallying-place, and Frederic writes from thence to Elizabeth, saying,—

“Your dear letter of the 23d of September has, happily, reached me this morning. I am glad to see you pass your time so well at the chase. Believe me, I much wish to be with you, but my ill fortune permits it not yet. You will see by the paper annexed what the King of Sweden has declared, which is no such great affair. It is translated from the Latin. I am enough inconvenienced, having no secretary.”

From which it may be inferred that Frederic had translated and transcribed it himself. Latin was the best medium that Gustavus Adolphus could use for communication with the various peoples of Europe. As to Swedish, he might as well have spoken his mind in Chinese.

“I sent Dingen,” continues Frederic, “to him [Gustavus Adolphus], praying him to rest content with my preceding declaration, or restore my country, as he had done to my brother. If he will do neither one nor the other, I know not what I ought to do. Yesterday I dined at Hanau with the Landgrave, and Madame his wife. She much wished to see you in Germany.”

These repeated messages prove that Elizabeth was always distant from this celebrated campaign of Gustavus Adolphus. Amelia, Landgravine of Hesse, mentioned here, was the niece of Frederic's mother, Juliana. He often speaks of her with great praise; but so far from lauding her beauty, like her partisans, he pronounces on her the sentence of ugliness, but allows her admirable qualities. Frederic takes care to inform his consort “that Frankfort fair is nothing,” his economy being needfully great, and her desire for fairings childishly eager. She vainly sent her husband commissions for purchases at Frankfort spring fair, and had teased Vane for fairings.

"I thank you," she wrote to him, "for your wine, and will be no less grateful for your fairings, the Princess of Orange, my Lady Strange, and I, having provided some for you out of the great Kirch-mass Fair of this country. Them you would have had by my little monkey [young Sir Jacob Astley], if he had gone that way ; but now we must stay for a sure messenger, because such precious things must not fall into the enemy's hands."

Frankfort autumn fair had been long celebrated as the greatest mart of books in the whole world, and these would have been fairings worthy the gay Queen's acceptance and of her learned consort's purchase—he who travelled to the wars with eight cases of books among his baggage. Yet it is only too probable that the German booksellers eschewed unfolding their treasures at the headquarters of the invading Swede.

An unusual passage occurs in this letter<sup>1</sup> to Elizabeth. Her husband finds it necessary to find fault with her:—

"I am astonished that you did not lodge Dingle sooner in the Com-manderie, where he would have had room enough, rather than so near your daughter and the women's quarters at the Hague. He might well have contented himself with the chamber Ashburnham had. You know well my mind as to that, and that I hate to give rise to gossip ; likewise, I well know your disposition, who can never say "no" or refuse any request. I expend much in this country without advancing my affairs ; but nothing grieves me so much to see, as the miserable state of my poor subjects. May God change all for the best, and render me so happy as to restore you to me. When you have read the articles, I pray you send them to Maurice" [not his young son, but a confidential agent whom he had left in charge of his affairs.]<sup>2</sup> "The Marquess of Hamilton," he announces to Elizabeth, "is just departed for England, where I hope for his good offices about the King ; he has always manifested strong attachment in everything concerning us. At my parting from him I gave him the George that you gave to me. I was convinced you could not deem it better bestowed. He requested that I would give him my portrait to put behind it. I send you here the measure, I pray you let it be executed in *petit peinture* [miniature]. Maurice will pay.

"I am little obliged to Dupont, who has squandered for me two thousand florins in France ; but I fancy I owe that malefaction to his wife. I am on the eve of departure for Altsheim.<sup>3</sup> A defluxion has fallen on my left ear, which impedes my hearing. God send it may not be worse. I shall put myself under regimen of diet at Altsheim for some days, to see what good

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters, October 2, new style, 1632.

<sup>2</sup> Probably his kinsman, Count Maurice of Nassau, whom he often mentions as in immediate communication with his family at the Hague.

<sup>3</sup> Or Altzy, a town with a strong castle in the Palatinate.



that may do me. Here they are under great alarm of Pappenheim ; but I will hope he cannot effect much, winter being so near at hand. But the Counts of Wittera will have to famish, I fear. How I wish you near me. I shall be sadly dull at Altsheim, where I shall be utterly solitary ; but I will not fail to write to you every week, for my thoughts are continually upon you.<sup>1</sup> I am now getting into my coach, going to Oppenheim this evening."

A few days afterwards he wrote very sorrowfully from Altsheim, having been infinitely depressed by the sight of his ruined country. Most historians give the sapient verdict that the death of Gustavus Adolphus broke the heart of Frederic, Palatine of the Rhine and King of Bohemia : surely it would have been better first to have examined his own evidence on the state of his affections.

"If the King of Sweden had had the will to do it, my Palatinate might long have been delivered from men-at-arms. But were any towns ever tormented like mine ? It seems long, indeed, since I heard from you. Maurice sends me word that Charles has the small-pox ; that gives me uneasiness. God grant that you may all be preserved by His grace, and make me so happy as to have the sight of you soon."<sup>2</sup>

Frederic, soon after, is heard of at Mentz, which was not a site like to cure his illness—being seated at the confluence of the Maine and the Rhine ; from thence he visited his brother, the Duke of Simmeren. Here he met his excellent sister Charlotte, Electress of Brandenburg, whose husband had great reason to pray for the Protestant champion, Gustavus—"Preserve us from our friends !" They probably came as suppliants to Mentz, which he had seized from the ecclesiastical Elector, and rendered subject to his banner. The Electress Charlotte sent a remembrance to Elizabeth, which Frederic despatched with the following pretty little billet :—

"MON TRES CHER CŒUR,—The Baron de Rupa goes to see you, and I would make this accompany him, although I wrote you but yesterday. I send you, by him, a little agate coffer that my sister the Duchess has prayed

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<sup>1</sup> Endorsed, "From Frankfort, September 26 to October 6," new style—Bromley.

<sup>2</sup> Dated September 20 to October 10—*D'Alsace* ; but the editor of Bromley Letters has mistaken place and date of the year. The circumstances Frederic mentions rectify the last ; and the town of Altsheim, on the river Altz, near Frankenthal, should have been the date of place.

me to send to you, and little "goupes" on the part of her husband. I believe if they had had anything better they would willingly have offered it to you. Believe me I love you entirely, and that my thoughts are on you perpetually, and that I shall be all my life, my dear only heart, your very faithful friend, and very affectionate servitor,

"FREDERIC."

"De Mayence, 20/30 October, 1632."<sup>1</sup>

There were circumstances connected with the family-meeting of the Princes of the Palatine family, joined by Frederic at Mentz, which he did not communicate to his high-spirited Elizabeth; but which sorely vexed his own broken spirit. It was there that Gustavus Adolphus gave him, as his ultimatum, the terms of holding the Palatinate in vassalage to him. Such degradation was little softened by the unfolding of the plans of Gustavus Adolphus, who aimed at being the Emperor of Protestant Germany.<sup>2</sup> It was but the very day before the great battle of Lutzen that Frederic, then at Mentz, wrote the following letter to Elizabeth, dated November 5/15, 1632:—

"Your letter was happily received by me on Saturday evening. It is my best satisfaction here that the posts have returned to their punctuality, and that I have often your news. I am glad you have seen your countryman, and you did well to write to me. By him I know you have sent my portrait to the Marquess of Hamilton, from whom I have not heard since we parted."

He then enters into a passage of ciphered politics: from it may be gathered that her dower-castle of Frankenthal had agreed to surrender to him.

"I have received the portrait of Philip [his fifth son]. I think it improved, but it seems to me too old. Beningsley serves our children well; no one can be more fit for this charge. I have sent two agates to Clitscher to make them cut into two Georges. I pray you hand to him the enclosed billet, from which he will understand my intentions; and if he does not understand French, explain it to him. As for the pages you mention, I have no vacant place. The French are very dirty, and I cannot augment my numbers. I hope the Duchess of Lansperg will find this excuse legitimate. Do not put yourself in pain; there is no danger to be feared for me

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<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters.

<sup>2</sup> Spanheim's *Life of Juliana*. Frederic Spanheim was born at Amberg, in the High Palatinate, in 1603, an eyewitness of events. He died in 1649, having been theologian Professor at Leyden. He wrote an eulogistic memoir of his sovereign's mother, the Dowager-Electress Juliana, his friend and co-religionist. He may be depended upon in all matters unconnected with religious politics.

here. You must have heard of the taking of Leipsic. The King of Sweden and his army are in that direction. God send him the happy success he has had heretofore; but all depends on the Almighty's will."<sup>1</sup>

After being admitted into the sanctuary of the thoughts of Elizabeth and Frederic by means of the foregoing correspondence, we can scarcely give them credit for the distress and dismay which some writers seem to think it was decent they should manifest for the death of the Swedish hero by the Great Stone of Lutzen—it certainly relieved them from the humiliating idea of holding the Palatinate in vassalage to him. The actual symptoms of feeling shown by Elizabeth were a very early and active anxiety for her husband's interest. She lost no time in writing to her brother, Charles I., to transfer the allowance which it seems he had agreed to pay to the Lutheran champion, to her husband, as her ambition so far mastered her judgment that she absolutely fancied that her broken-spirited Frederic could step into the generalship of the Protestant armies in the place of the slain hero, who was not only hero, but the greatest general of his day. Charles I. agreed to the suggestions of his sister, and gave suitable instructions to his diplomat Elphinstone<sup>2</sup> thereon; but an event was at hand which altered all these arrangements, and provided the weary head of Frederic with rest. As dictator of armies composed of three adverse religionists, troubles would have come upon him indeed in battalions.

The plague was raging in Frankenthal, which place had agreed to surrender to Frederic, November 12. It was reported in Mentz that he had taken the plague; but his secretary Curtius, to whom he gave audience in bed, reports that he mentioned the plague story to him, and treated it as an idle rumour, showing him a swelling in his neck, and telling him "when it burst he should be well." It may be remembered that he mentions to his wife a swelling which came behind his ear, affecting his hearing, to medicate which illness he had retired to Altsheim. He had not been well since the day of severe cavalry service, when he gave personal

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters, November 5/15, 1632.

<sup>2</sup> State-Paper MS.

assistance in the raid of Gustavus Adolphus, to clear the Nuremberg roads of the Croats. Solemn service was performed in the Dom-Church at Mentz on account of the recent victories. All the city flocked thither, and Frederic, tired of his sick-room, would join the congregation. Two counts, his cousins, dined with him. After service his head became very painful; but he attended to business, and arranged the garrison which was to enter Frankenthal on his part, as the Spanish commander had surrendered. He was much agitated at finding that Bannier and Oxenstiern, the Swedish regents, insisted on the same terms of toleration for the Lutherans for which their royal master had stipulated. Yet as King Gustavus Adolphus could no longer claim vassalage from the monarch of the Rhine, his affairs were clearly in a far better state. However this may be, a change for the worse rapidly took place in the health of the unfortunate Frederic. He fancied he heard the voice of his loved and lost Henry calling "Father! father! come to me, father!" in the piteous tones that rang on his ear through the dismal frost-fog of Haarlem Meer.<sup>1</sup> All his attendants were struck with horror at this revelation. One or two who had common sense, declared their master delirious with the fever, and sent in haste to his kind relatives the Prince and Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt for Dr Peter Spina, the physician of their household. This intelligent man could not arrive until November 26. He found the royal patient alarmingly ill; his brain wandering; the whites of the eyes red, and he was withal so weak that to reduce these symptoms would exhaust life itself. Other swellings were apparent on his person, which were considered plague-spots. The treatment of Dr Peter Spina restored the reason of the unfortunate Frederic, who had refreshing sleep, and woke, believing that the crisis of his illness had passed, and insisted on writing a few lines to his dear consort, to tell her the good news, adding, "that if he might but live to see her once more he should die content." His extreme weakness, nevertheless, extinguished all hope, and on the 29th of

<sup>1</sup> Spanheim.



November his final hour was plainly approaching. His last words are preserved by Spanheim, his mother's religious minister, and his own subject. "In dying," he expressed his conviction "that the States of Holland, and Prince Henry their Stadtholder, would not withdraw their protection from the dear Princess his consort, whom he had committed to their care; and that from Charles I. she would continue to receive proofs of fraternal affection. As to himself, she would only lose one whose chief merit had been that she had constantly been the dearest object in his existence." To his children he left an exhortation to remain firm in the Protestant faith, and obedience to their mother. To all his relatives he sent some affectionate remembrance. But with his very last thoughts, and even amid his very last prayers, the name of Elizabeth was tenderly mingled.<sup>1</sup>

Frederic expired in the Castle of Mentz<sup>2</sup> about seven in the evening of November 29, 1632, new style, with calmness and devotion. Sorrow at witnessing the miseries of his loving subjects had brought his days to an end in the meridian of life, for he was but in the thirty-sixth year of his age. The fortress of Frankenthal was not given up by the Infanta's troops until the third day after Frederic had expired. It received him dead, though not living, for he was interred in the Dom-Kirk; at which time it was taken possession of by the Duke of Simmeren, as administrator for Charles Louis his nephew, whose affairs he was to manage during his minority. About two years afterwards, when this unlucky Frankenthal again fell under the power of the Imperialists, the Duke of Simmeren removed his brother's coffin to the burial-place of his relatives, the Bouillons, at Sedan, on account of the outrages the Roman Catholic troops had committed at Heidelberg in the place of interment of the ancient Palatine princes. There the remains of the hapless Frederic at last found rest in a world which had afforded him none when living, and with difficulty permitted it in death. Sedan was the abode of his earliest years, and where he received his education.

<sup>1</sup> Spanheim.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

# ELIZABETH STUART

## CHAPTER VI.

### SUMMARY

News of her widowhood broken to Elizabeth by the Prince of Orange—Her surprise and agony—Charles I. entreats her to visit him—She pleads her duty to her children in excuse—Leaves her sick-bed and assumes widow's garb to receive Lord Arundel—Charles I.'s bounty to her and her children—Elizabeth's loving letters to him—Her warm gratitude—Her eldest son's disposition—Her daughter's accomplishments—Elizabeth tempted by Richelieu and Charnasse to betray her brother—Her noble reply—Charles I. invites her sons to England—She sends the young Elector and Rupert—Rupert intended for a leader of emigration by Charles I.—Elizabeth forbids it—Uladislaus, King of Poland, asks the hand of her daughter Elizabeth—Elizabeth's partiality for her eldest son—Differences between her and her eldest daughter—The young Elector's letters to his mother—Scandals circulated by her maid Mrs Crofts and Lady Carlisle—Elizabeth fears for her son Rupert's religion—Queen Henrietta tries to make him Roman Catholic—Elizabeth wishes him to fight against the Emperor—Forbids his voyage to the East Indies—Her letter against colonising—Death of the Emperor Ferdinand II.—Elizabeth receives Marie de Medicis—Tired of her company at the Hague—Dreads her visit for Charles I.—Elector and Rupert lose the battle of Lippe—Rupert and Lord Craven taken by the Imperialists—Elizabeth wishes Rupert dead rather than prisoner—Repents her wish—Her indifference to Lord Craven—Maurice, Edward, and Philip sent by her to Paris to learn graces—Elector gets into prison at Vincennes—Great trouble of Elizabeth—Richelieu puts under restraint her other sons—Return of the young Elector to England—His meanness and ingratitude to Charles I.—Sudden return of Rupert to his mother—He and Maurice sent to fight for Charles I. by their mother—Cavalier ballad in which she is mentioned—Death of her youngest child Gustaf.

ELIZABETH was by no means prepared for the blow that awaited her. From the last letter written to her by her unfortunate consort, she had derived no idea of his danger ;

her sanguine and hopeful temperament anticipated nothing worse than a return in triumph to Frankenthal. Every hour she expected the announcement that her Frederic would come to reinstate her, as before, in the beautiful dominions they had forsaken in an evil hour for the empty title of royalty. She was ill with the intermittent fever which had raged along the Rhine that wet and sickly season. The old family physician, Dr Rumpf, who had long been domesticated at the Hague with the Palatine, was the person deputed to break the tidings of her bereavement, Dr Spina having written a narrative letter to him,<sup>1</sup> detailing the particulars of the event. Rumpf called to his aid the Countess of Solms, mother to the Princess of Orange, and, at last, the Prince himself. Her reception of the dreadful truth was such as to make these old and valued friends<sup>2</sup> of Elizabeth believe her life was in danger. Months afterwards she herself described her own sufferings, declaring—"that it seemed to take away her faculties, although not her sense of misery, and that she remained for three days chill and silent, unable to speak or weep."<sup>3</sup> Her sympathising friends, the Prince of Orange and the Countess Solms, wrote piteously of her sad state to her brother, Charles L, whose affectionate letter, written only ten days after the fatal event, was the first thing that afforded her the slightest solace. Her faithful secretary, Francis Nethersole, was the bearer of the King's letter. So anxious was Charles that it should reach her hands speedily, that he provided Nethersole with passports from various ports, that he might embark where the wind served best to the Hague. Charles invited her tenderly to England, entreating her to set out the moment she was able.<sup>4</sup> Meantime he prepared for her reception her former residences, the Cockpit of Whitehall, and his palace at Eltham.<sup>5</sup> The afflicted Queen, when sufficiently recovered, wrote to her brother a long letter in reply to

<sup>1</sup> State-Paper MS., November 20/30, 1632—Peter Spina to Dr Rumpf.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Thomas Roe's Correspondence in Germany—Letter from Elizabeth of Bohemia. State-Paper MS.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

<sup>4</sup> Archives of France, Arsenal, Paris. The letter and the answer have been translated for the information of Richelieu.

<sup>5</sup> Harleian MS.—Pory to Sir Thomas Puckering.

this affectionate invitation.<sup>1</sup> She tells him that "his messengers, Boswell and Nethersole, found her the most afflicted creature this world ever held, having lost the best friend she had in it, in whom her joy and affections were so entirely centred that glad she should be to be at rest by him, were it not for his helpless children; and further, the great kindness she received from so dear a brother, made her wish to live to aid them."

The invitation to England, for which she had vainly longed in her father's time, she declines as inconsistent with the German etiquette of widowhood, which forced her to seclude herself several weeks in her chamber; and for her children's sake, she resolved to observe rigorously the customs of their country. She requests her brother to observe the strange coincidence that, though ill of the same intermittent fever that carried off her husband, yet, it being her dear brother's birthday, November 19th (old style), she was writing to him, the subject being the King of Sweden's death (whom, by the way, she named without the least expression of regret), when Nethersole desired an interview with her to communicate Charles I.'s desire to see her in England, an invitation that her brother had sent previously, thinking dangerous times would be at hand for women and children after the death of the Swedish champion. On this very day her husband breathed his last, as she recalls to her brother's remembrance. Again she expresses her regret "that she cannot come to him in England, because it became very needful to exert herself for the restoration of her son to the Palatinate, and she must prefer the welfare of her children to her own happiness; adding that the last request their father made her at parting was for her 'to do her utmost for them;' and now she loved them more because they were his children than because they were her own. After thanking her brother for sending her a person so esteemed by her as Nethersole, the only one she could have conferred with in her desolate state, and who carries back her answer, she bids Charles I. require of him the particulars of how kind the

<sup>1</sup> Archives of France—MS. in French for Richelieu.



Prince of Orange was to her, and how much attached that faithful friend was to him." And good reason had the Prince of Orange to be so, for Charles I. had incurred the deadly malice of Richelieu by protecting Holland from his power.<sup>1</sup>

King Charles had just before received a letter from Leyden,<sup>2</sup> written by Elizabeth's eldest surviving son, the young Elector Palatine, to whose signature was added those of his three younger brothers studying at the University with him. The words were simple and touching, reminding the King "that they had hitherto been brought up by his bounty, and that, now God had taken from them their dear lord and father, they had no protector but him, to whose gracious arms they committed themselves, having no hope in this world greater than belonging to his royal blood." Rupert, Maurice, and Edward, joined their names to this supplication. To which Charles replied, "that the place of their father could be supplied, since he would fill it; but he had irreparably lost a dear brother."

Elizabeth had for some time confided her eldest son to Sir John Dineley as governor, and her younger ones to the charge of her former page, her little monkey, Sir Jacob Astley. During the acuteness of her grief Dineley wrote frequently to her old friend, Sir Thomas Roe, in which he uses this emphatic comparison, "Her Majesty, the most afflicted of women, and yet the greater for her trials, hath passed through fire and water, sighs and tears, though not without some marks of her agony."<sup>3</sup> Wasted, indeed, with grief and sickness, she, for the first time, left her chamber and her bed-wrappers, and assumed her sable garb of widowhood, in order to receive the solemn embassy sent by her brother nominally for condolence, but really for the better arrangement of her affairs. Lord Arundel, the Premier Peer of England, her early friend, was this ambassador; he brought with him a train of one hundred and fifty persons.

A consultation took place on the private and public

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Temple.

<sup>2</sup> State Papers.

<sup>3</sup> State Papers, Feb. 14—Sir John Dineley to Sir T. Roe.

affairs of the Palatine family, in which Lord Arundel assisted Elizabeth. The allowance that Charles I. had hitherto awarded to them he agreed to continue. It was in arrears, which he paid towards the liquidation of their debts. Twenty thousand pounds per annum was the sum he paid to his sister and her children, chiefly from his own estates, as long as he was able to draw any revenue from them. Notwithstanding the troubles in which Frederic had been involved, he left the account of his affairs a pattern of that order for which the German character is noted. Seventy thousand pounds lay in the Amsterdam Bank towards the provision of his younger children, the fruits of the sale of one of the appanage properties belonging to the younger branches of his line. But his own olive branches were so very numerous, that provision, according to their rank, was not easy to make, even if all had been prosperous in the rich old cities of the Rhine, over which his government formerly extended. Great difficulties had been removed from the settlement of affairs by the death of the head of the house. The calamitous sceptre of Bohemia, which had been the cause of weighing Frederic to the tomb, was removed from his son, and its miserable title only remained with the Dowager-Queen Elizabeth. Heidelberg had surrendered, and was given up by the Swedes to Duke Louis Philip of Simmeren, and he who had arranged his tolerations of the clashing Christian sects to the satisfaction of the Swedes, pursued the same course for his nephew—an arrangement to which fanatic objections by the sectarians at the Hague were clamorously urged on Elizabeth, whereupon her brother-in-law threw up his trust, with the intimation that if they did not approve of his moderate policy, perhaps they would prefer the administration of the young Elector's next of kin.<sup>1</sup> Now this happened to be the Roman Catholic Duke of Neuburg, an inexorable Imperial partisan, into whose hands, by the German law, the guardianship of the Palatine princes

<sup>1</sup> State-Paper MSS. from Jan. 1632-33 to Nov. 1633; likewise Spanheim, who, of course, conceals as much as possible the intolerance of his sect.

must inevitably fall. Louis Philip of Simmeren knew well the dilemma in which the Dutch fanatics were fixed. He was obstinate in refusing his difficult guardianship; and it was not until the entreaties of his mother, the Electress Juliana, were joined to those of Elizabeth that he would resume the government of his nephew's dominions. It followed that Elizabeth's eldest son, Charles Louis, was acknowledged as Prince of the Lower Palatinate. The domains of the Upper Palatinate, when his father fell under the ban of the Empire, had been given by the Imperial Diet to his cousin, Max of Bavaria. War-wasted as they were, they proved the richest gem in his electoral bonnet; for the Bavarian Duke had been promoted as the first Elector in rank in the Imperial chapter, the place hitherto held by Frederic and his ancestors.

War still raged along the Rhine. Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar was nominally considered head of the Swedish armies; they were in fact divided into three, commanded by him, General Bannier, and General Wrangel, who acted almost independently of each other, like the war-kings who, either under the Saxon or Danish banner, once ravaged fair England.

There was little cordial co-operation between the Lutheran and the Calvinist leaders. Henry Prince of Orange sustained the cause of the latter; Elizabeth's eldest son, with his next brother, Rupert, only thirteen, entered his army as princely volunteers, to learn the art of war. Her younger sons remained at Leyden, and she herself retired with her daughters to Rhenen, where they beguiled their griefs in the cultivation of the arts. The young Princess Palatine, Elizabeth, under the tuition of her mother's old instructor, Honthorst, became celebrated as an amateur artist; her next sister, Louisa, surpassed her; and indeed their pieces still command prices in Europe, not merely as royal relics, but as fine specimens of Flemish art in portrait-painting.<sup>1</sup> On the young Elizabeth had descended no share of the beauty of her ancestress, Mary Stuart; but she was renowned for her learning as well as her

<sup>1</sup> Some are to be seen at Althorpe.

artistical skill. Louisa was lovely in person, and very attractive in manners. The next sister, Henrietta Maria, a little one about five years old, was pretty ; and the young one, Sophia, an infant of three years, promised to be the handsomest of all ; her playfulness and vivacity made her the darling of her brother and sovereign, Charles Louis. It was well there was some one to mollify the temper of that Prince, who, exasperated by evil fortunes, already showed symptoms of those ill qualities of misanthropy and selfishness, which afterwards pained his mother's heart more than any of her other griefs.

Elizabeth herself was the last person in the world to encourage the party that laid her brother's crown in the dust, and finally took his life. Her letters of advice to him breathe a bellicose spirit, which would have speedily settled the civil war one way or other. Yet in England her name had succeeded that of the unfortunate Princesses of the House of Gray as the rallying-point of the Geneva factions, political and religious. Many withal, young and romantic persons growing up, were her devoted admirers ; persons who had no politics but their feelings, wholly distinct from the polemic agitators, who merely wanted her name for a cry. The father of her secretary, Nethersole, was leader in the House of Commons of a strange set of supernaturalists of the Brownist class ; he insisted on telling his dreams at every sitting of the House for deliberation or committee, until he was voted a nuisance—and no wonder. Such was the temper of affairs when Elizabeth sent her faithful servant, his son, on her old errand of begging money from her brother. Sir Francis Nethersole was prosaic and obtuse to that degree that his letters and despatches offer a collection of the driest bones that were ever served up to the historical reader ; but he was sincere in his loyalty to Elizabeth. Finding money scarce in the Court of England in 1633, Nethersole took it into his head to raise some by begging through the country in the name of his distressed mistress, appealing to her popularity for the smallest donations. Charles I. considered such a proceeding dangerous and disgraceful, and forbade it. Nethersole



was contumacious before the Council Board ; was put under arrest ; escaped to his friend the Dutch Ambassador ; and became the cause of a very long and dull controversy between the Dutch and the ministers of Charles I. Elizabeth loved her brother too well to suffer politicians to interfere between her heart and his. Charles invited his sister to become godmother to his second son James, the same autumn, an office which she always remembered with maternal kindness when they afterwards met in Holland. Her dear godson "Tint," as she often calls him, is mentioned frequently in her letters.

The hopes of all her friends were awakened by movements in the Upper Palatinate in favour of her son, and it was to encourage these demonstrations that Nethersole was so eager with the begging-box in England.

The years of her eldest son's minority passed sadly over Elizabeth. Bitterly she continued to weep for her lost partner, and great reason she had to regret him as her sons advanced towards manhood. Miserably as Germany suffered under the scourge of the Thirty Years' War, the forces of the Emperor were too strong for the Lutheran Princes and the Swedes. The latter armies lived on the land of friend or foe, or whatsoever they could take by force ; yet, though often victorious, they dwindled. Then Richelieu extended his blandishments to the Calvinists, who, under his influence, were getting too strong for Charles I. in Great Britain.<sup>1</sup> He strongly tempted Elizabeth to set up her interest against her brother ; but the true love of the sister proved too strong for any ambitious ideas the cunning ambassadors of Richelieu could suggest in her mind. Her bright and righteous intellect saw the motives of the French prime-minister full clearly. From the hour which witnessed the union of the island monarchies, every scheme—every calumny human ingenuity could invent, the French had recourse to in order to rend asunder the ties of affection which held together the royal family, by whom it pleased Providence to effect that beneficial event. No measure was too

<sup>1</sup> Temple. He affirms that Richelieu bribed the agitators, Pym, Hampden, &c.—See his works.

violent that would delay the dreaded time when the British island-empire took its natural rank in Europe—the rank it holds in the nineteenth century. The French monarchy, notwithstanding its claim to be the eldest daughter of the Christian Church, cared not with what wild fanatics she fraternised, so that she could pull down the island throne. But had every branch of the reigning family proved true-hearted, like Elizabeth Stuart, France had sowed the seeds of strife in vain.

Richelieu had private revenge, as well as this fixed policy of his country, to pursue. Charles I. had supported the party of his persecuted benefactress, Marie de Medicis, the mother of the Queen. Taking advantage of the delivery of the desolated Heidelberg into the hands of her son's guardian, the Duke of Simmeren, in which the French army, allied with the Swedes, had some personal share, Richelieu, by his ambassador, would have lured Elizabeth secretly to forsake all reliance on her brother, and league herself with him. Charnasse,<sup>1</sup> his agent in northern diplomacy, then at the Hague, presented himself at one of her public days before her saloons filled, and entered on this subject. But Elizabeth was full of indignation, because the French had refused to give her son his title of Elector. Charnasse having pressed on her attention that her brother neither would nor could give her help from England, put the insidious question, "What, then, will your Majesty do?" "What God and my friends will advise me," replied the heroine; and, by the way, this feminine and almost childish answer was as appropriate as any that could have been made to the question direct, blurted out by Charnasse. "Why, Madame," he replied, "if you would seek the King my master, you might have assistance and protection." His master was Louis XIII., who, though of age, was utterly governed by the imperious Richelieu. "Since you speak

<sup>1</sup> Hercules Baron de Charnasse, a Breton noble, envoy from Louis XIII. to Gustavus Adolphus. He joined the functions of colonel to those of ambassador. In the latter capacity he was killed at the siege of Breda in 1637, having previously carried on negotiations with Denmark, Poland, and the Princes of Germany. Elizabeth's eldest son speaks of him as "Colonel Charnace," in his letters to his mother of 1636.

thus," said Elizabeth, "I will tell you my mind freely. The King my husband, before his death, sent to the King your master, and desired his assistance, but was altogether neglected.<sup>1</sup> Since his death I wrote to the King your master, as I did to all other Princes; but to this day he never thought me worthy of an answer. Small reason have I to trust to his help, so long as he denies the unquestionable right and title of my son, and gives it to our mortal enemy, a usurper!" This was the powerful office of Elector Palatine and Vicar-General of the Empire, who actually had to govern the Empire in any interregnum, from the decease of one Emperor to the election of his successor. It had been given by the Diet to the Duke of Bavaria. No doubt Richelieu would have been charmed at the opportunity of molesting the German Emperor by questioning it; but there are some private national customs which cannot be interfered with by potentates of the same church. "Why, what would you have our King do?" replied Charnasse, "he cannot make a German Elector!" "No, nor unmake him either," retorted Elizabeth. "Madame," observed Charnasse, "our King hath done no more than the King your brother, who gave not your son the title of Elector until he sent him the order. As for the Marquis of Brandenburg,<sup>2</sup> he doth not give it him yet." Charles I. only acted according to etiquette, which in this instance was regulated by good sense, elector being rather a function than a title, and not exercised by minors. He had sent his nephew the Order of the Garter soon after he entered his eighteenth year, on Christmas Eve, 1634.

Then the unscrupulous French negotiator took the opportunity of pressing on Elizabeth the advantages which would accrue to her family, if, by means of entering into

<sup>1</sup> Several passages in Letters of Frederic to Elizabeth—Bromley Papers. Such was the case; and the detail is involved in that maze of ciphers of which Elizabeth had the key. It is not particularly appropriate, where it occurs, to her personal life.

<sup>2</sup> Both George William and his successor Frederic William, called the Great Elector of Brandenburg, were devotedly loyal to the Emperor, which caused them severe sufferings, until the elector gave the Swedes tremendous reverses. They were as nearly related to Elizabeth's son as Charles by the marriage of his father's sister, Charlotte, to George William.

alliance with France, or rather his patron, Richelieu, her sons could successfully rival her royal brother in England. This unprincipled proposition, which in after times was not always made in vain to scions of the royal family of Stuart, was met by the high-minded Elizabeth with the feelings to which every heart, true to the sacred cause of family friendship, will respond. The French agent insinuated to her, in terms dark enough, excepting to persons acquainted with the innermost springs that worked the policy of that day, "how much it behoved the interest of her sons to have a strong party in England, likely to raise their cause in opposition to their uncle and his family." Elizabeth instantly comprehended the incendiary meaning. She disdained to reply in enigmas, but honestly, and without the possibility of mistake, said, "Rather than do anything myself, or that my children should in the slightest degree touch King Charles my brother's *honour* [dignity], I will see them all lie dead at my feet. And," continued Elizabeth, "if any of them should be so degenerate as to consent to any such thing, I will give them my curse!"—words that fell not in vain, as the after acts of the English tragedy can prove. The noble-minded lady immediately communicated this conversation with Charnasse to the envoy of her brother, Sir William Boswell, who wrote it in his Despatches from the Hague to Charles I.<sup>1</sup>

Notwithstanding the Calvinistic profession of the Palatinate, and the Princes education there, the livelier spirits indigenous to Southern Germany had retained some of the amusements of the old faith, which Luther's reform, the first established on the Rhine, had either winked at or approved. The Carnival, for instance, had always been kept in the family of Elizabeth with merry and mad fun. Sometimes the mumming, masking, and revelling at her abode had rather astonished the Mynheers; yet as the Hague was the water-portal of Europe, and being used to the customs of many nations, the said Mynheers had not objected. But this year a mask of Yagers, performed by the young Elector

<sup>1</sup> State-Papers, March 29, 1635. To form an accurate notion of this date, it must be remembered that, but four days previously, it was 1634-35.



Palatine and his brothers Rupert, Maurice, and Edward, their songs, dances, hallooing, and other jovialties, happened so inopportunately, as perfectly to enrage a solemn body of English puritans just come from their own country with a godly condolence, to see how the insinuations of Charnasse had worked in the mind of their King's sister. And some other puritans in Elizabeth's service joined in condemning the wickedness of the young Elector, Charles Louis, and his brethren. All these small vexations, aggravating her continual cares, impaired the health of Elizabeth. The nervous fever of anxiety again degenerated into the intermittent fever of the previous year. So long the quotidian held her, that the succeeding May (1635) found her unable to rise from her bed, or stand without support. Until then, time had laid a lenient hand on her beauty. Now sickness and grief began to leave their prints on her countenance. It was a year of intolerable suspense and expectation. Her eldest son considered himself old enough to head an army of his subjects, who offered to raise his banners in the High Palatinate, and re-conquer his rights. How they were to be paid and subsisted was another affair. Even if money could be raised, it could not be eaten. The patient German boors had lost that confidence in the future which every man must have who tills the earth and commits seed to its bosom. For twenty years in the fertile land of Southern Germany, whatsoever the peasant sowed was reaped or down-trodden by the soldiers of Wallenstein or the Swede. The land was no longer cultivated; famines of the most fearful species ensued. Heavy above all they brooded over the beautiful Palatinate, where the hapless peasants were found dead by the roadside or in the woods, having thrust tufts of grass in their mouths, vainly trying thus to appease the cravings of hunger.<sup>1</sup> The Swedish Chancellor Oxenstiern came in embassy to Elizabeth on the subject of her son's approaching majority. His son Peter went to Charles I.; many reports were afloat concerning the hand of the young Swedish Queen, Christina, being bestowed on the eldest son of Elizabeth at this period, which came to

<sup>1</sup> Spanheim. Bengel.

nothing.<sup>1</sup> The bitterness of her fallen fortunes pressed on the heart of Elizabeth, and a contrast was drawn between her expatriated son and the power of the young northern Queen. The result of these negotiations was, that Charles I. sent a kind invitation to his two eldest nephews.<sup>2</sup> It was thought desirable for the young Elector Palatine to complete his eighteenth year at the court of his uncle, 1635, the birthday of his legal majority, he being born December 24, 1617. He was received with paternal kindness by Charles I., a noble sum, amounting to more than £15,000 per annum, appointed for his support, and a negotiation entered into for that division of the Swedish army which was commanded by the Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar. The expected death of the Emperor Ferdinand II., the implacable enemy of the young Elector's father, gave hopes to Elizabeth that her brother's application at the Court of Vienna, for the restoration of his nephew, would have some success. Alas! little more than one-half of the dreadful Thirty Years' War had then rolled over Europe; the worst of its horrors was to come. Civil war was on the verge of extending its flames to England.<sup>3</sup>

Elizabeth remained at the Hague with her daughters: her brother, as a pledge of his friendship, gave her name to a new-born daughter, that younger Elizabeth Stuart who came into a world of woe at the close of the year 1635. Her years of misery were fewer than those of her aunt and namesake; her gifts of talents, temper, and beauty, as excellent. Charles I., in the midst of his poverty, and the agitations around him, was intent on relieving England from the discontent occasioned by the redundancy of population which long peace had fostered. His father's noble colony of Virginia, and his own colony of Maryland, suggested the plan of a great English colony in the East Indies. The delight the young Palatine Princes had always taken in naval affairs in their alluvial home of Holland, gave him the idea of making the younger sons leaders of emigration.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Benger.

<sup>2</sup> Toone's Chronology. Howell, in his letters of January 2, 1635-36, says both brothers had been some time in England.

<sup>3</sup> Toone's Chronology.

<sup>4</sup> Howell's Letters.

Lord Craven conducted Rupert to England in the winter of 1635-36. He was his mother's best-beloved son, although she joked much in her correspondence with Sir Harry Vane, the elder, calling him "Robert le Diable," describing in his uncouth manners a certain compound of shyness and ferocity, which modern parlance calls "cubbishness," very different from his handsome brother Charles Louis, who soon became popular among the ladies of his uncle's court,<sup>1</sup> for the latter was courtly notwithstanding his inherent ill nature.

"I fear," wrote his mother soon after his arrival, "that *mon envoyé* will not make altogether so many compliments as my Lord of Carlisle does ; yet I hope, for blood sake, he will be welcome, though I believe he will not trouble the ladies with courting them, nor be thought a very *beau garçon*, which you slander his brother with."

Rupert, who was then sixteen, was tall, manly, and robust, devoted to practical science, and also to abstruse learning ; by no means elegant in features, and slovenly excepting when on horseback in the day of battle, ready for the fiery charge. His mother entreated the English diplomatist to give good counsel to her Rupert when thus emerging into public life. "Tell him when he does ill, for he is good-natured enough, but does not always think of what he should do." Could Elizabeth have looked forward to the colonial powers of Great Britain, she would not have committed her great fault in opposing her brother's plan for the employment and advancement of her younger sons. Rupert ardently entered into his royal uncle's plans. But his mother thought that carrying on the war by the banks of the Rhine, with a handful of mercenary troopers, filling graves as early in life as Duke Christian, Mansfelt, Gustavus Adolphus, and their father, was a better fate for her young German princes than leading the van of English colonisation. She mocked at the East India expedition Charles I. was fitting out, and rather insultingly declared, "that it was a Quixotic scheme," and "no son of hers should roam the world as knight-errant."<sup>2</sup> Then she

<sup>1</sup> State Papers—Holland Correspondence, Jan. 23 (old style), 1635-36.

<sup>2</sup> Howell's Letters, January 2, 1635-36.

commissioned the Dutch Councillor Rusdorf, "who was in England on business, to urge to Rupert his dignified station as a German prince; the grief into which he would plunge her, his mother, his young sisters, and his aged grandmother, the Electress Juliana; and how much more fitting it would be for him to exert his youthful prowess against his ancestral enemies." Young Rupert, whose natural good sense led him to the useful and practical, listened with great distaste to the lecture of his mother's agent. He did not profess intentions of disobedience, but his wishes remained fixed to his voyage. Then, Rusdorf having deputed Sir Thomas Roe<sup>1</sup> to communicate his ill success, she wrote peremptorily to recall Rupert to her at the Hague. The young hero was sedulously studying marine architecture, chemistry, and many other sciences conducive to his royal uncle's practical views. When it is remembered how many brilliant inventions emanated from Rupert's mind, it is grievous to find the young navigator, mineralogist, and chemist, degenerate into the blood-stained leader of partisan warfare, urged by female prejudices not many degrees more rational than those of country ladies at the present day, who have a taste for the military, and whose brothers must be officers, and nothing else. The young Elector Palatine, Charles Louis, kept up from Hampton Court an earnest correspondence with his mother, but the earliest of his letters preserved does not occur before the end of April 1636. In the course of the despatch,<sup>2</sup> which tells less clearly than the foregoing narrative the state of the English treaties with the Emperor of Germany on behalf of the restoration of the Palatinate, carried on by Elizabeth's old friend Lord Arundel, he alludes to his brother Rupert, saying that "King Charles desired him to stay longer in England, and Queen Henrietta Maria wished the same; the Queen said, 'that since he and Rupert had been so long together, she would not have them separate;' and King Charles added, 'he did not wish him, his elder nephew, to leave his court until he had agreed for his being put in possession of

<sup>1</sup> State Papers—Roe's Correspondence, 1636.

<sup>2</sup> Bromley Letters.



his rights, or enabled to seek them by force of arms.'” As for Queen Henrietta, with her usual passion for conversions, she was busy, with her spiritual assistants, besieging Rupert’s Protestantism. As in most cases where political religious controversy rages fierce and high, the Christianity of that young ardent soul was destroyed, and perished under the polemic blows dealt it on one side by his aunt’s priests, and on the other side by his mother’s Dutch protectors; for whatsoever the one party revered, the other mocked and pulled to pieces. If there is any Christianity in professed controversialists—a matter on which we have great doubts from historical experience—it were well that they deeply meditated on the results of their doings. Rupert owned to his mother, as her letters declare, that if he had remained a few days longer at Queen Henrietta’s court, “he should have become a Roman Catholic.” And the Queen, when told of this by Elizabeth, said with her usual lively eagerness, “that if she had had an idea of the state of Rupert’s mind, he should not have departed as he did.”

The tasks that now devolved on Elizabeth were far too heavy for her toil-avoiding temperament. She felt more keenly than ever the loss of her beloved husband, whose regularity and close attention to detail, although ill suited to the dash of partisan warfare and the rapidity of military enterprise, were excellent for the patriarchal government of a peaceful hereditary State and his own family. As the sons and daughters of Elizabeth grew up, each testified an inclination for a separate will and way, and there was no sire to control them. Many symptoms of a disordered and divided household appear among the fragments extant of her original correspondence.

The marriage of Elizabeth’s eldest daughter was under negotiation both at the English court and that of the Hague. Uladislaus, King of Poland, was a suitor for the hand of this young lady, but the usual religious differences started up. The young Princess Elizabeth had been brought up a Calvinist, which sect she professed at the Hague. She was now seventeen, and still attached to it. Her warlike suitor could not marry her unless she changed it.

Her royal uncle of England demanded toleration for his niece; but the anti-tolerant Poles would not consent to the exercise on their throne of any faith but their own, although Uladislaus told them "that this marriage would cause his bride's uncle, Charles I., to aid the hereditary claims of his line on the Swedish throne, then merely occupied by a girl, Queen Christina." Then Elizabeth declared she would never be the means of authorising an attack on the only child of Gustavus Adolphus.<sup>1</sup> She was withal alarmed lest the treaty for this match should disgust her faithful friends the Hogan-Mogans of the Dutch States. Speaking of the Polish match for her young Elizabeth, she says very coolly—"For myself, if it be found good for my son's affairs, and good conditions for religion, I shall be content with it; else I assure you I shall not desire it, my son being more dear to me than *all* my daughters"—an unjust sentence, in which was probably comprehended the great unhappiness and sore family strife which afterwards tortured her declining years. The pride of Elizabeth's high descent, which seldom indeed manifested itself, now was apparent, though quietly, in answer to some exaggeration concerning the lofty rank of the Polish monarch.<sup>2</sup> "As to the greatness of the match," pursues Elizabeth, "*Madame vaut Monsieur* is an old French proverb; but for the King's [Uladislaus'] person, there is nothing to be said against it, he being a brave and worthy prince, whom I honour very much." She entreated that Sir Robert Gordon, the envoy to Poland from Charles I., would so assure the Polish King. The grandmother of Elizabeth's children, the Electress Juliana, had been the mover of this project of alliance. She had retreated from the unhallowed din of religious civil war, to the protection of the heroic Uladislaus, and had perhaps hoped to compose it by the sweet influence of the young Protestant bride, her grandchild; for Elizabeth, Princess Palatine, although possessing little outward comeliness, was remarkable for softness of temper and mildness of expression. The aged Juliana earnestly entreated that great caution might be used, so as not to incense King Uladislaus, her benefactor.

<sup>1</sup> State Papers, Feb. 21, new style, 1635-36.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

Although the young Princess remained firm in the Protestant tenets, she evidently felt painful agitation during the negotiation of the Polish hero for her hand, having been observed to blush deeply if his ambassador spoke to her when her mother kept court at her Hague residence. Before the rupture of the marriage treaty, the young Elizabeth, who was even then the most learned princess in Europe, declared her intention never to enter into another marriage negotiation, but to devote herself to a single life, and the pursuit of learning and philosophy—a determination which did not please her mother; anger between them ensued, and then forgiveness.

“Gordon had written to Dolben, whom your Majesty knows,” wrote the young Elector from the English Court to his mother at the Hague, “that the Ambassador of Poland was making all haste to return to Holland, and that he would go his half in any wager that might be laid for the match. My sister makes mention, in all her letters to me, how happy she is now in seeing your Majesty gracious to her; and as her greatest ambition is to be continued in your favour, like the rest of your children, so her only grief would be if you should find any cause in her to discontent you, or to use her with the former coldness. If she should give any, I would condemn her sooner than anybody; for it appertaineth to me, who have received most favour from your Majesty, to have a singular care that none of us fail in the duty and obedience we owe you. Thus I will shut up my long tedious letter.”<sup>1</sup>

The treaty lingered some time afterwards; its most satisfactory result was that Elizabeth and her daughter were greatly praised by the puritan party in England for their firmness in their Protestant principles, in which they were most sincere, but undeniably for conscience sake, and not to court popularity. There was an archduchess, who would have suited the old Duke of Bavaria much better, proposed for the young Elector Palatine. Sir Thomas Roe waited on Elizabeth at the Hague, and in an afternoon reception she gave him at two o'clock, as soon as her dinner was over, he opened the marriage treaty.<sup>2</sup> She flinched at the marriage of her son with the Emperor's daughter, saying, “The Archduchess was many years older than

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters, April 25. No other date, and misplaced in the collection. The events, however, date it as in the spring of 1636.

<sup>2</sup> State-Paper MS., April 12 to 22, 1636.

the Prince, and no comely person." Sir Thomas Roe replied, "Princes' marriages did rather respect states than persons; in this the Prince Elector married the Palatinate rather than the Emperor's daughter, and should more endeavour to advance his estate than please his eye and fancy." Thus exhorted, Elizabeth submitted the matter to her brother, but she foretold the ill success of the embassy conducted by the Earl Marshal Arundel, himself a Roman Catholic. "I know," she said to Roe,<sup>1</sup> "he loves my person and my children well, yet he is no enemy to the House of Austria, and I know he loves not the Dutch, high nor low. Methinks he would end the business any way so it be peaceably. Marshal he may be, yet not martially given in this business." Thus the perplexed Queen consoled herself with a pun, which Shakespeare would not have disdained so much as he ought, but took care that her favourite son was not afflicted with an old and uncomely bride.

Charles Louis communicates to his mother the termination of the disgrace of her attached but blundering servant Nethersole, who had been let out of durance vile:—

"Sir Francis Nether. He hath kissed King Charles's hand and the Queen's hand; the King hath granted the continuance of his pension of £200, and now he means to go back into the country. I see by your letter that my Lord Boswell brought, that your Majesty is in doubt as to what I shall do, but the King's goodness is so great that he will never press me to anything without your knowledge."

Then, alluding to the Polish match for his sister, he declares that the King of Poland said he preferred to treat with Charles I., because he had thought he would not be so strict in religion as his sister Elizabeth, and that Queen Henrietta would aid him,—

"But," continues the young Elector Palatine, earnestly, "you were not deceived in what you answered, that King Charles would not go less in that [the Protestant religion] than yourself; and as for Queen Henrietta, she was so discreet she would not meddle with it."

The royal Pole had offered to take the young Elizabeth for his bride if she would go to England and place herself for some time under the care of her Roman Catholic aunt,

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth to Sir T. Roe, State-Paper MS.



Queen Henrietta. But the stormy aspect of the political horizon in England was alarming enough to inspire with unusual discretion on the subject of conversions even the Queen of Charles I.

The Queen of Bohemia had sent for the exact height of her eldest son in England by Sir John Mawwood ; it was to be measured without his boot heels. She gave no reason for her request. However, he guessed that it was to compare his stature with that of his young brother Maurice—"at her court," he says, "they think him as high as myself." In his postscript he writes, "I can send the Countess of Kulemburg no fan because the season is past, but I will find something else for her. Surely if ever fans were needed in England, they must have been at the height of this summer." Presents were often sent by the English nobility to Elizabeth, especially horses, she being a daring rider.

"I am glad you like my Lord of Holland's nag ; every one here thought he would be too little for you and too furious ; but I think they said it because they saw me in great want of pads this progress, for they thought him here not fit for hunting."

The Prince had a commission for furnishing horses to recruit the division of the Swedish army under Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, which was not progressing successfully, and says to his mother regarding it,—

"I shall do my best to get good horses for Duke Bernard ; but they are at this time hard to be gotten ; therefore, Madam, make much of them you have. My Lord Stanford hath a roan which he intended to send your Majesty on my coming hither, one of the handsomest horses in England, but he fell lame. Now, lately, he [Lord Stamford, not the horse] told me he had found a farrier that undertook the cure of him, and as soon as he is well he will send him over."<sup>1</sup>

Elizabeth passed the autumn at Rhenen, hunting and exercising herself and her English horses. Meantime much gossip and tale-bearing circulated from her female court, backwards and forwards. Mrs Crofts, who had been the favourite friend of the young Princess Palatine, and one of her royal mother's ladies-in-waiting, quarrelled with the Princess. She asked and obtained leave to visit England,

<sup>1</sup> Endorsed from Oatlands, 11/22 September 1636.

whither she went in the winter of 1637, and presently became leagued with the intriguing Countess of Carlisle, who worked so much mischief in the court of Charles I. To the vexation of the Elector and Rupert, these ladies circulated a great many vexatious tales, giving satirical portraits of every person in the Queen of Bohemia's household for the amusement of the courtiers at Whitehall. This proceeded some time before it came to the knowledge of the Elector, who was absorbed in the political negotiations still dragging their tedious length at the Emperor's court. At the commencement of the New Year he wrote to his mother, full of joy, a letter from Theobald's, that his uncle had resolved to aid him in the war with his fleets, men, and money. But in the course of the spring the machinations of Mistress Crofts, and the tales she told Lord Craven of the rude behaviour to her of the sons of her royal mistress, elicited letters much more amusing. Anticipating the wrath of his Queen-mother, the Elector addressed her on the evil reports of Mistress Crofts, saying:—

“Though I am sure your Majesty maketh no doubt of my civil carriage to Mistress Crofts, because she was your servant, and you commanded it, yet I hear she is not pleased, and hath sent her complaint beyond sea. I do not know whether they are come to your Majesty's ears; but I easily believe it, because she told my Lord Craven that I used her like a stranger, and would not speak to her before her King and Queen [Charles I. and Queen Henrietta]. Yet I may truly say that I have spoken more to her since she came into England than I did in all my lifetime before. If your Majesty will remember the ill opinion I had of her, both before and after my sister's friendship for her, and if you consider the quarrel we had a little before I went from Rhenen about Cave and Horne, you would not think I resented too much her ill carriage since she has fallen out with my sister who now sees her error.”<sup>1</sup>

Among other reports, Elizabeth had been made uneasy by some relating to the great intimacy between Prince Rupert and the elegant Endymion Porter, one of the most accomplished cavaliers at the English court. Rupert spent much of his time with Endymion; and as his wife, the beautiful Olivia, was a Roman Catholic, his Queen-mother thought Rupert's Protestantism in danger.

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters, May 1637.—Whitehall.

"My brother Rupert," continues the letter above, "is still in great friendship with Porter, yet I cannot but commend his carriage towards me, though when I ask him what he means to do, he is very shy to tell me his opinion. I bid him take heed he do not meddle with points of religion among them, for fear some priest or other is too hard for him. Besides, M. Condoth frequents that house very often, for Mistress Porter is a professed Roman Catholic. Which way to get my brother Rupert away I know not, unless I come with him myself. Doctors Spina and Hausman desired to go over to their wives until I have further employment for them."<sup>1</sup>

Elizabeth demanded of him a specific account of all that her attendant, Mistress Crofts, had said of the interior of her palace at the Hague, to which the Elector thus replies :—

"I cannot tell your Majesty particularly what discourse Mistress Crofts makes of them she left beyond sea, but I heard that the third or fourth night after she arrived she gave the characters of all at the Hague to my Lady Carlisle, which I heard by one that overheard them, but would not tell them any particulars, only saying that 'they were particularly well sketched,' and 'her censure sharp enough.' I did not inquire what counsel she gave my brother Rupert, but he told me the other day that 'she would not look upon him.' It is now in your power never to be troubled with her more, for though I hear she has promised your Majesty to the contrary, if she once more returns you will never be rid of her. As for me, I will do her all the help I can if she will stay in England, for I wish her no other ill than that she may not return to your Majesty, let her do us here as much mischief as she can. There is spread over all the town, and every one maketh their judgments of it according to their several affections, that my Lady Livingstone hath given my sister a box on the ear before twenty people in the Prince of Orange's garden, and did not so much as ask her pardon after it."<sup>2</sup>

Elizabeth's eldest daughter, the Princess Palatine Elizabeth, wooed by the King of Poland, is the recipient of this box on the ear. Lady Livingstone was state governess to the younger children; but it is probable that Charles Louis means the Countess de Loewenstein, the widow, his father's relative, and his mother's first lady. He continues the subject of the gossip circulating from his mother's household to the Court at Whitehall, by the means of the lady of his aversion, Mistress Crofts, a person high in his Queen-mother's favour. But his idea is evidently that she was sent over to England to report the conduct of himself and Rupert.

"Your Majesty," he resumes, "will not, I do believe, take it well of those who write over every foolish thing that happens in your court; for

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters, 24th May—Whitehall.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

here they always make the worst of it. I cannot but believe that the box on the ear was given in jest, seeing I heard nothing of it from my sister herself. I see that your Majesty hath no great opinion of the treaty of Hamburg, neither is there any great hopes that it will have any success, because, as is reported here, the King of Hungary [soon after Ferdinand III.] hath forbid them to permit any treaty in their town. This may be a fiction, but any place will be as good."

The death of the Emperor Ferdinand II. brought all the tedious diplomacy to an end; his son, Ferdinand III., was crowned without the services of the young Elector Palatine as Vicar of the Empire; Duke Max of Bavaria and his young babe retained the High Palatinate; King Uladislaus married the ancient and uncomely Archduchess provided for Elizabeth's handsome young Elector. Elizabeth, who was determined to prevent Rupert becoming a leader of colonisation, wrote her mind on that head to her friend, Sir Thomas Roe, speaking scornfully of "Rupert's romance of Madagascar," adding the following sarcasm, not at her son so much as at the originator of the expedition, Charles I.:—

"It sounds like one of Don Quixote's conquests, when he promises his trusty squire to make him king of an island. I heard of it some fourteen days ago, and thereupon I writ a letter to divert him from it, as a thing neither feasible, safe, nor honourable for him. Since then, I have received a letter from Sir Harry Vane, who writes of it as a fine thing; which I cannot enough wonder at. I answered him plainly I did not like of it; I thought it not fit nor safe to send him, the second brother"—[Rupert was indeed the next heir to the broken dominions of the Palatinate]—"when there was work enough to be had for him in Europe. Besides, I thought if Madagascar was a place either worth the taking or possible to be kept, the Portuguese by this time would have had it, having so long time possessed the coast of Africa near to it!"<sup>1</sup>

It is certain that, besides the impossibility of her acting in opposition to her partisans, the Dutch, Elizabeth could not enter into the practical views of her brother, whose colonies ought to raise the blush of shame on his ungrateful countrymen when they calumniate him.

Elizabeth could not deprive her son Rupert of the results of many months of preparation for her brother's project of an East Indian colony—preparation for a high rank of human dignity, when tested by the touchstone of reality—for the glorious office of the practical, the intrepid, and

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth to Sir T. Roe, May 6/16, 1637—State-Paper MS.



sagacious leader of emigration. Yet, owing to his mother's perverse pride, Madagascar, with all its profusion of natural advantages, groans to this hour under the yoke of a foul and fierce paganism.

There was some correspondence between Archbishop Laud and Elizabeth, which can surprise no one who remembers that he was one of the clergy about court during her youth; he had, moreover, visited her at the Hague. He had responded to her request for subscriptions and briefs in churches for the unfortunate Protestants of the Palatinate in a manner which insured her affectionate gratitude. To his influence she appealed for the restoration of her reluctant Rupert. "I have," wrote Elizabeth<sup>1</sup> to Laud from Rhenen the same summer, "beseeched the King, my dear brother, to give my Rupert leave to come over now speedily, that he may accompany the Prince [of Orange] this year to the field." This was to the siege of Breda—a citadel never long in the possession of either Dutch or Spaniards, every stone of which might have been cemented with human blood. Laud prevailed on Charles I. to resign the unwilling Rupert, who being allowed by his uncle a pension amounting to £200 per month, put himself at his mother's disposal in June 1637. The young Elector embarked with Rupert from the naval palace at Greenwich, returned to their mother, and soon after may be traced at Breda with the Prince of Orange; and in August the same year both were in the field with a small army, which the hope of the English subsidies kept together. Elizabeth having stripped herself of all the cash possible, her devoted friend, Lord Craven, took the field with them, having generously contributed £10,000 of his great fortune to her cause, and promising solemnly to keep her boy Rupert under his guidance. In addition to the recruits levied among the towns of the Rhine they had formerly commanded, the young princes were in treaty for the hire of one of those villanous bodies of freebooters, which were the worst plagues of tortured Germany. This body of rogues called themselves Swedes. They pretended to demur until the Regency of the child-Queen of

<sup>1</sup> State-Paper MS., June 1637.

Sweden gave them leave to march under the Palatine banners. Now appears the first evidence of selfishness in a letter to Elizabeth from her eldest son, who blames her for her maternal care in securing to her second daughter, Louisa, as a future provision, some of the money she had received from Charles I. He likewise complains, with better reason, that jewels had been bought with some of the money that his father had put to use at the Amsterdam bank of the sum paid for the sale of the district of Lixheim to the Duke of Lorraine.<sup>1</sup> He acknowledges the great bounty of Charles I. to him, but adds that Comptroller Vane had observed, that

“The Queen of Bohemia must not expect to have her arrears paid; but I hope your Majesty will not be content with that base saying, but will still solicit them. If this be true, he is the falsest fellow that ever was, for he assured me the contrary. It is likely he gives King Charles this advice *pour faire à bon valet.*”<sup>2</sup>

The rapacity evident throughout this letter, of which Elizabeth had, through the remainder of her life, constant specimens from her eldest son, was a trait probably brought out in his young mind by his position as the head of a mercenary army.

Breda fell to the arms of the Calvinist party, but Elizabeth lost an excellent friend and near relative of her husband's, the Prince of Hesse-Cassel. She left Rhenen, her country seat, for the Hague earlier than usual that autumn, and gives a sketch of her occupations, her feelings, and her news, in a letter to Sir Thomas Roe, commencing, as usual, with

“HONEST TOM,—I have not written to you for lack of matter, when I was at Rhenen. I could send you no news of anything but the death of hares, and which horse ran best; which, though I say it that should not say it, was mine own. But, at my coming away, the joy of the taking of Breda was much abated by the loss of the brave worthy Landgrave, which, I confess to you, troubled me not a little. You know how much cause I have for it. But we must not lose courage for all that. My son has now more reason than ever to make himself considerable; therefore he is desirous to take the Landgrave's army to himself, and did send

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<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters, dated from the army, August 27, 1637.

<sup>2</sup> State Papers, October 21, 1637.

Horneck, one of his gentlemen, thither, to sound the minds of the officers and the Landgravine [Amelia of Hesse], who show themselves all willing to have him, so that he can find means to make them subsist. Therefore he has given Sir Richard Cave order to humbly beseech the King, my dear brother, that he will bestow somewhat upon him to help his beginning."

The "young Weimar hero," Duke Bernard,<sup>1</sup> however, stepped forward to bid for the Hessian army and the hand of the spirited Landgravine. The Palatine family were mortified more ways than one by this arrangement; for when Duke Bernard visited the Queen of Bohemia at the Hague, he was supposed to be a suitor for the hand of her eldest daughter.

One of the last tournaments was performed at the Hague on occasion of the marriage of a young Countess of Solms, sister of the Princess of Orange and one of Elizabeth's ladies, with Baron de Brederode. The Queen herself revived some of her former splendour, as much as was consistent with her habit of widowhood, which, in compliance with the custom then prevalent in Europe, she wore through life. Her two eldest sons were the chevaliers *par excellence*, tilting in the costume of the Abencerrages, each on a white horse, attended by the officers who were to assist them in their ensuing campaign. They renewed these chivalric exercises frequently until they took the field.<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth went early to Rhenen that summer, where her young warriors came to see her occasionally. She had to leave her country residence in the ensuing August, in order to receive Marie de Medicis, Queen-mother of France, who unexpectedly arrived there, retiring before the malice of Richelieu just previously to taking refuge in England. "I came here from Rhenen," she says to Sir Thomas Roe,<sup>3</sup> "to receive Queen-mother. Her coming hither will make you not a little wonder. She doth use me very kindly, but keeps her greatness enough, for she kissed none but me;" that is, at the presentations which took place at the Castle of the Hague to the widow of Henry IV., that Queen greeted

<sup>1</sup> Duke Bernard died before he received the hand of the Landgravine Amelia, and the command of her army.

<sup>2</sup> State Papers, January to February 1637-38.

<sup>3</sup> State-Paper MS., Hague, August 1638.

no one with the salutation usual between the royalty of France and ladies of noble degree, excepting Elizabeth, the sister-in-law of her daughter Henrietta. Thus Marie de Medicis ignored the rank of the Nassau family, and as for the dignitaries at the Hague, their wives were treated as yoke-mates to fellows of no reckoning, trading burghers. Such arrogance of etiquette, especially to the House of Orange, descended from the elder line of Charlemagne, provoked recriminations on the medical and mercantile prosperity of the House of Medicis. As the "Queen-mother" had arrived at the Hague somewhat like a suppliant, her proceedings betrayed her usual lack of wisdom. While waiting for an invitation to pay that fatal visit to England, which proved the impetus to Charles I.'s calamities, Elizabeth was forced to remain with her at the Hague or the rural palace of the Nassau's, Houndlersdike. She then saw enough of the perversity of the royal fugitive to dread the visitation meditated by her to the Court of England, fearing much for her brother, who, notwithstanding the hospitality he extended to his wife's distressed parent, when she ultimately threw herself upon him uninvited, was most unwilling to receive her with her train of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, inflaming the prejudices of his people against his wife's religious establishment. Elizabeth thus shrewdly alludes to the sudden departure of the unwelcome guest for England, in one of her letters to Sir Thomas Roe, as, despite of all hints from Charles I.'s residents, Boswell and Sir Richard Cave, of excuse, she set off for England the beginning of October. "Cave only waits for a wind, which is yet contrary. I think Queen-mother is cause of it; for she is gone very suddenly from hence, with scarce taking leave, towards England, though Sir William Boswell did all he could to detain her. I think the wind loves our country in keeping her as long as it can out of it."<sup>1</sup>

When this troublesome guest relieved Elizabeth from the ceremonials requisite on her sojourn at the Hague, she returned to Rhenen, in the vicinity of which her eldest son mustered his army of many nations. Elizabeth bade farewell

<sup>1</sup> State-Paper MS., October 2/12, 1638.



to her two sons, Charles and Rupert, who left her at Rhenen, and marched into Westphalia, with the intention of striking a good blow for the Lower Palatinate. Unfortunately the veteran Imperialist troops were resting on their arms, on account of some treaty going on, and their general, Hatzfeldt, on this inbreak, drove the Elector Palatine before a vast superiority of force from the siege of Lippe. Near this town, the Palatine Princes engaged, with their small force of 4000 men, one wing of the Imperial general's army. So desperate was the onset of Rupert and Lord Craven that victory was nearly carried by a *coup-de-main*, and would have been complete if the purchased Swedish army had not suddenly deserted and fled. The attendants of the Elector Palatine, seeing all was lost, forced him from the field; but the young lion, Rupert, was not so easily to be torn from his first taste of slaughter; he fought on frantically until he was overwhelmed by mere weight of numbers. Lord Craven and Count Ferentz, who would not leave him, were taken prisoners by his side. While this desperate encounter was going on, the Elector Palatine retreated from the lost battle to his coach, with General King, and urged his driver to make towards Minden on the Weser.<sup>1</sup> While crossing this river at a place where there was no ford, the coach was overthrown, and the young Elector was immersed in the river; fortunately coaches in those days were only waggons with leather curtains. He easily left it, and clung to a willow, till he was rescued from the water. Finally, he got safely to Minden on foot, but wet and weary. Before the news came of these disasters, the agonies of suspense Elizabeth endured had told so severely on her health that fever ensued, and she was obliged to be bled. Her arm inflamed, and her life was in danger just before the news came of the defeat on the heath of Lippe. Of the fate of Rupert she was uncertain, and was betrayed by her apprehensions of the perils of the ban of the Empire under which his late attack on the Imperial forces had laid him, to wish him dead rather than a prisoner<sub>2</sub>—a wicked wish, of which

<sup>1</sup> Howell's Letters.

<sup>2</sup> State-Paper MS.—Elizabeth to Sir Thomas Roe, Nov. 1, 1638.

her maternal heart speedily repented, especially when it was found that the Emperor (mercifully considering that Rupert only sinned in bravely following the banner of his liege lord and brother) did no farther harm to her young hero than caging him. Elizabeth was exasperated at the conduct of her cousin Frederic, Duke of Brunswick-Lunenburg, the brother of her former champion, Duke Christian, who had sent 1000 men to the aid of the Emperor's already overwhelming force, and very abusive are the names she calls him. In excuse for Duke Frederic, it ought to be remembered what sort of gentry the predatory Swedish troops, for which her son Charles had made so bad a bargain, were, and that they had been living on what they could steal in Lower Germany for years, preying on his unfortunate subjects.

The flames of war which the attack of the Palatine Elector had ignited, now burst forth on every side. The Swedish generalissimo and co-regent Bannier marched on the country of Lunenburg to revenge the overthrow the Duke had given the Swedish banner. "He can do him," says Elizabeth,<sup>1</sup> "no more harm than I wish him, for that Tun of Beer [her cousin, Frederic of Brunswick] sent 1000 cuirassiers against my son, else the enemy durst not have fought with him. They write hither that all my son's troops did very well, and were only oppressed by multitudes, else they had not been beaten. I am sorry for my Lord Craven and Ferentz. I fear they will not be so soon released; but if Rupert were anywhere but there, I should have my mind at rest." A matter of still more consequence to the biography of Elizabeth even than her feelings on the defeat of one son and the capture of the other, is developed in this letter of hers. The indifference with which she mentions the imprisonment of Lord Craven, and even the prospect of his long detention, ranking his loss and misfortunes completely with those of Ferentz, shows he was neither her lover nor her husband. She had been eight or nine years a widow; Lord Craven was in the prime of his heroic life. She could have married him without a shade of blame, but

<sup>1</sup> State-Paper MS.—Elizabeth to Sir Thomas Roe, Nov. 6, 1638.

her expressions are not commonly grateful to him for his devotion to her cause and his exertions for Rupert. If there was any love in the case, it was wholly on Lord Craven's side, for the letters, which evidently speak the feelings of the royal widow's soul, are entirely bent on her boys and their disasters. In her answers to "honest Tom's" condolences on the defeat, she says,—

"I confess the overthrow of the troops does not much trouble me, they were not so many; but Rupert's taking is all. I confess, too, that in my passion I did rather wish him killed. I pray God I have not more cause to wish it before he be gotten out. . . . All my fear is their going to Vienna, if it were possible to be hindered."<sup>1</sup> [Boswell, in cipher, has appended to her letter some scheme for the escape of Rupert.] "But I fear," adds Elizabeth, alluding to it, "you will think my conceit is too romance[like] a one, yet such things have been done. Mr Crane, one that follows my Lord Craven, is come from Rupert, who desired him to assure me that neither good usage nor ill should ever make him change his religion or party. I know his disposition is good, and that he will never disobey me at any time, though to others he was stubborn and wilful. I hope he will continue so; yet I am born to so much affliction I dare not be confident of it, but I am comforted that my sons have lost no honour in the action, and that him I love best is safe."

Here, again, she confesses an unjust partiality to her eldest son, whose retreat in his coach-and-four, while his younger brother was risking his life and liberty in the most desperate efforts to keep back his pursuers, was anything but admirable; although, as head of a party and the family interest, it was his duty to take care of self in particular, a duty he never forgot, though not always to the benefit of his mother and her children, as she found subsequently to her cost. Rupert contrived to write some lines to his mother, assuring her of his steadiness as a Protestant, but urging her to employ all his friends to work for his liberation, as he was woe-begone in his captivity in the citadel of Vienna. His friend, Lord Craven, had paid the enormous sum of £20,000 for his own ransom, and would have paid higher even for permission to share Rupert's prison, but it was not suffered.

The events of the succeeding year brought to Elizabeth

<sup>1</sup> State-Paper MS.—Elizabeth to Sir Thomas Roe, Nov. 6, 1638.

strange aggravation of her maternal anxieties. Her younger princes, now growing up, were in need of gentlemanlike accomplishments, impossible to obtain in Holland. The rough manners and awkwardness of Rupert anywhere, excepting on a horse or in a boat, had convinced his mother that dancing and some other training for courts and drawing-rooms were desirable for Maurice, Edward, and Philip; so they were sent to Paris to learn politeness and manners, and, through the imprudence of their eldest brother, ran no little danger of practising it as state prisoners. To load the biography of Elizabeth with the tortuous policy of the contending powers of Europe would be labour dire and weary woe, but it may be said briefly, that when her friend Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar died in the summer of 1639, on his return from a diplomatic visit to France,<sup>1</sup> she was a sincere mourner. As the Hesse army was now again to be purchased, Elizabeth sent over her eldest son to England in order to induce Charles I. to advance the money. The King agreed to give his nephew £25,000 for that purpose, who soon after sailed for France in one of the royal pleasure-vessels, was landed at Boulogne with the honours of a crowned head, under discharges of artillery; and this pomp, as may be seen by his letters, was very agreeable to him. He travelled in state to Paris, where his brothers were. But when he left it, meaning to take the nearest road to Switzerland to join the Weimar army in Alsace, he assumed the closest incognito; Richelieu, however, the despotic minister of Louis XIII., had him arrested at Moulins, and with small ceremony handed him to the state prison of Vincennes. The three young princes at Paris were likewise put under restraint, although not actually incarcerated.

Meantime their mother had that autumn shortened her hunting season at Rhenen, and, accompanied by her daughters, visited Amsterdam. The loving Mynheers treated her as if she were actually their queen; they presented her with some fine porcelain jars,<sup>2</sup> and gave her young princess Hol-

<sup>1</sup> Benger. Le Vassor.

<sup>2</sup> History of Amsterdam.



landine, their name-child (although called by every one but her sponsors Louisa), a magnificent Indian cabinet. On her return to the Hague in the first week of October 1639, Elizabeth received the overwhelming intelligence, of course exaggerated, that the Elector Palatine was close prisoner at Vincennes, and all her young princes, his brothers, were captives in various donjons. She did not believe the last; but the capture of the eldest made her fear they were in danger. Having consulted with her fast friend the Prince of Orange, on the reasons of her son's treatment in France, because, as she said, "her husband had travelled there incognito even though France was at peace with Austria," he replied, "that the French minister, Richelieu, considered her son to be too much attached to England, and on that account he did not wish him to have the late Duke Bernard's army." The French affirmed that the Elector Palatine had broken their national laws by coming *en prince*, and going incognito. Elizabeth's life was spent in perpetual lamentations and solicitations for his liberation, and that of the rest of her boys. At last Maurice was permitted to return to her. The two younger were detained as hostages for the tractable behaviour of their elder brother, who was at last released on his parole, that he would not attempt to put himself at the head of the army of the late Bernard of Weimar, which finally was transferred to the command of the French general, the Duke de Longueville.

The young Elector Palatine was, just before the Easter of 1640, brought away from Vincennes by one of the French ministers to Paris in his coach,<sup>1</sup> and permitted to reside at the English Ambassador's, then the Earl of Leicester, at an enormous expense to his uncle Charles I. During this agreeable parole he enjoyed all the sights and delights of Paris. He had an interview with Cardinal Richelieu, and there is reason to believe that this unscrupulous statesman insinuated to him that his uncle, Charles I., had been the cause of his imprisonment; for, from that time may be traced his ungrateful enmity against his royal uncle. The

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters, pp. 117, 118, which is misdated 1641; should be March 3, 1640.

gaieties of France, however, had their effect on him at the present period, and he wrote to his mother these agreeable particulars:—

“Yesterday I was at St Germain to see the King and Mademoiselle, who did it for the Queen, wash the feet of the poor.” [This was the eldest daughter of Gaston Duke of Orleans (then a very young and beautiful girl), “the heiress of Montpensier,” whose autobiography is well known.] “I should have been incognito, but the King of France found me out, and made me stand at the table which he served, and spoke with me all the time of the ceremony, which he performed with a great deal of devotion. Mademoiselle performed very prettily, but not without the disaster of letting two dishes of pease fall upon her gown. Having dined privately, I heard from the galleries of the chapel the King’s music, which is very good, sing the vespers; the King [Louis XIII.] and the Queen [Anne of Austria] being below.”

The chapel at St Germain-en-Laye is small, the gallery very broad. It is silent and desolate now; but the historical memory can people it with the celebrated characters thus summoned up by the pen of the Elector to his mother. There were Richelieu, the beautiful Queen Anne of Austria, Louis XIII., and the *grande* Mademoiselle. The time was Maunday Thursday of the Passion-Week of 1640; the office of washing the feet of the poor—somewhat similar to the Queen’s Maunday at Whitehall (but the very literal imitation of Scripture is not performed as to the feet-washing)—has not been performed here since Queen Elizabeth’s days. The Calvinist Elector Palatine submitted, with a very good grace, to witness the gorgeous ceremonies of the Roman Church in the St Germain chapel. He had audience of the Queen of France, from whom, as the sister of his great enemy of Spain, he expected mortification. Anne of Austria was too good-natured to mortify any one; if she could never acknowledge the assumed rank of her prisoner’s mother in public, she made such amends as she could by message. “The Queen told the Master of the Ceremonies, the day after I had my audience,” continues the Elector to his mother, “that she thought I did not go well pleased from her, but she knew what the reason was; therefore,” added she, “I must behave better, for I forgot to give the title to his mother.” That miserable title of Queen of Bohemia, which had cost at least a hundred thou-

sand lives! and in her wretched bereavement of husband, sons, home, affluence, and dominions, this half-acknowledgment of it by the Queen of France was sent to soothe so many ills by her son, who knew her weakness well. He adds—and, indeed, the information was needed, after assisting so complaisantly at the Roman Catholic ceremonies of Holy Thursday, “Sunday I do receive at Charenton;”<sup>1</sup> the principal conventicle of the Calvinists then tolerated in France.

Elizabeth welcomed home her young sons, Edward and Philip, who left Paris at the end of the same April.<sup>2</sup> She had requested of her eldest son to send her some watches by them from the French capital: he could not find any ready made, but promised to send her those he had ordered the first opportunity. Louis XIII. had allowed him good entertainment at Paris; and the fact seems to be, that the prisoner was in no hurry to leave his comfortable quarters; although his mother, very anxious to see him, assured him in her letters “that he could now, without any breach of parole, run away.” Yet her eldest hope was in no haste; and it was not until the King of France cut short his good cheer that he turned his face homewards. Meantime, he had been on unfriendly terms with his father’s kindred of the Protestant house of Rohan.

“Your Majesty,” he writes,<sup>3</sup> “hath heard of Madame de Rohan’s being angry with me, that I did not see her soon enough, though I proceeded not to see any but the princesses of the right blood, and the Princess Mary, in their rank, and then saw those that were nearest to me, as Madame de la Tremouille. But now we are friends, and Wednesday last her daughter and I christened my Lord of Leicester’s child together. To-morrow I go to St Germain to see the King, Queen, and Duchess of Lorraine, and to dine with M. Le Grand, who hath on several occasions been very civil to me, especially in those things wherein the fool Brulon would have troubled me, whereof De Lean will acquaint your Majesty, whom I humbly beseech to maintain in your good opinion.”

The fool “Brulon” was Master of the Ceremonies at the chateau of St Germain, and the dispute on those intolerable points of etiquette, which always seem so particularly important to elective sovereigns.

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters, Paris, April 7, 1640.

Ibid., August 4, 1640.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., April 28.



The spring was cold and backward, but Elizabeth took her newly-restored young princes to Rhenen, where they all amused themselves with the sport she called hunting, but which really seems to be coursing hares with greyhounds. She had complained, in her letter which tells of their sport, of the expense of keeping her eldest son's horses at the Hague. He writes to her—"I have beseeched your Majesty to dispose of the horses of mine at the Hague, or of anything that is mine, as you please, for I wish for nothing which moves *passion*."<sup>1</sup>

The negotiations for the marriage of the young son of the Prince of Orange and the eldest daughter of her brother, Charles I., engrossed all the attention of Elizabeth after she had received her eldest son safely home in the autumn of 1640. Elizabeth thought the Princess-royal of Great Britain ought to match higher among the kings of the earth than the elective Stadtholder of Holland. None, however, of these great kings had behaved to her with the beneficence of her good friend, Henry of Orange, and her loving Amelia, his spouse. Elizabeth wished that her second niece and name-child, the sweet young Princess Elizabeth, might be the bride of Orange. Charles I., however, desired to give his subjects, who made "Protestantism in danger" a plea for their turbulence, the best proof of his firmness against Roman Catholic tenets, by marrying his eldest daughter to young William of Orange. The young Prince, although but nine years old, went to England to wed his little spouse in person. Thither too went, but uninvited by his uncle, the Elector Palatine. His mother encouraged him in this intrusion—not then aware that the expense, trouble, and constant uneasiness this Prince had been to Charles I., rendered his appearance for the third time at the English Court about as welcome as that of the man of the sea on Sinbad's shoulders. He had the bad taste and bad feeling to wrangle with the little bridegroom for precedence—a most grievous injury to his mother's best friend and personal protector, and his own father's uncle, Henry Prince of Orange. Charles I., of course,

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters, Paris, August 4, 1640.



gave the precedence to the husband of the Princess-Royal, his own son-in-law, and from that moment had the bitterest of opponents in his nephew, Charles Louis, the Elector Palatine. He was seldom absent from England, until he became alarmed for his safety after the murder of his uncle, Charles I.

Elizabeth did not then receive her little niece, whose juvenile bridal had been just celebrated at Whitehall. She was left in England to finish her education, but the young bridegroom returned to the Hague.<sup>1</sup> Every one seemed to have forgotten Rupert as much as if he was destined to a life-long imprisonment at Lintz. His mother expressed herself as one without hope, for though the Elector had been suffered to return from France in the third summer of Rupert's captivity, yet Rupert was not released. She wrote much and long to Sir Thomas Roe, who had opened a new and very dull treaty, at Vienna. Its dulness seems to have extended to her own usually lively letters to Sir Thomas Roe, many of which are in the State Papers. In them she mentions consulting her mother-in-law, the Electress Juliana, on the exile of her eldest son from his dominions, and the imprisonment of her second in the far Hungarian fortress. "If Rupert," she says, "be now freely set at liberty, I shall have the better opinion of their good intentions; but else, I still confess I am like St Thomas-a-Didymus, and believe nothing."

In the evening of one of the dark days just before Christmas, Elizabeth and her daughters being returned from Rhenen, and settled for the winter at the Hague, she had been giving reception to her old friend, the English resident, Sir William Boswell, who was withdrawing homewards at eight o'clock. As he left the apartments of the Queen of Bohemia at the Castle of the Hague, a post-waggon entered the court, out of which sprung the long-lost Rupert, and encountered the English envoy face to face. "No creature at court expected his coming," writes Boswell in the most good-natured delight at being the first to share

<sup>1</sup> State Paper MS. Aug. 6/16, 1641—Rhenen.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. Boswell to Sir Thomas Roe, Dec. 13, 1641.

the surprise young Rupert had prepared for his mother. Rupert would not be announced, but rushed into the arms of his parent, interrupting, by his unexpected entrance, the ceremonial with which she was sitting down to supper.”<sup>1</sup> Her transports of joy at the un hoped-for return of her long-lost one, greatly affected Sir William Boswell, who gives the credit of the happy event wholly to his master, Charles I., and Sir Thomas Roe; but it was rather to be attributed to the influence of Queen Henrietta with her sister-in-law Anne of Austria. Rupert informed his mother that he had been some time on his parole at Vienna, had been treated with some kindness and distinction by Ferdinand III., who had invited him to his hunting parties, and finally released him on his knightly word never to bear arms against the Empire again. He was thin and worn in appearance, having travelled scarcely stopping for rest or refreshment, that he might himself be the first to bear the news of his restored liberty to his mother. Ten days had not elapsed before Elizabeth began to be anxious to know what she should do with the restless young spirit, whose return she had so ardently evoked. It was finally agreed that he should offer his services to his uncle, Charles I., to fight against his rebels now in open war. Prince Maurice, who was then home from the campaign he had been serving under the Swedish Regent Bannier, did not wish to bear arms against Ferdinand III. after liberating thus generously his favourite brother. Charles I. gladly accepted the services of his two younger nephews. Elizabeth and her daughters accompanied them to the Brill, in the spring of 1641-42, from whence they saw the young adventurous princes embark for England, which soon rung with the fame of the dashing cavalier, Rupert of the Rhine. To do him justice, although, like his ancestor, Edward I., he sometimes lost a victory by pursuing the fugitives too far, he never engaged in any base intrigues against his uncle, or consorted with his enemies.

Elizabeth herself was not forgotten during their career, being often alluded to in those cavalier ballads which

<sup>1</sup> State-Paper MS., Boswell to Sir Thomas Roe, Dec. 13, 1641.

political history superciliously disdains to notice, notwithstanding their immense power in the contest. Bad or good, prosaic or poetical, the historical ballads of these Islands had, from the times of the Druids to those of the Puritans, to perform the offices pertaining now to the periodical press. Few newspapers could, in the present day, give more individualising details of any encounter. The following triplets are commemorative of one in the early days of the civil war : Lord Byron, the Princes Palatine, and Sir Lewis Dives, beat "in a large field by Worcester Gate" a squadron of Eastcheap prentices and citizens led by Col. Sandys. Rupert and Maurice, instead of commanding separate detachments, seem to have sustained each other in combat like Castor and Pollux, or the Homeric heroes. The extracts are confined to the verses in which the sons of Elizabeth are active:

" Brave Lord Byron true to the crown,  
With troops too few 'tis very well known,  
Came here to guard our Worcester town.

The crop-ears marched without much fear,  
Not knowing Rupert rode so near.  
Alas ! poor souls it cost them dear !

' Where, where are they ? ' Prince Rupert cries,  
Gazing about with fiery eyes,  
When an ambush behind a hedge he spies.

\* \* \* \* \*

Prince Maurice then, to second his brother,  
Fired his petronel, down fell another,  
'Twere pity but news were sent to his mother.<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

But oh, Prince Maurice, where was he ?  
Where few of us would wish to be !  
Surrounded by butchers one, two, three.

Those men of Eastcheap little said,  
But all their blows at his head they made,  
As if they had been at work on their trade.

The cavaliers close up then spurred,  
The blows they gave were all with the sword,  
And many a roundhead stretched on the sward.

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<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia.

They fly, they fly, Prince Rupert cried,  
No sooner said than away they hied,  
For his fiery charge they could not bide.”<sup>1</sup>

The English Parliamentarians did not forget that Elizabeth's Paladins were doing battle in a cause diametrically opposed to the principles they had imbibed at Leyden University, their Alma Mater. Not all the cringing of the elder brother, Charles Louis, would make amends for the discomfitures of the Eastcheap men-at-arms. Elizabeth's remittances suffered for the heroism of her boys. Every guerilla victory they won tightened the strings of the purse that held her supplies, which was in the keeping of her brother's enemies. So far it is needful to explain; but dwelling further on the exploits of Elizabeth's Paladins must not divert the pen from her own life.

The winter of 1641 was passed in deep sorrow. The youngest child of the thirteen, "Gustaf," as he was called in the family (born just when his father departed for his unfortunate campaign with Gustavus Adolphus), sickened and died in his ninth year. This death, not of moment enough to fill a small record in history, was all in all to the bereaved mother.

<sup>1</sup> Loyal Songs. The last edition, printed in 1704.



# ELIZABETH STUART

## CHAPTER VII.

### SUMMARY

Dutch Covenanters find fault with Elizabeth and her daughters' diversions—She goes to meet Queen Henrietta Maria—Family party in her coach—Her entertainments to the Queen—Their friendship—Louisa and Edward take a bias to the Queen's religion—Death of the Electress Juliana—Untoward event from Elizabeth's patronage of a French refugee—She quarrels with her daughter Elizabeth—Scandals ensue—The Frenchman mentions Elizabeth's name disparagingly—Her son Philip kills him, and flies from the Hague—Elizabeth infuriated against her son—Her eldest daughter leaves her—Death of Elizabeth's friend, Henry Prince of Orange—Letter of her son, the Elector—He brings the news of the murder of Charles I.—Extreme grief of Elizabeth and her children—Elizabeth first institutes the solemn fast and service for her brother's death—Her letter to Montrose—Betrothal of her daughter, Henrietta, to the Prince of Transylvania—Marriage of her eldest son to Charlotte of Hesse—Elizabeth's supplies nearly cut off—Her eldest son denies her dower and his father's legacies—Her eldest daughter and Sophia receive appointments at his court—Elizabeth alone with Louisa—Princess Henrietta married to the Transylvanian Prince—Her early death—Long contests with the Elector, for money—His letters to his mother—Her extreme distress—Want of food—He insists on her coming to Heidelberg—She fears his quarrels with his wife—His sneering letters to his mother—Mysterious loss of her son, Prince Maurice.

A FIERCE watch was kept by the Puritan party in Holland on the proceedings of their guest, Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia ;—not so much on her politics as on her robes and mantles, farthingales and neckerchiefs. And when her young daughters came from the Rhenen to disport themselves for the winter at the Hague, a very strict inquisition was instituted respecting their mode of dressing, and their amuse-

ments, by the Calvinist preachers. To enliven the Shrovetide of 1639, Elizabeth and her young princesses got up a little French drama on the doleful story of Medea ; no man took a part in this play, or witnessed its performance. It was, in fact, a mere scholastic exercise, confined to the cognisance of governesses and maids of honour. Nevertheless the members of the Covenant at the Hague brought a complaint concerning it to the Prince of Orange, who recommended them to mind their own preaching, and let their neighbours alone. But they insisted on her own chaplain fulminating against her mode of dress from his pulpit, and when refused, they reviled him as belonging to Arminius and Laud.<sup>1</sup> The arrival of Queen Henrietta Maria in Holland of course aggravated all these vexatious interferences.

Elizabeth met her royal sister-in-law after her tempestuous voyage, about a mile from the Hague,<sup>2</sup> this being the first time they had ever looked upon each other, when they commenced a friendship which had little interruption during their lives. The coach in which Elizabeth came to receive her brother's consort was curtained and lined with crimson velvet—not much according to our ideas of a coach, for it was really a waggon without springs. Glass windows had not yet been thought of ; but it opened between the wheels with clumsy side-doors, each having a leathern convenience for holding steps, called a “ boot,” on which individuals of the company that the King or Queen delighted to honour were perched. A numerous *posse* of insides were packed into this sociable conveyance. Sir Walter Scott most truly describes the coach of the seventeenth century, when discussing the family of Tillietudlem. On this occasion Henrietta Maria, after all embracings and welcomings of herself and daughter were over, was placed by her sister-in-law on her right hand ; Elizabeth sat by her : the Lilliputian bride, Mary of England, and her little dumpy bridegroom, who is in his portraits the oddest punchinello that ever inducted himself into a vast superabundance of nether garments, sat opposite : Rupert, who was already

<sup>1</sup> State Papers—Elizabeth's Letters to Sir Thomas Roe, 1639.

<sup>2</sup> Holland News, and Gazettes of France.

well known to his royal aunt, occupied one boat with his little sister Henrietta, goddaughter to that Queen; the Prince of Orange, and the Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Queen of Bohemia, the other;—a happy family-party of eight, all on excellent terms at that time with each other. Yet several of them professed different modes of belief or unbelief. There were members of the Church of England, of the Church of Rome, two grades of Dutch dissent, besides Rupert, whose utter disgust of the controversies then prevalent had extinguished in his mind all sense of devotion. It was lucky that no theological topic was started among persons of such diverse creeds in such close contiguity.<sup>1</sup>

It was Elizabeth's vivid and romantic imagination that embodied the traditions and customs of the Low Countries into a beautiful national tableau. Everybody remembers the story of the swans which brought the fairy Mergalina, drawn in a car down the Rhine, to be the mother of the line of Cleves. Among the pageants which greeted Queen Henrietta Maria and her daughter, in Holland, was one illustrative of this Rhenish fairy-tale. A water-car, drawn by swans, was exhibited on the lake at the Hague, into which, with her usual courage, ventured Queen Henrietta, and was towed some distance by the beautiful creatures quite safely—more fortunate than the spectators of a water exhibition of the kind prepared at Yarmouth a few years since, on the river Yare, where fifty or sixty persons were drowned by the fall of a bridge on which they had crowded to view the spectacle.<sup>2</sup>

It is said that the Princess Louisa and her brother Edward received their first bias to the Roman Catholic religion in the private chapel of the Queen of Great Britain, their aunt. If so, their predilections were confirmed by the vulgar intolerance and inquisitorial spirit that actuated the leading party at the Hague. Throughout the whole of the Queen

<sup>1</sup> Holland News, and Gazettes of France.

<sup>2</sup> Now and then, in the eastern counties of England, exhibitions are made of water-fowl, trained to draw tubs and boats on the broads and rivers opposite to the coast of Holland, which is doubtless a traditional custom from that kindred country.

of Bohemia's correspondence, Henrietta Maria is mentioned with sisterly kindness and good-will, excepting when, many years subsequently, she was endeavouring to force the young Duke of Gloucester, at Paris, into apostasy from the Church of England.

In 1643 Henrietta Maria returned to England with succours for her struggling lord. The influence of Elizabeth had greatly aided her in obtaining them. To the care of her sister-in-law, Henrietta Maria most earnestly commended her child Mary, the spouse of the young heir of Orange, then scarcely twelve years old. Elizabeth cherished her with constant kindness through life, and ever spoke of her and wrote of her as her "best niece."

The Electress Juliana was now on her deathbed. If the most laudatory of chaplains can be believed, she, with almost her last words, spoke of the great and good qualities of her daughter-in-law, and bade her daughter Catherine write, sending her blessing to her and to her grandchildren. Spanheim, her chaplain, who brought these tidings to the Hague,<sup>1</sup> was advised by Elizabeth to write the life of her deceased mother-in-law. He did so in the usual style in which biographies are written by contemporaries, with as much panegyric, and as few facts, as words can serve to express: he dwells on the exalted and tender friendship between the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law with inflated sentences of rhetoric, the exact contrary being the actual truth. Although Elizabeth, with her romantic generosity of feeling, extolled her husband's mother when she was in her grave, yet there survived a root of bitterness, from which sprang the future dissensions in her family. The fanatic tendencies of her eldest daughter Elizabeth were owing to the difference of creed in which she had been imbued when brought up in tender childhood by the Electress Juliana. Her eldest son, who now began to manifest for his mother the dislike and cruelty which embittered her future life, was likewise his grandmother's pupil.

Never did any cavalier partisan in the civil wars of England enter into the cause of King and Church with warmer

<sup>1</sup> Spanheim's Juliana.



feelings than the sister of Charles I. It was in vain that her son Charles Louis, whose mammon-seeking spirit became every hour more odious, represented to her that her interests, and those of her numerous and needy children, were entirely on the other side. Elizabeth was uncompromising, and actually endured all privations rather than truckle to her brother's enemies. She spirited up Rupert and Maurice to deeds of daring in his behalf, during which time the Elector Charles Louis, who had left his uncle and benefactor at York without explanation, was cringing to the Parliament for lucre of gain, assuring the members he always wished success to the arms of the Parliament, holding prayer-meetings at his dwelling, and out-canting the most pharisaical among the Roundheads. He made many petitions and sordid prostrations in his mother's name; but it is useless to dwell more on this matter, than to point out the source from which they sprang. He gained a few hundreds for himself by this baseness, but no relief for her distresses at the Hague. In a spirit of malice she was granted a subsidy from the sequestered estates of her brother's loyal subjects—an act which cut Elizabeth to the heart, as it was meant to do, and made her declare her real feelings and principles, despite of the worldly cunning of her eldest son. A completely false position had she been placed in from the very first of her marriage with the leader of the Calvinist party in Europe. She had never swerved, excepting once, at that long table in Prague cathedral, and never afterwards did swerve, from the Church of England established at the promulgation of the last translation of the Scriptures. Of course its enemies were her enemies; and the party which had received her husband and supported her family at the Hague were practically the most inimical of all. It was in close communication with the regicidal party in England; and many of her speeches, besides the deeds of her two cavalier sons, were cast in the teeth of the Dutch Prince, as they called Charles Louis, whenever he pleaded the destitute case of his mother in Holland. At last the unfortunate Elizabeth was left with nothing to subsist on excepting the small pension granted her by the States of Holland, and the interest of the sums

her husband had secured to his children in the bank of Amsterdam. Her portion of this last fund was, however, devoured by the useless efforts which had been made, when her eldest son came of age, towards the recovery of his property in the Palatinate, from which he was, at the time of his disgraceful sojourn in England, totally expatriated.

Hitherto the calamities that had befallen Elizabeth, originating as they did merely from her party happening to belong to the weaker side, were really far from intolerable. She had escaped the worst miseries that befell her ancestress, Mary Queen of Scots—the calumnies with which politicians usually assail women, if they are the wives, daughters, or sisters of their opponents. All parties had joined in loving, praising, and panegyrising Elizabeth Stuart. A dark cloud, however, descended over her as her children advanced to adult age. Whatsoever were their attainments in learning and religion, they were not of that truly practical kind which, according to the sweet rule of Scripture simplicity, “maketh families to be of one mind in a house.” Several were inclined to become Roman Catholics, actuated, as many persons are in these times, from sheer contradiction to the spirit of sectarian controversy. The word went forth that the princely Palatine family was the most divided in the world. Just when they were generally disquieted with the change of Prince Edward to the Roman Catholic religion, a Protestant refugee, remarkably handsome and elegant in manners, arrived at the Hague. He was a nobleman, and called himself Marquis d’Epinay. He gave out that he had been deprived of his intended wife by the profligacy of one of the French princes of the blood. Directly he appeared, the Queen of Bohemia patronised him very remarkably. All her children, on the contrary, regarded him with aversion. Soon he was extremely intimate at her court; at last he was consulted on her private affairs. Her daughter Elizabeth, who was both *devotee* and *savante*, more especially defied and distrusted this M. d’Epinay, who does indeed seem to have been what his countrymen so emphatically call *mauvais sujet*. Great

domestic contentions ensued, and scandal, of course, became rife, some calumniating the mother, others the daughter. It is asserted that the Princess Elizabeth was the first to throw aspersions on her mother's character. M. d'Epinay, to the agony of Elizabeth's young high-spirited sons, evidently plumed himself on this family contention, and now and then his vain babble increased it to the highest degree.<sup>1</sup> One evening, June 20, 1646, he and several of his countrymen met Prince Philip alone; a rude collision ensued, then abuse and taunts, Epinay being Prince Philip's assailant, calling him by his name, with which he coupled that of his mother very irreverently. The young Prince fought so furiously in retaliation that the French brawlers took to their heels. The next day, as Prince Philip was driving through the *Place d'Armes*, he caught sight of Epinay, and, springing from his carriage, flew on him. Epinay received him on his sword, giving him a dangerous wound under the arm; but the Prince, who was unarmed, saving his *couteau de chasse*, plunged it in the heart of Epinay, then, plucking it from the wound, flung it as far from him as possible, sprang into his carriage, drove off, and fled to the Spanish border.<sup>2</sup> The uproar was very great at the Hague concerning this homicide, which is related by all English authors as if Philip had assassinated an unarmed enemy. As for the Queen his mother, she, exalted angel, "bowed weeping from her high sphere, bewailing the misfortune of having such a son;" and what it was all about, is lost in a mist of sympathy. The German authors, on the other side, have gone too far in imputing actual guilt to Elizabeth. Few persons who have passed through all the flatteries and temptations of beauty in early life, with a name unscathed, become evil on the wrong side of fifty. But she liked to patronise, did not like to be contradicted by her children, and was deceived in the character of a brilliant villain. She became infuriated against her son, and vowed she would never see him again, nor her eldest daughter Elizabeth, who, she was told, had set her brother on to kill Epinay. But the real ground

<sup>1</sup> Solt's Elizabeth Stuart.

<sup>2</sup> Theatre du Monde.

of the Queen's displeasure against her daughter was the latter telling her to her face "that Philip needed no apology."

All the children of Elizabeth rejoiced in the punishment their brother Philip had given the slanderous Frenchman. The eldest son, the Elector Charles Louis,<sup>1</sup> wrote a letter to his mother in behalf of Philip, dated July 10, 1646, which is indeed inexplicable, unaccompanied by the foregoing circumstances:—

"Permit me, Madame, to solicit your pardon for my brother Philip—a pardon I would sooner have asked had it ever entered my mind that he could possibly have needed any intercession to obtain it. The consideration of his youth, of the affront he received, of the shame which would all his life have attached to him had he not revenged it, should suffice; but, more than all, the remembrance of his birth, of his close relation to yourself and to him to whose dead ashes<sup>2</sup> you vowed more love than to aught else on earth, must surely be more than adequate to efface any bad impression made by those who, by a false statement of the circumstances, have misled you, and who, rejoicing over all divisions in our family, have sought to estrange my brother from your heart. The very act," he adds, "of my asking forgiveness for Philip, is far more criminal than his deed; but he hopes the love of his mother for her children, and the honour of her house, will outweigh every other idea."

This disastrous occurrence ultimately caused great changes in Elizabeth's family. Her daughter Elizabeth soon afterwards made a retreat, which may be almost interpreted as a flight, to the house of her father's sister, the Electress of Brandenburg, with whom she had passed her childhood when protected by the Electress Juliana. Charles Louis did not scruple to regret that his favourite sister Sophia was left in her early bloom to his mother's companionship. Thus was the first and last breath of scandal cast on Elizabeth, not by avowed enemies, not by fickle friends, but by her own children and family. No one can say that she acted wisely in this affair; and it is surprising that party scandals were not exceedingly active on the occasion. But the slain Frenchman was in accordance with the party prevalent in Holland

<sup>1</sup> Guhrauer. There is a letter from the Elector resembling it in the Bromley Royal Letters, yet not so ample; but both might have been written on the same subject.

<sup>2</sup> This passage is not in the Bromley Letters.



and England ; therefore nothing but his praises are to be found in their account of his death.

The next sorrow that befell Elizabeth was the loss of her firm and affectionate friend the Prince of Orange. He died of dropsy in March 1647 ; he was succeeded by his only son, scarcely adult, who had married Mary, the Princess-royal of England. William II., Prince of Orange, was too young to stem the heavy torrent of political agitation which, commencing in the convulsed British Isles, extended in some degree to Holland. Notwithstanding all his base truckling to the murderers of Charles I., the Elector Charles Louis received intimation from them that they desired his absence ; and he it was who brought the tidings of his uncle's execution to the Hague.<sup>1</sup> The horror and agony which fell on the Queen of Bohemia were fully shared by the rest of her children. Her daughter Elizabeth hastened home to hold a family council on this calamity ; her mother became reconciled to her,<sup>2</sup> while they wept together the bloody death of their benefactor.

As for her eldest son, after suing meanly for money from his uncle's inimical Parliament, praying among the Calvinistic polemic assemblies, he was fully prepared to act the part either of William III. in 1688, or Egalité Duke of Orleans in 1790, if the prevalent faction in England had shown any tendency to elect a monarch in the place of the one they had destroyed. There are many indications of his mother's utter horror of the path he pursued, as it became developed. He learned too late that it was the kingly office that the republican English wished to murder, rather than a desire to wreak any hatred of the person, character, or conduct of Charles I. ; and his nephew might have thus understood the speech that the regicide Henry Martin made regarding Cromwell, whose aim to be King of England being discussed by one of his satellites, Martin answered, in his usual strain of careless audacity, " No, sir, no ; if we wanted a king, the last gentleman who served us in that

<sup>1</sup> Life of Descartes.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

capacity did as well or better than any other." In the Reign of Terror in France, most of the regicides openly avowed they had no personal malice to the hapless Louis XVI., nor to their victims, Marie Antoinette, the blameless Madame Elizabeth, or the tortured innocent called Louis XVII.; they only meant to martyr royal authority in their persons. Had the avowals of the Elector Palatine's parliamentary friends been as frank, that Prince might have spared himself much time, and a vast deal of hypocrisy, wasted in England.

The Queen of Bohemia had reproved the Elector for his cruel neglect of his aunt, Queen Henrietta Maria, of whom he had been the favoured guest at her English palaces, Hampton Court and Whitehall, in the days of her prosperity. His mother, whose generous spirit scorned the ways of her worldling son, pressing him hard, received this answer to her remonstrance on his ingratitude and baseness :—

"It is true, Madam, I did *not* write to the Queen your sister [Henrietta Maria], during my being in England, nor since; for until the King and Parliament were agreed—I being with the Parliament—it was not fit or safe I should keep correspondence with her; besides that, by those discourses which she hath held of me, both to the Queen-Regent of France [Anne of Austria] and others, as I am well informed, both before King Charles's death and since, I had very good cause to believe that my letters would not only be unacceptable, but also would be made use of to my prejudice. And though the late King [Charles I.] and this [Charles II.] have used me very civilly, yet I have no cause to believe that I am in a better predicament with the Queen [Henrietta Maria] than I was formerly; and that my letters to her, now I am come from England (and those there seem to be angry with me for having been with King Charles II., and refusing to see Strickland) may not be interpreted (especially as it comes so late) as a respect to her, but that I am driven to it for want of the former *appui*, and that I believe more in the King's [Charles II.] success than theirs. Therefore I shall humbly expect your Majesty's farther pleasure in it, after you have considered of these my reasons." <sup>1</sup>

Elizabeth's pleasure was, as it had ever been, that this slippery politician should act like a man of honour; and he fairly owns to her that such an attempt was too late. As for

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters, May 24, June 3, 1649—Cleve.

calling on Sir Walter Strickland,<sup>1</sup> then the Ambassador from the English Parliament to the Dutch States, that was really more than her son dared to do while he was her inmate, within reach of her piercing glance, and within sound of her eloquent words, powerful with all the expression of true affection for her lost brother, and single-hearted love to his family. The traitorous supplanter could send his shabby explanations, when at a distance from the mother's searching eyes and thrilling voice; but could not stand before her and own his base returns to those who, in his most detracting words, had "used him civilly," which civility comprised food, shelter, money, and kind and generous intercourse. "I do [not] resolve to write to her Majesty, Henrietta Maria," he adds, "which I hope you will not be dissatisfied with, since you have ever given me the liberty, humbly and freely, to offer my thoughts to your Majesty."

When the rising of Montrose in the Highlands was in course of preparation, Elizabeth aided it with her last ready money, and very ardent were her aspirations for its success. Montrose visited her at the Hague, from whence she wrote to him her apprehensions regarding the unnatural compromise her young nephew, Charles II., was making as to taking the Covenant, the negotiations regarding which were mediated by the Prince of Orange.

"MY LORD,—I have desired Mr Edward Herbert to let you know how, by great chance, I have found that the Prince of Orange will again extremely press the King to grant the Commissioners' desires, and so ruin him through your side. I give you this warning of it, that you may be provided to hinder it. I have had a huge dispute with Beverwaert about it. For God's sake leave not the [King] as long as he is at Breda; for without ques-

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<sup>1</sup> Like many county families, the two branches of the Stricklands had taken different views in politics. While the head of the family, Sir Robert Strickland of Sizergh Castle, Westmoreland, was the King's devoted cavalier, Knight of the Bath, and Knight of the Shire for Westmoreland, his son, Sir Thomas Strickland, had received the rare honour of Knight Banneret from the royal hand, under the victorious standard of England, at Edgehill. But their kinsmen of the Calvinist religion, Sir William and Sir Walter Strickland of Boynton, Yorkshire, both members of Parliament, although not regicides, were statesmen of the Parliamentary faction, chiefly employed in foreign affairs. This Sir Walter Strickland had been Queen Henrietta's stanch opponent at the Hague in 1643, and was made a lord by Cromwell.

tion there is nothing that will be omitted to mine you and your friends, and so the King at last. It is so late I can say no more, only believe me ever,

*Your most con-  
stant affectionate  
daughter*

*Elizabeth*

*The Hague June 24 June*

To the postscript of her letter is banished her usual merry mood; she says there,—

“I give you many thanks for your picture. I have hung it up in my cabinet, to fright away the brethren. Tell my Highlander that the brethren do not forget to lye, for they say his countrymen will [up raise?] with them, and my commendations to him.”<sup>1</sup>

After the dismal termination of the expedition of Montrose, the home of Elizabeth was crowded with distressed Royalists. She was often plagued with their quarrels. Indeed, there were spies of all ranks among them, from the English republican government, to foster strife.

The anniversary of the death of her brother, Charles I., was observed by Elizabeth, and all her house, as a day of mourning and fasting. Then first began the custom in the house of Stuart, of setting the fatal January 30th apart for sorrowful commemoration—an observance voluntarily imitated by their subjects, and which has induced more political spite than any other, for their political opponents were more exasperated at having to go to church, and shut up shop, than by any other harm that the royal race of Stuart

<sup>1</sup> This letter is edited by Mark Napier, Esq. It illustrates, as a facsimile autograph, his noble biography of Montrose. The letter shows a great similarity in the handwriting, and mode of putting the letters on paper, between that of James I. and his daughter. For the entire autograph we refer our reader to the biography of Montrose.



ever did, or could do, to them. Let this be as it may, the custom was first begun by the ardent feelings of Elizabeth for the memory of her murdered brother, in which observance her godson and nephew, the young Duke of York, his sister Mary, Princess of Orange, and their households, earnestly shared. Of course this grievous fast was kept as an exultant feast by the regicides over the water, and one of their spies in Holland sent a sketch of the doings of Elizabeth at the Hague:—<sup>1</sup>

“Your thanksgiving of January 30th was, by the courts and royal kindred here, appointed as a solemn fast for the old King’s [Charles I.] death, but was comically disappointed. For when they all met in the French Church, where your English missals [Church of England Common Prayer] also are performed, the Great Hall sent one to command them to be silent and depart. They disdainfully refused. The messenger told them he had command to turn the key, and shut them in, if he could not shut them out; upon which they departed. Yet they turned it into a lesser conventicle in the Princess Royal’s [Princess of Orange] presence-chamber.”

The newsmonger considered the religious service of the sorrowing sister and children of Charles I. as a monstrous affront to the republicans of England. But that was not heeded by Elizabeth, who had instituted it. She cared not for selfish interests, or for her children being viewed by a pretty numerous party in England as the probable supplanters of those of her beloved brother. She loved him devotedly, not as those in the line of regal succession to mighty realms usually love their brethren, but with an honest, natural, human creature’s love—hating his persecutors and murderers with a lively hatred, crying to God and man incessantly for vengeance on his enemies; cherishing his children and his friends, and defying his foes to her utmost possible power. And all these feelings are plainly seen in her letters, attested by her hand.

The treaty of Westphalia restored to the eldest son of Elizabeth part of the territories of his father. He was permitted to return to Heidelberg as sovereign of the Lower Palatinate, being recognised by the Emperor, Ferdinand III., as Elector Palatine, but was placed as the last of the electoral princes, instead of taking rank as the first,

<sup>1</sup> Letter printed in Thurloe’s State Papers, February 1649-50.

which had been the privilege of his ancestors. The surrender of Heidelberg and the Rhenish provinces gave some prospect to Elizabeth of the restoration of her dower-land on the rich banks of the Rhine. But no prospects of better times could efface from her mind the tragedy that hurried to a bloody grave the loved companion of her youth. She would not share in the peace-festivities celebrated at the Hague, or hear the sound of joy. One benefit accrued to her, the absence of a son who never ceased tormenting her. He married, February 12, 1650, Charlotte of Hesse, at Cassel, and went to reign with her at Heidelberg.

Charlotte, the Electress-Dowager of Brandenburg, who had always been the warm friend of Elizabeth, and a kind aunt to her children, proposed, in the course of the year 1650, to negotiate the offer made by the Ragoczki, Prince of Transylvania, for her niece Henrietta. The two ladies carried on the treaty. Elizabeth gave her formal consent to the match; and this was rather remarkable, considering the deistical tendencies of the Transylvanian Prince. The religion of the wooer is not mentioned by the Elector, Charles Louis, in his despatch to his mother.

"I send," he says,<sup>1</sup> "a copy for your Majesty's use of what I sent to the Electress [of Brandenburg], concerning the Transylvanian business; if it [the young Princess's settlement] can be brought higher, it will be so much the better. The ambassador that is here pretended to treat with me about it, though he have no sufficient power. I have, with a civil answer of neither 'Aye' nor 'No,' referred to the Electress, to whom his commission is directed, having only brought me letters of credence from the Prince Regent [of Transylvania] and his mother, as also your Majesty's consent. But, for my part, I like the other match better, though this is the most profitable for her in matter of money. I have written to Vienna, to inform myself how things stand with him, and whether the Emperor gives him the title of Prince, which he pretends to, because, as the ambassador says, the principality is by the States entailed on his family. The Princess of Tarente is here now, with her young sister. She is much altered for the better in her fashion and behaviour. The niggardliness of her mother, which she much complains of, hath done her a great deal of good."

These ladies were princesses of the house of Hesse-Cassel. The elder, Amelia, Princess of Tarente, was wife of the near kinsman of his father, and commander of the Dutch cavalry stationed at Breda. They were sisters of

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters, September 1650.

his most unhappy wife. Elizabeth of Bohemia heard the first mention of her by her son in this despatch. It contained, however, other matters of moment to her, even the discussion of the money she looked for at the hands of her son, in payment of her own dower, the income settled on her by his father.

"If the Elector of Mayence fail me," he writes to his mother, "then I am bankrupt, both with your Majesty, the merchants at Frankfort, and my own servants; but I hope better, since all is concluded between him and me, and they are now upon taking the bounds of what land is to be given and left on either side."

Elizabeth had written to him her regrets that her nephew, the young Charles II., then at Edinburgh, should comply with the Scotch Covenanters in all their peculiarities. She went with Montrose in all his views, and never hid her opinion. Her son observes to her in reply:—

"I do not wonder at King Charles II.'s complying with the Scotch of Argyll's party in all things, since once he trusted himself in their hands. And they write from London that he hath done public kirk penance; the truth thereof, if it be measured according to the strictness of their discipline, may well not be doubted of. But I shall not,"—he adds, [with a sneer, which shows how much he enjoyed the discussion of this matter with his mother, who was full of passionate grief for any degradation happening to a royal Stuart,]—"I shall not give credit unto it, until I hear it from your Majesty!"

The Elector was then settled among the ruins of the once splendid Heidelberg, with Charlotte of Hesse-Cassel, his rich bride; for the princes of her house had thriven amidst the woes of Germany, by letting out their subjects to fight the battles of their neighbours for a consideration; a practice which made their names somewhat inodorous in Christendom. The tempers of the handsome Elector and his spouse were somewhat of the haughtiest, promising little domestic peace; three individuals, however, of Elizabeth's needy and uneasy family were provided for by this change. The restored Elector invited his eldest sister Elizabeth to be the first lady of his bride; and when in the course of time he became the father of a daughter, his younger sister Sophia was withdrawn by him from her mother's protection and established as lady-governess of the little Elizabeth Charlotte.<sup>1</sup> A letter written by the Electress his wife is still

<sup>1</sup> Letters of Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans.

extant, addressed to her mother-in-law<sup>1</sup> from "Heydelberg, May 31, 1652." Nothing can be more lowly than the language with which she solicits Elizabeth's protection for her little new-born son, promising that, with the aid of God, he shall be brought up to regard her with every feeling of respect and reverence. She mentions her mother as convalescent from some illness, but pleased with Elizabeth's remembrances of her. Without containing any historical fact, it is a pretty feminine French letter, making a far more pleasing impression on its readers than any by her husband.

The Queen of Bohemia was thus left with only two daughters, Louisa and Henrietta Maria, both beautiful and highly educated. Louisa, who devoted herself to painting, chiefly resided at the Chateau of Rhenen, where she wrapped herself entirely up in the study of her delightful art, under the care and tuition of the famous Gerard Honthorst, who, having tasted the bounties of James and Charles I., repaid them by the most sedulous attention to their relatives in the darkest time of their destiny. It is said that many of the latter pictures of Honthorst were painted by Louisa, and that he disposed of them for her, by which means she was able to ameliorate the poverty that beset her. Even now her acknowledged pictures bear high prices for their individual merit.<sup>2</sup> Many times this brilliant young lady had been wooed by Protestant German princes—among others by the great Elector, William Frederic of Brandenburg, who was supposed to be passionately attached to her. Poverty separated this love, like many others; he took one of the golden damsels of the line of Orange, who blessed him with a crooked dwarf for an heir, even the odd-tempered Frederic I., King of Prussia. The destitute Louisa, Princess Palatine, was left to her easels. Her sweet sister and companion, Henrietta, was not so fortunate. Her brother, the Elector Charles Louis, concluded for her the match with the Prince of Transylvania. She was married to him April 4, 1651. He was a Socinian, or rather a Deist—a profession of faith very conveniently assimilating with that of

<sup>1</sup> J. Gregory, Esq. of Sutton Court, has favoured us with a copy of the original, which was enclosed in an autograph letter from Charles II. while in exile, and endorsed, "To my dere aunt, the Queen of Bohemia."

<sup>2</sup> Granger.



the Turks, his neighbours and allies. Ragoczki soon after entered into an unequal struggle to wrest Transylvania from the supremacy of the Emperor of Germany. His young bride only survived her marriage four or five months. She was taken from the evil to come, for her lord died a fugitive, in misery.

The elastic spring of the Queen of Bohemia's high spirits was not broken altogether, though the winter of the next year set in with alarming symptoms that she should have to look to chance or charity for her daily bread. Civil commotions in Holland threw her pension in arrear; and as to the revenue due from her son the Elector, on one litigious pretence or other he remitted to her so little, that having sent Lord Craven to urge her wants on him, she wrote to that faithful friend, November 3, a piteous and almost incredible picture of her distresses, "as no parable," she says, "but the certain truth, the next week I shall have no food to eat, having no money nor credit for any; and this week, if there be none found, I shall neither have meat, nor bread, nor candles."<sup>1</sup> She guessed that the Elector meant that she would be forced to sell her jewels, because he was pretty sure that she would leave no part of them to him; but she declares that, if that be the case, she will "bequeath what he owes her to the rest of her family." The Chancery of the Empire regulated legal questions of the kind, it is true, too much with the delays and hesitation of the English Chancery, for they are offsets of the same tree; yet there were such inflictions as "bans of the Empire" for contumacious members of the great German Bund, and the bitter fruits of these edicts were not then out of the new Elector's memory. His mother mentions that she expected that an award of the kind would give him £30,000, which he claimed as heir of his deceased brother and sister, which is somewhat doubtful, as two brothers and two sisters were then dead; but perhaps she means Henrietta and Philip: the last had lately found a soldier's grave, fighting at the siege of Rhetel for France against Spain.<sup>2</sup> The Elector, in reply, first urged her to come to Heidelberg: this she vowed "she would not do in the winter, although she sup-

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters.

<sup>2</sup> Theatre de l'Europe.

posed he meant to starve her out of the Hague, as he would a blockaded fortress. If, however, she was forced by such ill-usage to join him at Heidelberg, she openly declared that she should not prove very pleasant company ;” and she adds, a few days later, “ Let him set his head at rest ; I will not stir this winter, let him be as tyrannical as he will.” The Elector sent her some money on her stringent urgency, but not enough. He likewise commanded his sister Sophia to write her a letter, attributing his neglect to a long illness, occasioned by a dislocation of his arm. The mother expressed her grief to Lord Craven for his sufferings.<sup>1</sup> “ She found,” she said, “ that he could not make her hate him or wish him ill ; but she regrets her former devotion to him, which had led her to involve herself for his sake. She knew very well that it was his niggardly hand, not his lame arm, that caused him to withhold her due, howsoever his amanuensis, his favourite sister Sophia, might make the best of this vague excuse.” The following letter which he addressed to his mother, November 1653, proves that he was aware that she keenly felt his conduct ; and as Elizabeth seldom had anything on her mind that she did not divulge, it is likewise evident that she had so expressed herself. As for her undutiful son and wily correspondent, it may be noticed that, after inflicting on her pecuniary wrong, he was always very humble in his phraseology.

THE ELECTOR PALATINE, CHARLES LOUIS, TO THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.<sup>2</sup>

“ MADAM,—The intermission of a three months’ pain in my right shoulder is not so satisfactory to me as that it renders me more able to give your Majesty most humble thanks, though in an ill character [of penmanship], for the *care* [concern] you were pleased to show on my sad accident, which I desired my sister Sophia to perform for me whilst I was so unfit for that duty, as I am still, to my great grief, for the other your Majesty may require of me.

“ And though I ever have longed for the honour and happiness of kissing your hands in this place [Heidelberg], yet now I see that the relation of my present condition, as it is made by your own as well as by my servants, is so little credited, I am the more earnest to wish that your Majesty may be an eyewitness of it, and then I am confident that your Majesty will have a better opinion of my endeavours, though never so little considerable [profitable] to you at present.

<sup>1</sup> Autograph letter to Craven.

<sup>2</sup> Bromley Letters, p. 159.

"The last post from Ratisbon brought me the final agreement between the Duke of Simmeren<sup>1</sup> and my ambassador there, which is now drawing up. This is the sum of it:—He leaves me at present two-thirds of the Ampt-Stromberg, one-fifth of the revenues of the Ampt-Creutznach, and some certain church-lands in the Ampt-Lautern, with the vote and session of the principality; and after his and his wife's decease, the whole Ampt-Lautern except Ottenberg. The rest remains according to the brotherly division. If I had been sure of a quick despatch in law, I should not have quitted my right at so small a rate; but since friendship is more worth than long pleadings, I have condescended to the aforesaid agreement.

"As for what your Majesty is pleased to command about changing the drunken castelain at Rhenen<sup>2</sup> for Grandin, I am ready to obey you as soon as I can, by giving the other some content for his arrears [of wages], despatch him, and agree with this about his entertainment.

"Your Majesty will perceive by all my writing, that though my pain be almost spent, yet a great weakness continues in the nerves of my arm and hand, which are somewhat withered, and not without pain now whilst I write, or when I use it in any other way, which I hope will plead for my scribbles, as [for] my other inabilities, for not showing that duty and obedience [after] which, in all *possible* ways, I shall endeavour, whilst I live, as your Majesty's most humble son and servant,

"CHARLES."

Endorsed—"Heidelberg, this 26th November 1653."

Elizabeth's early friend and faithful brother-in-law, the Duke of Simmeren, comes again into notice in this despatch. Difference of religion and politics had estranged his brother's widow and her family from him. He did not long survive the settlement alluded to here; and we shall see his sister mention his death in one of her sportive letters with less than indifference.

As for the invitations the Elector gave his mother, in the style here shown, to come to Heidelberg and see with her own eyes how little he could afford to help her, insincere as they were, they actually caused her to turn her thoughts to her dower-palaces of Frankenthal and Fridesheim, which last she loved exceedingly, having had beautiful gardens enclosing a vineyard; "all destroyed, she understands;" but "she thinks the Elector is bound in duty to restore them." The Elector did not mean to acknowledge any such duty; "his crotchets," as he calls them, kept his time and money in full employment; he was repudiating his unfortunate consort,

<sup>1</sup> Louis Philip, Duke of Simmeren, his father's younger brother, often mentioned in the earlier chapters of this Biography.

<sup>2</sup> Printed "*Rheims*," where neither the Elector nor his mother had business or power—evidently meant Rhenen.

Charlotte of Hesse, and marrying a German Anne Boleyn, in strong imitation of his collateral ancestor Henry VIII. The excuse of want of male offspring did not, however, hold good in this case, for the Electress had brought him a son, who lived to succeed him. Another of his "crotchets" was the marriage he was endeavouring to bring about with his sister Sophia and her near kinsman Prince Adolph of Deux-ponts, which, like most of the offers made to Elizabeth's daughters, came to nothing.

The three fatal years after the terrible death of her brother deprived Elizabeth of two of her children, and of a friend who seemed her sole remaining stay. This was William II., Stadtholder and titular Prince of Orange. His early loss had thrown her niece, the Princess Mary, into all the troubles of widowhood at nineteen. She was likewise the mother of a little sickly son, afterwards William III., born a few days after the young father's death. The guardianship of this infant produced altercations between the grandmother, Amelia of Solms, and the young mother. Amelia had built a beautiful house at the extremity of the forest that skirts the Hague. *Le Valais de la Bois de Haye* is its historical name; but the Dutch called it *Beauty Hof*, because Elizabeth, her young princesses, and the ladies of the exiled English cavaliers, were frequently visiting the elder Dowager of Orange, and seen in its glittering chambers, which were wholly furnished with Indian and Japan movables and rarities. When the cavalier protégés of the distressed Queen at the Hague or at Rhenen suffered from cold and starvation, they migrated to these hospitable bowers, or to the palaces of the youthful Orange Dowager at Tieling or Breda. Bitter foes to each other, the Orange Dowagers never extended their hostility to the Queen of Bohemia, who was permitted to love them both. She had been the mistress of one belligerent lady, and was the aunt of the other. They agreed in no point but in cherishing her. By the united interest of both she obtained from the Dutch government a certain stipend of about £18 per month, which actually kept the wolf from the door, while she devoted all she could obtain from her graceless son the Elector towards liquidating her debts, which were, though some seemed still very troublesome,



reduced greatly towards this period, when she dispensed with her numerous stud of horses, and army of grooms and stablers. After these sources of profuse expenditure had been suppressed, the letters of the Queen assume a most cheerful tone. The crowds formerly surrounding her, clamouring for gifts and gratuities with the perseverance of Orientals, dispersed with the entire conviction that their precious time was lost when seeking for that which it was self-evident was not to be had.

Elizabeth now disposed of most of her jewels, and, altering her style of dress, became what Pepys termed a very "plain lady"—a term, though used as a civil expression in the next century for lack of personal beauty, at this period meant merely a wearer of unbedizened garments. Had she adopted these excellent rules when her calamities first began, she would have been speedily free from debt. The character for boundless extravagance still clung to her, and was believed in by her nearest relatives, who could not help remembering the vast sums she had formerly wasted in idle pageantry. She reformed all this perforce, yet obtained little credit for so doing, but her private comfort must have been great. She made many visits, occasionally sharing in the gaieties of Brussels—always a most agreeable city, but now enriched and enlivened by the residence of the viceroys from Spain, the Archduchess and her cardinal spouse, with whom Elizabeth had, even in the heat of the Calvinist war, been on good terms.

All the spring of 1653-54, the Elector affected to be making preparations to receive his mother at Heidelberg. Having learned (he writes to her, February 3, by Sir Charles Cottrel)—

"That it will not be your fault if you do not bless us with your presence here, which I am the more encouraged to hope for, since the making peace between Cromwell and the States [Dutch] may produce the payment of your creditors, and an unfitness of your abode with them. Though I know there is nothing here that can add a pleasing cause to that necessity, if your Majesty's grace and favour do not supply its inconveniences, yet, I hope, we will keep them in their own turbulent sphere without trouble to the higher region."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters, p. 178.

By these mysterious words, he alludes to the violent quarrels between himself and his consort, Charlotte of Hesse, then in their height. He reproached his mother afterwards, that she did not come when he pressed her, because her presence might have given a turn to those deplorable differences; thus showing a touch of regret, if one deceitful as he was may be given credit for regret of wrong-doing. Elizabeth dared not venture herself in what he truly called their "turbulent sphere," although he continued to consult her on the situation she was to occupy in her once magnificent home.

"I shall by your Majesty's permission desire to know in time which lodgings [suite of apartments] you will please to make choice at Henry's Building,<sup>1</sup> and in it the Emperor's lodging, for yourself, and the rooms above for your women, to which there is a new staircase made from the said Emperor's apartments, which Sir Charles Cottrel hath not seen. Or the upper rooms in my grandfather's buildings (which are upon the same floor), with the ruined Glassen Saal [saloon of mirrors], for yourself and your women as above said. In that case they will be somewhat farther from your person than if you lay below. Except you would have them in the rooms above the Frauzeimer [lady's chamber], where I hear the Duke of Deuxponts lay, which is nearer. I shall expect your Majesty's commands herein, and other particulars, from Sir Charles Cottrel. I shall not fail to observe your Majesty's commands touching the two cabinets your Majesty desires; but I doubt we shall hardly find two of equal goodness on one floor. I believe your Majesty will have the Princess of Zollern's Marquis of Bady [Baden] here very often; he is a very gaudy old gentleman, and pretends much friendship to us, but I doubt he is somewhat double, at least he is reported so. He was here yesterday, and being a Judge of the Chamber of Spier, will reside there with his family. His two eldest sons have much wit, and are well bred. I can name few more in our country that are conversible, and the women as little; what they imitate in strangers is still the worst. Those that are of the French have nothing of them but their clothes; French letters ill-spelled, and the *affetteries* of the *Marais* [in Paris], from whence they have all their modes. Those that are after the Spanish show it in their *guard infantas* [fardina-gales], only in everything else they are as dull or impertinent as can be."<sup>2</sup>

By what follows, it appears that he means to allude to the fact that Elizabeth was making some claims on personal property at Sedan and Rhenen, as left her by word of mouth by King Frederic, her husband; for Charles Louis works himself up into a passion when concluding

<sup>1</sup> Elector Palatine, who built in the middle ages great part of the palace.

<sup>2</sup> Bromley Letters, p. 178.

his letter respecting them, in his own peculiar style, which was always to introduce something spiteful with polite words :—

“ I think myself much bound to your Majesty for your gracious wish, but had been glad to have known the King my father’s saying, when I spoke to your Majesty of my intentions at my last coming out of England in your bedchamber. But any stranger would be deceived in that humour, since towards them there is nothing but mildness and complaisance until accustomed to them. Patience ! every one must bear their *task* [burden], and it is mine to bear several ones ! If I may deserve your Majesty’s constant favour, it will be the greatest comfort to your unfortunate son and servant.”

Here was a rather aggravating insinuation, that the Queen, his lady mother, was all smiles and gracious behaviour to new faces, while his unfortunate self met with different treatment. At the bottom of all his patience in bearing the burdens, for which he so affectionately pities himself, was his father’s bequest to his mother of certain articles of household goods, called “stuff” by him in a subsequent despatch, of which he had the strongest inclination to deprive her.

The mysterious loss of Prince Maurice agitated the close of the year 1653 ; yet his mother never seems to have mourned him as dead. In fact, from the hour of his departure in the preceding year, with a large English ship of war, to cruise in the South Seas,<sup>1</sup> no one ever ascertained what became of him. Some newsmongers reported that, disgusted with Europe, he had realised the plan his uncle Charles I. had projected for Rupert of colonising an island,<sup>2</sup> and that he was reigning long afterwards in one of the Polynesian group. But some traces would assuredly have been found of him and the contents of his vessel, by the discoverers in those latitudes in the present and last centuries. In the summer of 1654 Elizabeth heard a rumour that Prince Maurice had been shipwrecked on some coast in Africa or Asia which owed allegiance to the Sultan, and had been sent a prisoner to Constantinople. With such confidence was this report received, that Prince Rupert set out for Vienna in order to be nearer to his brother. The Elector Charles Louis, in a letter to his

<sup>1</sup> One of those that revolted from the Parliament.

<sup>2</sup> Howell’s Letters.

mother, dated June 1654, mentions the existence of the lost Maurice, though not without a shade of doubt, saying, "As for my brother Maurice, my brother Rupert who is now here thinks the way, by the Emperor's agent at Constantinople, too far about for his liberty (if the news be true), but that from Marseilles we may best know the certainty, as also the way of his releasement."<sup>1</sup> But there was no certainty ever established concerning the fate of Maurice. Hope died out almost insensibly. It never deserted the sanguine mind of Elizabeth; her lost son's return was not despaired of among his brothers and sisters, until long after she had quitted life.

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters, p. 167.



# ELIZABETH STUART

## CHAPTER VIII.

### SUMMARY

The Queen of Bohemia's letters, wherein she sends her nephew, Charles II., and Mary, Princess of Orange, the gossip of the Hague—Mentions Queen Christina—Exults in the valour of her godson, James, Duke of York—Regrets the death of her niece's maid, Kate Killigrew—Praises her successor, Anne Hyde—Reports Cromwell's expected kingship—Friendship with Lady Browne, Mrs Evelyn's mother—Asks Charles II.'s consent for the marriage of Sophia—Reports quarrels of Cromwell and Parliament—Her monkey, Apollo—Mary of Orange joins Elizabeth at Tieling—Their kind reception of young Gloucester from his English captivity—Grieves for his persecution by his mother when at Paris—Speaks of "her favourite," Anne Hyde—Queen of Bohemia's tour to Brussels with Princess Hohenzollern—Her resentment against Christina of Sweden—Messages from her—Avoids her—Goes to Antwerp and Bergen—Warm interest in young Gloucester—Receives his visit—Elizabeth's gossip concerning Christina and Condé—Laughs at Charles II.'s old statesman in love—Escape of her monkey—Her remarks on the spy Manning—On the Swedish and Brandenburg affairs—Satire on Christina—Considers Cromwell the Beast in Revelations—Account of a grand Dutch fête—Vivacious abuse of Cromwell—Her letters on battles and balls—News concerning Cromwell—Elizabeth's troubles with Mrs Grenville—Merry doings at Carnival—Elizabeth preached against—Her daughter Louisa paints her cousin's portrait—Charles II.'s letter to Elizabeth concerning it—Her son's base behaviour.

ALL vague guesses, bold shots at probable circumstances, and other unsatisfactory biographical labours, are spared, whensoever our royal lady condescends to take the pen of a ready-writer in her own hand, and relates what she is about, and where she is. Elizabeth undertook this plea-

sant task, when her niece and nephew, Mary Princess of Orange and Charles II., left Breda for a long and merry tour, commencing at the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, and ending with the settlement of Charles II. at Cologne—a period which all the parties concerned often alluded to as the happiest portion of their lives. Elizabeth's letters, though addressed to Charles II.'s cavalier secretary, Sir Edward Nicolas, present an unbroken narrative of all that was going on wheresoever she went, and all she saw and heard, for the information of her niece Mary and her nephew Charles. She commenced her gay correspondence the very day the royal party arrived at the waters of Aix. No little talent does the lively writer display in her self-imposed occupation as a journalist, in a series of letters which fulfilled the useful purpose of a family newspaper. It would be desirable if her professional brethren, even of modern date, were half as entertaining.

Notwithstanding her vivacious style, she was only then convalescent from a most dangerous illness, of the pleuritic kind, to which she was subject. "Mr Secretary," she begins, "I am very glad to find that you are safely arrived with all your company at Aix, and that you found the King [Charles II.], and my niece [Mary Princess of Orange] so well in health, and so kind one to the other, which has ever been so since I have known them. I believe, indeed, the separation will be hard; but when there is no remedy, one must be content. As for my journey uphill, I cannot tell what to say to it. Sir Charles Cottrel will inform you how it goes but slowly on, and, which is stranger, it is not my fault."<sup>1</sup> She here alludes to the illness which had but recently nearly deprived her of life. Sir Charles Cottrel was the ex-Master of the Ceremonies to Charles I., for whom she had found a corner and sustenance in her poverty-stricken household, out of loving remembrance for faithful personal service to that beloved brother. Moreover, she employed him, as we have seen, in confidential

<sup>1</sup> Appendix vol. to Evelyn's Diary. According to his endorsement, Sir Edward Nicolas received her first letter Aug. 31, 1654, soon after his arrival at Aix-la-Chapelle.

embassies to her perverse son, and in all her foreign affairs. Charles II. afterwards restored him to his brilliant office at court.

Elizabeth was extremely curious regarding Christina of Sweden, who had, against the wishes of her subjects, abdicated her throne the same year, and was the heroine of Europe—the observed of all observers. Strange to say, the Queen of Bohemia never had any personal communication with the only child of Gustavus Adolphus, although oft-times dwelling in the same city with her. One of Charles I.'s exiled Church of England chaplains, Dr Morley, however, described her to Elizabeth, who proceeds to say: "The Queen of Sweden gave an assignation to the French Ambassador, to meet her at Breda, whither he went; and so did the Prince de Tarente,<sup>1</sup> and so did the Princess de Tarente;<sup>2</sup> but the Prince and Princess, and most of our French gallants who went with them, all came sneaking home again. For the Queen of Sweden's grief was so great for the beating of the Spanish army before Arras, that she would not go to Breda. She sent another account to the French Ambassador, as you may imagine; but the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel wrote the truth to his niece, the Princess of Tarente. We have yet no particulars here of this defeat; but in general it is reported a very great one. I long to hear what part my godson had in it, for I still think of him being my chiefest comfort, next to your excellent master." The godson, whom she often mentions by the pet name of "Tint," was her favourite nephew, James Duke of York, who had wonderfully distinguished himself in this action. "I am very glad your daughter, Lady Browne,<sup>3</sup> is so well. I do not wonder at it, she is so well used by her husband [Sir Richard Browne]; and now she has her father with her, she is the more content, and I take it very well that all this does not make her forget her friends here. I assure you I long to have her here again.

<sup>1</sup> Henry Charles de la Tresnouille, commander of the Hessian cavalry hired by the Dutch.

<sup>2</sup> Amelia, wife of the above, and daughter of William, Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel.

<sup>3</sup> Mother of John Evelyn's wife, daughter to Sir Edward Nicolas.

I am very sorry for poor Killigrew; she was a very good gentlewoman.”<sup>1</sup>

While the young widow, Mary Princess of Orange, was amusing herself at Aix-la-Chapelle with her gay brother, Charles II., an accident had like to have changed the whole course of history, by demolishing the future elective King of Great Britain, William III., in his infancy. Elizabeth of Bohemia, who was partly left in charge of the boy, had, in this her first despatch, communicated the narrow escape thus: “You will hear, by Mistress Howard, how great a scrape my little nephew escaped yesterday upon the bridge, by the Princess of Orange’s horse.” This was Amelia de Solms, the grandmother of the child. “God be thanked there was no hurt, only the coach broken. I took him into my coach, and brought him home. The [elder] Princess of Orange went from hence on Saturday, and you will have our baron shortly with you at Aix. He will tell you the second part of the Queen of Sweden, for he comes from her to your court. To-morrow I believe I shall go a-shooting, which I have not done since you went. I am very glad you are established in your place, which you deserve so well. I

<sup>1</sup> Kate Killigrew had served the Queen of Bohemia, and her niece the Princess of Orange, for eight years. She was the daughter of Lady Stafford, by a first marriage. She died of the small-pox, in the service of the Princess of Orange. Her place was filled by the celebrated Anne Hyde. Kate Killigrew had been warmly recommended to the Queen of Bohemia by her son, Charles Louis, when he was the guest of Queen Henrietta Maria at Hampton Court. It is remarkable that the daughters of the House of Killigrew were celebrated for their learning, genius, and purity of life, besides their beauty; while the sons, corrupt and dishonourable, were the disgrace of their century. “Thou youngest virgin daughter of the skies,” is the commencement of Dryden’s immortal ode on the death of the poetess, Anne Killigrew, younger sister of Kate, mentioned by the Queen of Bohemia. As for the brother, Tom Killigrew, who is usually supposed to have been a professional buffoon, or court jester, and the last of those functionaries at the English Court, he was by birth a gentleman, and by profession, author, soldier, courtier, and cavalier; for all that, he was *bête et non bon bête*, being so foul in conduct, works, and conversation, that he is positively not fit to be mentioned. Nor should he be so, but for drawing the contrast between him as a human being, and the qualities of his lady relatives. There was another Killigrew, Henry by name, who was not good enough for the Elector, Charles Louis, himself nowise particular, at least regarding his own moral conduct. In one of his letters to the Queen of Bohemia, he says of him, “He will never leave lying as long as his tongue can wag.” The Killigrew family can be traced nested in the English Court, like mites in a cheese, from the days, at least, of Henry VIII.



am sorry for my Lord Wentworth's sickness ; pray let him know so from me, and remember me to Mr Chancellor Hyde."

The next news-letter from Elizabeth was sent to the royal party at Aix, just one week afterwards. She rejoices at the fame of her dear godson Tint, and the laurels he had won before Arras. "The Queen of Sweden," she continues,<sup>1</sup> "is yet at Antwerp. We look every day to see the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel here, and by him I shall know what she will do. Dr Morley has a letter of the discovery of a new treason in London of the levellers against his precious Highness [Oliver Cromwell]. Our Baron has sent for his man, Smith, to meet him, God knows where, for I do not. I believe you will have him at Aix, for he is the direct wandering Jew. I hear Mrs Anne Hyde is to come to my niece, Mary Princess of Orange, in poor Mrs Killigrew's place, which I am very glad of. She is very fit for it, and is a great favourite of mine. Pray let my Lord Wentworth know I am *extreme* glad he is of the King's council. Being so much his friend as I am, I cannot but wish him much joy of it."

"I hope, before this comes to you," the Queen continues, in her news-letter of the next week,<sup>2</sup> "you will receive a packet, which came from Rotterdam, and which *ould* Will Kepley carries himself to Aix. I shall be very glad to hear what news he brings, because here is again news of Monk's<sup>3</sup> being beaten, which a man at Middleton writes to Strachen from Stranaven, or some such name, and that all long for the King. Stone is at last here. He says that Cromwell will be now either King or Emperor. I wish him the latter. He has heard nothing of Bamfield, but I easily believe he is honest enough to be well used by Cromwell. This day the Assembly of Holland wrote to the States-General that Sir George Fleetwood, brother to him that is Lieutenant of Ireland, told him that he knew Cromwell had said 'he would keep the peace with the Dutch no longer

<sup>1</sup> Appendix volume of Evelyn's Diary—from the Hague, Sept. 7, 1654.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. Dated Sept. 15, 1654.

<sup>3</sup> Then a Parliamentary general, serving in Scotland.

than he found it good for his interests, and would break with them the first occasion that he can, for the good of his designs.' In Holland they are angry at the agent for writing this; those that have seen the letter told it me."

The subject was, as might be expected, interesting enough to the royal family for the Queen of Bohemia to refer to it again in her next week's news-letter.<sup>1</sup> "Some, in a ship come out of England, say that the mock Parliament begin to dispute their privileges with Cromwell, but I fear they will too well agree. I am very glad the King [Charles II.] used Prince William [of Nassau Friesland] and his lady<sup>2</sup> so well." Charles II. was at this time truly desirous of marrying the other sister, Henrietta of Orange. It was a great misfortune that he did not; but he was circumvented by the worldly wisdom of her mother, whom he never forgave.

The Princess Louisa Palatine, the accomplished daughter of the Queen of Bohemia, was then painting a portrait of their friend, Amelia of Hesse, Princess of Tarente. The Queen adds to her letter: "It is now very fair weather. When the Princess of Tarente's picture is ended by Louye, which will be this day, then I may chance go a-shooting, which I have not done since you went. I pray deliver this you will find enclosed to the King [Charles II.] with my humble service. I pray let me know if the Queen of Sweden did write to King Charles, and whether she did it civilly or not. Sure Dick Harding is grown a fish in his baths,<sup>3</sup> for he is as mute as one. Tell him so from me! I think the King had better stay where he is, than go to Cologne. He will not be so much at his leisure there as at Aix. Those of Cologne are odd people; so I am of your opinion."

The Queen of Bohemia in her next letter announces that she had heard of the intended return of the Princess of Orange. "I am very glad," she says, "I shall see my niece so soon. Dr Morley will write 'what he learns out

<sup>1</sup> Appendix volume of Evelyn's Diary. Sept. 21.

<sup>2</sup> Daughter of the Stadtholder, Frederic Prince of Orange.

<sup>3</sup> He was a clergyman, and was with the royal party at the baths of Aix.

of England of Cromwell's dissolving his Parliament for being so ungracious as not to do what he would have them;' the news was confirmed to me last night by one of the States-General, but it was so late I could not hear the particulars. The same State [deputy] told me there was a speech of part of the Orange-and-red men in rebellion against his precious Highness. I pray tell your daughter [Lady Browne] all this, for I had sealed my letter to her before I had the certainty of the news. I am very glad the King [Charles II.] resolves to stay at Aix; it is much better than Cologne. I hear there is one, who heretofore served my Lord of Brentford,<sup>1</sup> packed from Scotland to the King but three days ago, and came from thence but six days before; he would tell no news, but made haste away. Soon as he went, *reached* [arrived] here one Thomson, one I have seen before. He tells all the particulars of the defeat that is so much bragged of, 'that they were dispersed upon it; but it is five weeks since he came from thence, being come through England by his country the Borders [of Scotland], where, in his passage, he met with a party by whom he was hurt and lamed;' but, for all that, he is gone to the King."

The obscure action she mentions was a skirmish between some of Cromwell's troops in Scotland and some roving bands of Scotch irregulars who took "*kane* in the king's name" on brae and border, and wheresoever they could levy it, probably for their private emolument. "He much complains,"<sup>2</sup> continues the Queen of Bohemia, "of divisions among them, and not of Sir George Monro. I do admire how people could tell so great a lie as the Pasquet; but it is very common among my countrymen." Now, whether she means by her "countrymen" English, Scotch, or Dutch, and whether the "Pasquet" thus given to figments regard-

<sup>1</sup> Patrick Ruthven, Lord Brentford in England, Earl of Forth in Scotland, had been a General in the royal forces, but was dead at this time. He bore a strange character as a necromancer, having studied the black art in the Tower, with his fellow-captive the Earl of Northumberland.—See Lilly's Life and Times.

<sup>2</sup> Evelyn's Memoirs, Appendix volume—Letter of the Queen of Bohemia written Sept. 29, Hague, 1654.

ing news was a gazette or a ship, is a riddle she has left no means of solving, for lying in all its branches was unfortunately no distinctive feature in matters political of either land.

“Lady Mohun is here; she has fled from England, fearing to be imprisoned by Cromwell. She is very good company, talks very freely, but *handsomely* [with propriety]. My Lady Herbert is also here since Sunday last. I have had yet no time to ask her anything, not having seen her since Sunday. Tom Dolman is here, and desires leave to see me, which I have put off till I know the King’s [Charles II.’s] pleasure. [As he has] so openly owned the setting forward of the treaty, I will not see him without the King’s approbation. I have writ thus to your daughter.” Lady Browne, being the wife of the Cavalier Sir Richard Browne, ambassador of Charles I., and then of Charles II., to the French court, was, as most clever ambassadors are, deep in the plots and plans of her kindred diplomats. A very remarkable correspondence seems going on between the Queen of Bohemia and Lady Browne, without doubt replete with the lively talents of both these illustrious ladies. It is very unlikely that it should have been destroyed, and is probably at this moment safely reposing in the charter-chest of the house of Evelyn. “I desire,” resumes the Queen, “that you both know the King’s pleasure in it. I entreat you, besides, to remember my humble service to him, and keep me still in his good opinion.” She adds, “I bragged too soon of shooting, for, since I wrote, the weather has not served.”

The negotiation for her daughter Sophia’s marriage with Prince Adolph, the brother of Charles Gustavus, King of Sweden, intervened at this date; and one of this series of her letters<sup>1</sup> is her official request of Charles II.’s consent, which he courteously granted, although his cousin would have been married by it into the family of one of his greatest political enemies. Notwithstanding his aunt’s advice to fix his headquarters at Aix-la-Chapelle, and not at Cologne,

<sup>1</sup> See the succeeding Biography of her daughter, Sophia of Hanover. The marriage with Adolph of Deuxponts never took place.



Charles II. found the gay watering-place of Europe far too expensive for his slender means.

In the Queen of Bohemia's next despatch, dated October 19th, she says to the royal secretary: "Hearing you may chance to stay all this week at Cologne, I send you this enclosure for the King [Charles II.] to give him humble thanks for his approbation of Sophia's marriage. You will have understood by Curtius all the news of Germany, as he is gone to wait upon the King. You will find by the English prints that they are forbidden to write anything of the proceedings of their mock parliament." Such was a small specimen of English freedom, parliamentary and popular, under the government of Cromwell, and one, perhaps, among other reasons, for desiring to raise him a statue for general adoration within the walls of the House of Commons. The Queen wrote the truth, but not the whole truth, concerning the chains with which this revolutionary despot fettered the press of his country.

There had been a dreadful explosion of gunpowder at Delft. The Queen of Bohemia went, as all the world did, to see the mischief after it was done. "I was at Delft," she continues, "to see the wrack that was made by the blowing-up of the powder this day sevensnight. It is a sad sight; whole streets quite razed, and not one stone left on another. It is not yet known how many persons are lost; there is scarce[ly] any house in town but the tiles are off." Then occurs a great blot on her paper; she proceeds to explain that her monkey Apollo had committed this malefaction. "Apollo, with leaping into my lap, has made this blot. Tom Killigrew is here, who makes a rare relation of the Queen of Sweden. It is very cold, which I hope will diminish the plague. I am extreme glad that the King is satisfied with Rupert's letter, and has answered him so kindly. I pray do poor Curtius all the favour you can." He was one of her old diplomatic retainers, and had often acted as envoy between Charles I., her husband, and herself.

The Princess of Orange having now returned to her palace of Tieling, her royal aunt Elizabeth went to meet

her, and celebrate her birthday. "She is," observes Elizabeth, "in much trouble for her dear brother of Gloucester."<sup>1</sup> It had been not many months since they had welcomed this beloved boy from his long captivity in England at Breda and Tieling. He had won their hearts by his sincere and pleasant temper; and though all observed a sort of uncouthness which he had contracted, they assured one another that he would soon polish up into an elegant young cavalier. He proceeded to Paris for the course of education there, assisted by his tutor, the Reverend Mr Lovel, a clergyman of the persecuted Church of England. The attempts of his mother, Queen Henrietta Maria, to force him into the profession of the Roman Catholic religion, are well known. The news of his distress, in consequence, filled the hearts of his relatives in the Low Countries with sorrow and indignation; and various are the notices which occur concerning young Gloucester in these letters of his aunt. "I am sorry the King [Charles II.] has so much cause of grief," she continues. "I beseech that God may speedily remedy it. I believe my dear nephew Gloucester has good resolution, but there is no trusting to one of his tender age. I confess I did not think the Queen [his mother] would have proceeded thus. All is kept here very secret that Prince Will [of Nassau-Dietz] doth in Overezel; but I am told all goes well, and that Deventer, which was the town most against, will do well, as also Rupert"—not her son, but some person concerned in the Dutch politics of De Witt against Orange, which is the subject of her discussion—"who was of the other faction. I send a letter for the best of kings"—that being her serious opinion of her nephew, Charles II.; "'tis about Tom Killigrew's business. I pray remember me to Mr Chancellor Hyde, and tell him that his lady and my favourite, his daughter"—meaning Anne Hyde—"came hither this Saturday, and are gone this day to Tieling," being for the purpose of inducting Anne Hyde in her place as maid-of-honour to the Princess of Orange, Charles II.'s sister. "I find my favourite"—and by this

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn's Memoirs, Appendix volume—Letter of the Queen of Bohemia, Nov. 16, 1654.

endearing term Elizabeth always designates Anne Hyde—"is grown every way to her advantage."

The Princess of Hohenzollern, in the latter end of November, invited the Queen of Bohemia to bear her company in a tour from Bergen to Antwerp and Brussels. It was in the course of this pleasure-trip that they meant to satisfy their curiosity concerning Christina of Sweden, of whom Tom Killigrew had given such extraordinary notices, no doubt in his peculiar way. When on the throne of Sweden, Queen Christina had behaved most inimically to Charles I., and had been ungenerous enough to use reviling words on his dire misfortunes—outrages which Elizabeth declared "she would never forgive." Christina had treated with scorn the proposal, made through Descartes, of giving an asylum to Elizabeth's eldest daughter when the family were in the utmost distress, and the young Elizabeth was peculiarly uneasy at home. Descartes had been greatly hurt by the levity and insolence with which the then prosperous Queen of Sweden spoke of the Palatine family. He died at Stockholm of the severe change of climate, soon after his acceptance of Christina's invitation; and this old friend of Elizabeth, it was reported, had not been kindly treated by his northern patroness. It was guessed that Christina meant to traverse the pending marriage of Elizabeth's youngest daughter Sophia with Adolphus the brother of the King of Sweden, Charles Gustavus, in whose favour Christina had lately abdicated.

All these causes operated in influencing Elizabeth's pen, when writing her opinion of the Swedish heroine. Yet angry as she was, her natural candour led her to say on the sight of her, "She is extravagant in her fashion and apparel, but she has a good well-favoured face and a mild countenance." Tom Killigrew had described Christina as grotesque and hideous. The two queens were pointed out to each other, when they were both at the theatre at Antwerp, by one of the players, who came to the seat or box of the Queen of Bohemia to pay his respects, and learn her approbation of his performance. The same person informed Christina of

the presence and whereabouts of Elizabeth, but no recognition passed between the queens.<sup>1</sup> "I stayed but one day," continues Elizabeth, "at Brussels, where I saw the Archduke at mass, and I saw his pictures and lodgings. I was at Sir Harry de Vic's,<sup>2</sup> who was very careful and diligent, and did me all the service he could. I stayed but Sunday at Brussels, and returned to Antwerp upon Monday. And hearing from Duart<sup>3</sup> how the Queen of Sweden had desired to know when I came back to Antwerp, 'that she might meet me in an indifferent place,' I made the more haste away the next day, because I had no mind to speak with her, since I had heard how unhandsomely she had spoken of the King my dear brother, and of the King my dear nephew, and, indeed, of all our nation. So I avoided it, and went away [from Antwerp] as soon as I had dined. Yet she sent Donoy to me with a very civil message, 'that she was sorry she could not use that civility to me as both she should do and desired [to do], hoping that one day we might meet together with more freedom.' I answered her as civilly as I could, and when I came from Bergen I gave Sir William Swann charge to make her a compliment from me.

"I came hither to the Hague from Bergen, where I was extremely<sup>4</sup> well entertained by the Princess of Hohenzollern, who was with me, and was my guide all the journey, and defrayed me." The Princess of Hohenzollern bore the expenses of her royal guest, a ceremony very needful for all those to do who were desirous of the travelling companionship of the impoverished Queen of Bohemia. The Princess of Hohenzollern was Francisca, a descendant of the eldest son of William the Liberator, the first Stadtholder. The Dutch, out of gratitude, had granted her various privileges and immunities in the town of Bergen, of

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn's Memoirs, Appendix volume—Letter of the Queen of Bohemia, December 3, 1654.

<sup>2</sup> An old diplomatic envoy of Charles I.

<sup>3</sup> This was apparently the comedian who had acted as the means of communication between Elizabeth and Christina.

<sup>4</sup> Elizabeth usually writes as her niece Mary II. did a quarter of a century later, "extreme good" or extreme well. Yet she occasionally uses the adverb correctly.



which she was by inheritance the principal proprietor. She was the wife of John George, Prince of Hohenzollern, a near relative, if not the head,<sup>1</sup> of the Electoral family of Brandenburg. Francisca, Princess of Hohenzollern, was a Roman Catholic, as Elizabeth soon afterwards knew to her sorrow: probably her religion was then concealed on account of the Dutch; for the two ladies were considering the feasibility of a marriage between Charles II. and her pretty young daughter, to which scheme may be attributed the close intimacy of the Princess with his aunt. It is not likely, however, that Elizabeth, if she had known her religion, would have recommended a Roman Catholic wife to her nephew, being fully aware that all the troubles of her beloved brother sprang from the same source; and even at the present moment she was not devoid of anxiety regarding the forced proselytism practising at Paris by her Roman Catholic sister-in-law on her young nephew, the Duke of Gloucester. Yet she says of her friend, being quite aware Charles II. was to read her despatch: "Her daughter is now so pretty every way that you would like her better than ever you did if you saw her. She is much grown, and is still of a very sweet disposition, which doth become her. She has a great deal of wit, and loves our nation extremely. It makes me think of your wish, which I am not against, you know;"—evidently alluding, says the editor of Evelyn's Memoirs, to a plan of producing a match between Charles II. and the young daughter of Zollern, but not very consistent, if Elizabeth knew her friend was a Roman Catholic, with what follows. "By this post I had very good news of the Duke's [Gloucester's] constancy in his religion, and of my Lord of Ormonde's handsome carriage in that business. So as the Queen Henrietta Maria saith, she will press him [Gloucester] no farther in it. But I hope the King [Charles II.] will not trust to it, but get him away from thence, which will do the King [Charles II.] great right [*meaning* good]. It is so cold as I can say no more."

<sup>1</sup> Memoirs by Frederic the Great, King of Prussia.

“I long to hear,” she continues in her next despatch,<sup>1</sup> “that my sweet nephew Gloucester is at Brussels. My niece [the Princess of Orange] has sent Nick Armourer to meet him there. I have written to him, by Armourer, that if the King would permit him [Gloucester] to take this place [the Hague] and Tieling in his way from Brussels, he would make his sister and me very glad. Gloucester need not make such haste to see the King [Charles II.] at Cologne; it is but the other day since he was with him, but it is long since we saw him. And I am sure our Hogan Mogans will take no notice of it if they be not asked the question, as they were for King Charles’s coming to Breda.” By this delightful name of Hogan Mogans, which was, indeed, their official title, Elizabeth means the members of the government of the United Provinces. At the peace with Cromwell, they had agreed not to harbour Charles Stuart or his brethren. So when they came to visit their sister of Orange, or their loving aunt the Queen of Bohemia, the harassed exiles were warned to quit the Dutch territories. But a flying visit from the boy Gloucester, whose firmness against his mother’s persecutions had won him great popularity in Protestant Europe, might, Elizabeth thought, be stolen, and that the Hogan Mogans would wink at it. As to Breda, where the Stuart brothers often met, the Orange demesne of that town was considered to be in the Spanish Netherlands, therefore there was no occasion for the Princess to ask leave of the Dutch authorities; she could receive her brothers there without their licence.

“I have taken the boldness to write the same to King Charles by my Lord Gerard, who, I believe, will be with you as soon as this letter, for he went from thence on Saturday last. We hear nothing of the rebels’ fleet hereabouts, but they say that Blake is to join the Spanish fleet against the Duke of Guise.”<sup>2</sup> “The French ambassador,” continues

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn’s Memoirs, Appendix volume,—dated at the Hague, December 21, 1654.

<sup>2</sup> The Duke of Guise commanded the French fleet, though a soldier; he died soon after of his wounds received at the victory of Arras.

Elizabeth, “believes the French treaty with Cromwell as good as broken ; he is much joyed that the meeting [at Antwerp] between the Queen of Sweden and the Prince of Condé was to neither of their content. For Condé desired to be received as she received the Archduke, viceroy for Spain in the Spanish Netherlands, which Christina refused, saying she had done too much in that, and would do so no more. Yet Condé came to see her *brusquement à l'improvist*, and did nothing but rally her in his talk, which put her so out as she said almost not one word. This was in the morning ; after dinner she sent to ‘know if he would see the play at night ?’ He said, ‘he would obey her,’ but desired to know whether he should come known with the state of his rank as prince of the blood-royal of France, ‘or unknown’—viz. incognito. For if he came as Prince de Condé, he looked to have *chaise à bras* as the Archduke had. Christina said, ‘he had better come unknown (incognito).’ So he came, and she stood all the play, rallying with Monsieur Quito, the Prince’s favourite. The next day the Prince de Condé went to Brussels ; neither of them were well satisfied with each other. My Lady Swann is here within a few days ; by her I shall know more of this,” meaning the interview between the celebrated hero and heroine, the warlike Prince of Condé and Christina of the Abdication. He was doing penance at Brussels by exile for the rebellion of the Fronde in France, which Christina had encouraged with all her might—that is, with all the influence she could emit from her far cold orbit when she was reigning as the Star of the North. Condé corresponded with her almost amorously, and she had excited his turbulence ; yet, when these two admirers met, their first proceedings were to squabble concerning arm-chairs ! as the Queen of Bohemia dryly describes. She proceeds to note some of the gossip of young Charles Stuart’s court under a cloud at Cologne ; she mentions a mysterious transit which her friend Sir Harry de Vic had made from Brussels to Cologne, not on matters political, but affectionate—the dry old statesman was in love with a fair damsel at Cologne. “Sure it is a doating time !” exclaims the Queen of Bohemia,

“for King Charles’ *ould* ministers of state. I thank God your wife is yet alive,<sup>1</sup> for fear you should fall in love again. I pray let me know when that wedding will be, for I will send you a letter to Reverend Dick Harding to bespeak him as brideman” to Sir Harry de Vic, whose going courting to Cologne had amazed her. Her monkey had made an escapade, but had returned. She thus concludes her lively epistle: “I thank you for your congratulation on Apollo’s return; you know how great a favourite he is. I pray tell my Lady Hyde I am very glad she was so welcome at Cologne.”

A mysterious homicide at Cologne was perplexing the friends of the exiled Stuarts. Captain Manning, one of Charles II.’s suite, was discovered to be a spy of Cromwell’s. The King, who meant to examine deliberately into the accusation, sent him under restraint to a strong castle near Cologne; but one of the King’s attendants, either fearing Charles’s clemency for the traitor, or, which is most likely, expecting discovery of his own proceedings in the same line, shot him dead at the castle-gate when he was alighting from the vehicle in which the King had sent him. That the cavalier-rising in the west, under Penruddock, was betrayed by the spy Manning is certain, as his correspondence appears among the Thurloe Papers. The assassination of Manning greatly troubled Charles, who would have been glad to have examined him. The Queen of Bohemia thus alludes to this historical fact in her next despatch to Sir Edward Nicolas, then with Charles II. at Cologne:<sup>2</sup> “Since you wrote yours, I understand that that arch-villain Manning has received his just desert. I wish all those of his cabal with him. I wish I might know whom he has accused on this side of the sea, to avoid them, but this is only in case you may tell it, for I do not desire

<sup>1</sup> Lady Nicolas, mother of Lady Browne the English Ambassadress, grandmother of Mrs Evelyn, and wife of Sir Edward Nicolas, to whom this curious exhortation is addressed by the Queen of Bohemia, from the Hague, December 21, 1654.

<sup>2</sup> Evelyn’s Memoirs, Appendix volume—dated Hague, December 27 1654.



it otherwise: I have curiosity enough to desire the rest, but I will not desire but as you think fit. There is little news here: the King of Sweden has a son born to him," Charles Gustavus, the near relative of Elizabeth's husband and children; he was the successor of Christina. It was this polite hero who said to his consort, when she, presuming on the birth of his heir, was offering some counsel on affairs political, 'Madam, we took you to give us children, not advice.'" He was making a terrible onslaught upon Brandenburg, the territories of his cousin, the Elector George William, whose brave son, Frederic William the Great, soon after gave him deserved punishment. Elizabeth was related to these belligerents by blood herself, but her children were exceedingly closely connected with both. The three families were descended from the Jagellons, claimants of the hereditary duchy of Lithuania—and they were all eagerly looking forward to election—as the last of the line reigning in Poland, John Casimir, had no heirs, and was disgusted with its sceptre: this was the secret spring which set the northern sovereigns waging such bloody wars together after the "Thirty Years' War."

Elizabeth went to Tieling on a visit to her niece, the Princess of Orange, on the last day of the year 1654. When she returned to the Hague, she wrote thus to Cologne:<sup>1</sup> "I have letters from Brussels this morning, telling me that my dear nephew, the Duke of Gloucester, was there the New Year's eve, the same day I was at Tieling; but when he came thither, or came from thence, I know not. I am extreme glad the King [Charles II.] permits him to see his sister and me. I hope he will suffer him to stay some time with my dear niece the Princess of Orange; it will be a great contentment to her, and no hurt to him; and as long as there is nothing told to the States of him, they will take no notice of it; this I know is true:" that is, as long as the young Prince was content to remain incognito. The courtship of Sir Henry de Vic, which had amused her in the preceding month, was not prospering,

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn's Memoirs, Appendix volume—dated Hague, Jan. 4, 1654-5.

for the Queen resumes: "I am sorry for poor Sir Harry de Vic, as, let the match break or go on, it is every way ill for him. We hear no certainty here how the French treaty with the rebels in England goes, whether it breaks or peace. I am very sorry for the Countess of Morton's death. I pity Sir Thomas Berkeley, but most her children." The Countess of Morton was the governess of the young Henrietta Stuart, youngest daughter of Charles I. Every one knows the particulars of her successful escape with the royal infant. She had left Paris some years afterwards, and returned to England to avoid the proselytising spirit of her queen, Henrietta, and the affectionate entreaties of her fair pupil, and of the kind old Gamache, and neither were persons to be resisted without painful feelings; they did not think the Church of England (as established at the last translation of the Scriptures) catholic enough, but the faithful Lady Morton knew it was. After her marriage with Sir Thomas Berkeley, she returned incognita to England, but in a few weeks died of a typhus fever—perhaps of the plague that the Queen mentions in one of her letters of the preceding autumn. She was vexed on her deathbed by polemic wrangles, but died in our church.<sup>1</sup> The sympathy expressed by the Queen of Bohemia was natural enough; they were co-religionists and early acquaintances.

Elizabeth returns to Christina, and has a fling at her of dry satire. "The Queen of Sweden is now at Brussels, where she was received in great state. I believe the Archduke wisheth her at Antwerp again, for she persecutes him verie close with her company, for you know he is a verie modest man. I have written the King [Charles II.] some particulars of it, which are rare ones"—namely, of Christina's persecutions of the modest viceroy of the Spanish Netherlands. To do Elizabeth justice, no letter from her pen ever sins against propriety; or, to use her own phraseology, is "unhandsome." The rest of her despatch is filled with particulars respecting the quarrels of the descendants of the Jagellons, the kings of Sweden and Poland,

<sup>1</sup> MSS. of Père Gamache.

and the intention of the Muscovite Czar to come and devour them when weakened with contending. The King of Poland, John Casimir, she had heard, meant to send his agent to Cromwell to ask for ships to make a diversion against the Muscovite. "So good an agent is very unwilling to go," she observes, "but he must obey his master.<sup>1</sup> Sure Cromwell is the Beast in the Revelation that all kings and nations do worship! I wish him a like end, and speedily!" Among her other energetic qualities, our Elizabeth was a good hater, and, notwithstanding the touch of comedy in this explosion of her wrath against the enemy of her house, her heart went with her aspiration.

"Mr Secretary," she says in her next letter,<sup>2</sup> "I believe you will hear at Cologne how *debauched* [dissipated] I have been this last week, in sitting up late to see dancing. We made Friday out, and every night, which lasted till Saturday, till five o'clock in the morning, and yesterday was the christening of Prince Will's child [William of Nassau-Dietz]. I was at the supper; my niece, Mary Princess of Orange, the little Prince [then four years old, afterwards William III.], the Princess-Dowager, his grandmother, of Orange, and Prince Maurice, were gossips. The States-General and the Council of State, and myself and Louise, were there as guests. After supper, was dancing till three o'clock. My little nephew was at the supper, and sat verie still. Those States [the Orange deputies] that were there were much taken with him. The King of Sweden with his army is within an hour's march of Königsberg, with twenty thousand men, mostly horse. The Elector is in the town, and has also twenty thousand men." This passage indicates the terrible strife raging between Charles Gustavus King of Sweden, and his relative the Elector of Brandenburg, in the heart of whose dominions the warlike Swede was then doing battle. Cromwell affected to interfere with a religious protest against the horrors of war, and the inordinate ambition of his friend the King of Sweden, in godly meekness wondering that

<sup>1</sup> She alludes to De Bré, the Polish minister resident at the Hague.

<sup>2</sup> Evelyn's Memoirs, &c.—dated Hague, January 10, 1654-5.

men took such pains to reign! Elizabeth, exasperated at this cant, exclaims against Cromwell,—“ Good man, he took no pains for it, nor had no ambition! There never was so great a hypocrite; I wish him as ill a new-year as, I thank you, you wish me a good one!”<sup>1</sup> Ill wishes are a feeble artillery; they generally inspire contempt. But Elizabeth always launches hers with such comic vivacity, that one laughs reading her maledictions. She probably laughed when writing them.

The Princess of Orange, her niece, was her guest at the Hague during the festival of the Epiphany, particulars of which she interweaves with the fates of contending nations. “ My dear niece,” she resumes, “ continues her intention of going from hence on Thursday next, but I doubt the weather will hinder her, for it thaws apace. I have written to my nephew, Charles II., all the particulars of what they were, and who was best dressed.” The young Duke of Gloucester was expected, as his sister’s guest, every day. “ I hope my next,” writes his loving aunt, “ will tell you of my sweet nephew’s being welcome to Tieling, for Mr Lovel<sup>2</sup> assures us all here that he is perfectly well. I believe Mr Fraser is not sorry to have a commission to wait upon him this way, for so he may see his mistress, though she will not confess him so.” Fraser was one of the young Duke’s gentlemen, so far is evident, and he had showed himself taken with the charms of some maid of honour of the courts of Bohemia or Orange, name unknown. But Elizabeth was always delighted if she could discover any signs of dawning flirtation. From some, however, she obstinately averted her penetrating regards. As to her favourite Anne Hyde, whose Hebe beauty she so much commends, she never would believe in the mutual passion of her and “ her dear godson Tint,” meaning her nephew, the young Duke of York, whose early valour and martial genius were then filling all Europe. Lord Craven rather recriminated afterwards on his illustrious mistress that she

<sup>1</sup> Queen of Bohemia to Sir E. Nicolas—Evelyn’s *Memoirs*, vol. ii.

<sup>2</sup> His tutor. The letter is dated Hague, January 11, 1654-5—Evelyn’s *Memoirs*, Appendix volume.



never would believe there was anything in that attachment. It must have been beginning at this period, for there are few of the Queen of Bohemia's letters which do not mention her young favourite Anne Hyde's attractions and goodness. Like Lord Dundee, her friends had no faults.

"The news I writ you," resumes her devious pen, "of Poland and Sweden, is most true, and that De Bré (the Polish agent) makes still his preparations to go for England." Soon after she had announced that Charles Gustavus was hovering with an army of the terrible Swedish cavalry at the gates of the old Brandenburg capital, Königsberg, he and the great Elector<sup>1</sup> settled their affairs by two or three fearful pitched battles, in which, we are happy to record, the invader got well punished, and was beaten back to his Scandinavian home.

Elizabeth's pen, which flies with equal facility from politics to pleasure, from diplomacy to dancing, now plunges into the description, not of a battle, but a ball, she had shared in at Tieling, where she had gone to visit her niece of Orange. "We had a royalty, though not upon Twelfth Night, at Tieling. It was a masked ball. My niece, the Princess of Orange, was a gypsy, and became her dress extreme well." Another, whose name has been gnawed by the tooth of Time, who will now and then bite a hole in our best documents, "was dressed as a North Holland boorine. Mistress Anne Hyde was a shepherdess, and I assure you was very handsome in it; none but her mistress, the Princess of Orange, looked handsomer than she. I believe my Lady Hyde and Mr Chancellor will not be very sorry to hear it, which I pray you tell them from me." The father and mother of the Queen of Bohemia's blooming favourite were then at Cologne with Charles II. Nearly the same costumes were worn at this fancy-ball of the Princess's at Tieling, as the masks at the grand christening of the Nassau infant. The Queen of Bohemia says she wrote the description of the dresses to Charles II. Her letter is still extant: it is in answer to his account of a ball he had assisted at, given by a hos-

<sup>1</sup> Memoirs by Frederic the Great.

pitiable citizen of Cologne. The Queen of Bohemia will not hear that it was comparable to her masking and mumming at the Hague or Tieling. "I believe you had more meat and drink at Hannibal Sestades, yet I am sure our fiddles were better, and dancers. Your sister the Princess of Orange was very well dressed like an amazon; Amelia of Hesse, Princess of Tarente, like a shepherdess; Mademoiselle d'Orange, a nymph; they were all very well dressed, but I wished all the night your Majesty had seen Vanderhaus: there never was seen the like; he was a gypsy, and Anne Hyde his wife. He had pantaloons close to him of red and yellow striped, with ruffled sleeves; he looked just like Jock-a-Lent." The last-named personage seems to belong to Elizabeth's very early remembrances of the Scottish Mayday festivals. It is singular that, minutely as she writes and describes at all periods of her life, a trait of Scotland or of Scottish memories can seldom be traced to her pen. The thoughts of Mary Stuart flew back to Scotland, albeit not too well treated there, with fond tenacity, whether in the splendid festivities of Paris, or pining in English prisons; but her granddaughter Elizabeth Stuart forgot she was born a Scottish Princess.

Among other wars, and rumour of wars, she thus alludes to a little one impending between her son the Elector and his neighbour: "I believe you have heard of the quarrel between my son and the Elector of Mentz. It may end in some ill business. It is now so cold, and they make such a noise with their bells and sleids [sleighs] in the street as makes me end." The merry sleigh-bells did not, however, prevent her from writing a long postscript. "I pray remember my service to the King, and in my name make a humble suit to him in Thom Killigrew's behalf; it is to recommend him to Prince Will for Captain Morgan's company, who is dead; it will make him subsist till the King be able to do for him, and his wife's friends have put him upon it. I would not trouble his Majesty with a letter, since you are in the place. Thom writes to the King himself about it. It will be a great honour for him, the King's writing, because his wife's friends will by that see his Ma-

jesty's favour to him." In all this making of interest for her unworthy protégé "Thom," by the mention of his wife's friends, as if they were Dutch, it is apparent that he was one of the Benedicts whose bans were up.

"Mr Secretary," commences Elizabeth, in her next and last letter<sup>1</sup> to Sir Edward Nicolas, "my sweet nephew, young Gloucester, is not yet gone from Antwerp, but I hope, now the weather is better, I shall see him shortly; for as soon as he comes to his sister's house, the Princess of Orange, at Tieling, I shall be there. I hope it is a good prophecy of the Electress of Brandenburg's having a son, but she doth not look to be delivered before the end of this month or the beginning of next." As usual, fortune-telling had been consulted about the future destiny of the grandchild of the elder Princess of Orange, whose daughter Louise had married the Great Elector. He had just cleared his country of the invading Swede, and deserved a better son than he had, for the Nassau alliance had brought crookedness and crabbedness into the Brandenburg family. To be sure, the dower was splendid, but the Orange Electress died after being the mother of one dwarfish queer imp, with whom we shall have some converse in our next biography. "The letters out of England," resumes the Queen, "say that Cromwell is bringing his army to London, and doubles his guards; plants cannon in many places in London, and at the Tower." This is written to the Prince of Tarente.

The news was true enough, and the despot thought he should like to have the whole of the parks for his private use, so he built Kensington Barracks, and shut the populace out of Hyde Park, by imposing a toll of sixpence a-head on all the perambulators therein. How would his worshippers like to have to pay it now? Of course, at the Restoration the King threw open the parks, and took off the mean poll-tax on fresh air and pleasant walks, which the populace enjoy now, and did before the Great Rebellion stuck up many despots as heroes of freedom. The poor folk had long enough discovered that they had mistaken their friends! on which account the cannon Elizabeth mentions were

<sup>1</sup> Appendix to Evelyn's Memoirs—dated Hague, Jan. 18, 1654-5.



placed *in terrorem* round and about London: their sites are pretty well known even now.

"As for the Archduke," resumes her pen, "he may thank God to be rid of the Queen of Sweden. She is lodged at the Count of Egmont's house in Brussels, where she stays all winter. My Lord Norwich has news that the Archduke goes for Spain, and Don John of Austria comes in his place, and marrieth the Queen of Sweden; and they are to have the Low Countries as the Archduke Albert had, but I believe it not."<sup>1</sup>

So ends the Queen of Bohemia's series of news-letters for the information of the banished court at Cologne. Poor as Elizabeth was, her roof gave shelter to many a houseless Cavalier; and, like her protégé "Thom," some were sad *mauvais sujets*. Nor were such tendencies confined to the gentlemen Royalists in difficulties. The Queen of Bohemia had admitted in her train a dame bearing the loyal name of Grenville. If the sister of Sir Bevis and Sir Richard Grenville, certes she partook more of the rantipole qualities of Sir Richard—whose diableries completely horrify Clarendon's sense of propriety—than the *preux-chevalier* Sir Bevis. Mistress Grenville had, the same winter, when out on a vacation, been giving both her tongue and conduct most improper latitudes. Sir Charles Cottrel and his Queen had due notice of the same; and when the errant lady returned, were obliged to inform her that she could no longer remain in the establishment. But the Grenville, whether maid or widow, was in debt, and could not go. A great disturbance took place at Elizabeth's house, the particulars of which she writes to her nephew Charles II.<sup>2</sup> Her letter gives a prolonged view of her domestic life, which she has recently dwelt on. "I must trouble your Majesty again to let you know the suite of what I wrote you the last post concerning Mrs Grenville. Having done all I could to get her friends to help her away, so that I should not be forced to do it

<sup>1</sup> History, likewise, knows it was not true. Don John of Austria was natural son of Philip IV. of Spain, who has somehow shared in the heroic reputation of his namesake of the preceding century, the natural son of Charles V.

<sup>2</sup> Lambeth MSS.—from the Queen of Bohemia, March 2, 1654-5.



myself, which could not but disgrace her, I could not prevail on them. They answered that 'they would not meddle with her business.' I seeing that, and not being able any longer to suffer her vaunting, upon Tuesday night last I made her go out of my house, in a coach, which had order to set her down wheresoever she desired to be. I did it at night to avoid a noise, and that they should not say I put her into her creditors' hands, if I had done it in the day. She went to Mistress Mohun's. I thought to have sent to the Court of Holland about it, but some of my friends counselled me not to do it, but to keep them for help if I had need of them. Yesterday came to me four gentlemen of Mistress Grenville's friends, who, in civil terms, expostulated with me for putting her away in that fashion; saying, 'that they had hindered forty English gentlemen from coming to me that morning on that matter.' I assure your Majesty that there are not by half so many of our nation in this town of the Hague. I am confident they could not have five more besides themselves to have done it. Those that never came further than Ned Wood's might, it may be, have been persuaded. I answered, 'that it was their fault that I did it, since they (her friends) would not help her away otherwise. I had suffered her humours as long as I could, because I do not love to affront any, but I could not suffer always; and since they said they would not meddle with her affairs, I must be mistress in my own house, and would not be braved there, (adding) I believe they would as little suffer the same of their own servants.' Mistress Grenville's friends answered, 'it was a great disgrace for her to be sent out so, and in the night!' I answered, 'that I did it for the best, to make the less noise.' They said 'it would make people believe that it was for La Mère's letter.'" By La Mère the Grenville party meant the informant who had let the Queen and her comptroller of the household, Sir Charles Cottrel, know of the irregularities of the lady under discussion. "No," answered her royal mistress. "It was not for that letter, or I should have dismissed her directly. It was for her unquietness and disrespect to me. They desired me," she resumes, "that I would give Mistress

Grenville's creditors assurance of her debts, else she would be arrested. I said 'I should be sorry for it, but could not help it. Her creditors would not take my word, for I owed some of them much more than she did; besides, I could never meddle with my servant's debts.' There passed more discourses, which would be too long to relate. At last I told them 'I should be very glad if they could find a way to content her creditors, so that I were not engaged in it. If her creditors would ask me about it, I should persuade them to let her alone, but I would not be engaged for her.'"

Genuine good sense and good temper may be perceived through the whole of the Queen's conduct in this scene, from the life-interior of her domicile. She had been annoyed and offended, but is not revengeful; though evidently indignant at the allies of her contumacious servant, who threatened her with being besieged by forty English gentlemen. "I will not name the four," continues she to her nephew Charles II., "your Majesty will hear of it without my naming. One is her cousin, the other her countryman; the third was her gallant before his matrimony; the fourth is none of these, but I think came in for company's sake to make up the four. As for the forty Hectors that should have come to have terrified me, they did send to my Lord Grandison and Colonel Cromwell to have led on the van of these most furious knights." Colonel Cromwell was the most devoted of cavaliers; it was he who had the intrepidity to carry into his cousin's stronghold, in the depths of old Westminster Palace, the *carte blanche*<sup>1</sup> that young Charles had sent to the revolutionary despot, in hopes of saving his beloved father's life. He was one of Charles II.'s gentlemen of the bedchamber, and though now disporting himself at the Hague, generally guarded him most sedulously, for his usual sleeping-place was on a mattress across the threshold of his royal master's door, a practice continued long after the Restoration. The contrast between the two Cromwells is deeply interesting. Elizabeth ever names the loyal Colonel with approbation, and usually with an

<sup>1</sup> Sir Henry Ellis's Historical Letters, to which the fac-simile is appended.

explanatory notation that he may not be confounded with her *bête noir* the "Protector." In this instance it may be learned that Lord Grandison and Colonel Cromwell very handsomely refused to lead the van of Mistress Grenville's army of defiance, "saying," continues she, "they would not meddle with any in that kind, that had used me so ill. I must now, with great reason, beg your Majesty's pardon for this trouble ; it is to let you know the truth, if you hear any false reports of this. I will always give your Majesty an account of my actions, there being nothing I desire more than to be right in your opinion."

Charles II. came from his retirement at Cologne, and visited his aunt and sister during the carnival at the Hague 1655-56. They received him with the utmost hospitality, and, among other diversions, a ballet was devised by the Queen of Bohemia. "Very well danced it was," she says. Next Sunday it was made the subject of pulpit denunciation, not by the Dutch Calvinists—they had given up the Palatine family as incorrigible, it may be supposed—but a little lively French Protestant took up his parable against it. "He said in his sermon," records Elizabeth, "that we had committed as great a sin as Sodom and Gomorrah, which set all the church a-laughing."<sup>1</sup> No wonder. It was the carnival of 1655 which occasioned all these gay doings. With her niece, the Princess of Orange, she received masks, and kept open house for them. "The masks," wrote she, "kept coming in until five in the morning."

In the summer, Elizabeth's nephew and niece, Charles II. and Mary of Orange, made another merry assignation to set off together incognito to Frankfort fair. Then was renewed the pleasant correspondence which gives the reader glances at the genuine life of these historical personages. The artist-princess Louisa had painted a portrait for her cousin Charles II. of his well-loved sister Mary. Her mother forwarded it to Frankfort with one of her pleasant news-letters, which has not fallen into biographical hands. Charles answered her in a gay airy letter, lately dug out by one of our historical antiquaries. No bad judge of art,

<sup>1</sup> Sir Henry Ellis's Historical Letters—Lambeth MSS.

Charles speaks of his cousin Louisa's painting as if he cordially liked it; there is nothing forced in his praises. The easy style of the letter proves the family friendship subsisting between Elizabeth and her brother's children. He is all hilarity at the arrival of this dear sister; and such chattering is going on in his poor but cheerful abode, that he can scarcely have a respite to thank the dear aunt Elizabeth for her welcome present, saying that he is writing from his sister's chamber, where there was such a noise that he hardly hoped to end his letter or write common sense. As for the Princess of Orange's journey to Cologne, and the accidents that befell her by the way, "I leave her," he continues, "to give your Majesty an account of them. I shall only tell your Majesty that we are now thinking how to pass our time. In the first place, of dancing, in which we find two difficulties; one for want of fiddlers, and the other for somebody to teach and assist at the dancing the new dances. I have got my sister [the Princess of Orange] to send for Sylvius as one that is able to perform both. As for the fiddle-de-dees, my Lord Taafe does promise to be their convoy, and in the mean time we must content ourselves with those that make no difference between a hymn and a coranto.<sup>1</sup> I have now received my sister's picture that my dear cousin, the Princess Louise, was pleased to draw, and do desire your Majesty to thank her for me, for 'tis a most excellent picture; which is all said at present by your most humble and most affectionate nephew and servant,—CHARLES R."<sup>2</sup>

He was too good-natured to inform his aunt of the despicable conduct of her son, the Elector Palatine, who, though he had subsisted for a score of years on the bounty of Charles I., and known the troubles of exile and the loss of rank, yet he himself now raised a squabble of precedence; he, the Elector of the Empire lately restored to rank on good behaviour, with the loss of half his dominions, could not visit the exiled King of Great Britain because his rank was too high to yield him precedence. And though as lads they had played and

<sup>1</sup> The coranto is supposed to mean a waltz.

<sup>2</sup> Ellis's Original Letters, 2d Series, vol. iii. p. 376.



sported together in the Home Park at Hampton Court many a time and oft, yet when Mary and Charles saw him at the Opera at Frankfort, stiff bows only were exchanged. Elizabeth had asked her son previously to request Charles II. to stand sponsor for his half-animated son. The boy was named Charles, after himself, yet the ungracious Elector hastened to contradict and deny his mother's request—for reasons of state.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters.

# ELIZABETH STUART

## CHAPTER IX.

### SUMMARY

Satisfactory arrangement of Elizabeth's income by the Dutch—Elopement of her daughter Louisa to the Antwerp English convent—Elizabeth's anger against Princess Hohenzollern, as the cause of her child's apostasy—Her letter to Rupert about oranges—Lord Craven and Elizabeth—Angry with her son "Ned"—Her daughter Louisa becomes a nun at Chaillot under the protection of Queen Henrietta—Elizabeth opposes the marriage of her daughter Sophia with Ernest of Hanover—Elizabeth's merry letter—Restoration of Charles II.—She accompanies him to his embarkation for England—Death of her nephew Gloucester and niece of Orange of smallpox—Letters to her son the Elector—Indignant at his frauds and equivocations—Her wish to go to England—Letters to the heroic Lord Langdale—Preparations for departure to England—Her nephew's poverty prevents a State-visit—Trustfulness of her Dutch creditors—Has no carriage to take her to embark—French Ambassador takes her in his with her ladies—Clarendon opposes her voyage—His secret reasons—She perseveres—Her letter to Rupert—Tells him she has satisfied Clarendon—Arrives incognita at Craven House, Drury Lane—Kind provision made for her by Lord Craven—Affectionate reception by Charles II. and James Duke of York—She remains incognita for a time—Constantly visited by the King—Her satisfaction—Expresses gratitude towards him—She goes to the opening of the English Opera-house with the King—Goes with him often to theatres—Lord Craven's attachment and services—She hires Leicester House—Contest with the Elector about furniture—He canvasses her for a presentation to Charterhouse—Her receptions of ambassadors—Takes cold going into Leicester House—Breaks a blood-vessel—Charles II., James, and Rupert, hasten to her—Affectionate farewell to them—Religious preparation and calm death—Burial in Westminster Abbey—Account of her descendants—Failure of heirs-male.

GREAT tribulation fell on the Queen of Bohemia on the very day when the worst of her pecuniary difficulties were alleviated. She had entered into a negotiation with the

Dutch States, which agreed to secure to her permanently the monthly pension of 10,000 livres she had for some years been receiving from them. The generous Hogan Mogans granted this request, December 19, 1657. On the evening of that day, after the arrangement of this business, her daughter Louisa was mysteriously lost, and several hours elapsed before Elizabeth received the least hint as to where she was or what had become of her. The most terrible tragedy was supposed to have taken place ; in fact, the Princess issued out of her mother's house at the Hague, alone and disguised, at seven o'clock in the morning before daylight was distinct, passed through the streets on foot, and without money, guide, or equipage,<sup>1</sup> went to Delfthaven, where an agent was waiting for her by appointment, who took her to Bergen. Here she was welcomed by her relative the Princess of Hohenzollern. Finally she retired to the convent of the Carmelites Anglaises, Antwerp. It was cruel to inflict the mortal anguish of suspense on her mother, who was in great agony when her daughter towards nightfall was missed. The next day a letter was found on her toilette, and delivered to the Queen of Bohemia, which announced that the fugitive had escaped "on account of the aversion she felt to receiving the Protestant sacrament on Christmas day, as she was by conviction a Roman Catholic."<sup>2</sup> A memorial, set forth by the priests on the occasion, mentions Sybella de Ketler, who had been her father's governess and then her own, as if that lady had paved the way for this secession ; likewise, "that the ultimate conviction of Louisa arose from the perusal of a controversial book published by the Calvinists." Indeed, such conversions are not unusual fruits of the polemical tree on whichever side they happen to be put forth. The Princess of Hohenzollern bore all the blame ; but her brother Edward, and perhaps Queen Henrietta Maria, were the real instigators of the escapade. Soon after, the Princess Louisa made her recantation of

<sup>1</sup> Oraisons Funèbres.

<sup>2</sup> This escapade of the Princess Louisa presents many features of the flight of the Princess Anne of Denmark from James II. Anne caricatured the adventure, but imitated it in several points.

the Protestant religion in the English Carmelite convent at Antwerp with great ceremony. The Princess of Hohenzollern replied very humbly to the angry reproaches Elizabeth wrote to her. Nevertheless, the Dutch States, on the complaint of the incensed mother, deprived the Princess of her privileges at Bergen, as a punishment for perverting and aiding in the abduction of a Protestant virgin of royal rank. The Queen was forced to take every means of proving that she was not an abettor of her daughter's change, or the Dutch, who were very eager Protestants, might have deprived her of the newly-settled stipend, her chief subsistence. Many scandals were raised on the occasion, especially by a lady designated by Elizabeth and her sons as the "P. of Q."<sup>1</sup> It has been supposed that the Princess of Hohenzollern is indicated. But of all persons the Princess of Hohenzollern was the least likely to depreciate the character of her convert and cousin.

The Queen of Bohemia had by the spring recovered her spirits sufficiently to write, in a tone of jesting and drolery, to her son Rupert, about abstracting some oranges meant for him. "Robert Cortez sends you two cases of Portugal oranges," writes she;<sup>2</sup> "two for the King [Charles II.], and two for me. They are at the Brill, but the ice is not yet all gone. As soon as they come you shall have your part sent you. I believe Lord Craven will tell you how much ado he has had to save your part from me, for I made him believe I would take one of your cases for my niece and the [young] Prince of Orange. I did it to vex him."

There is scarcely any other instance that can be found among her correspondence, voluminous as it is, where Lord Craven is alluded to otherwise than as a mere useful official. She proceeds to tell Rupert the matters on her mind concerning her daughter Louisa, whom Charles II.

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters. They are printed very incorrectly, it is true, but the initial Q. goes through several letters.

<sup>2</sup> Bromley Letters—dated the Hague, March 4, 1657-58.



and his sister, the Princess of Orange, had lately visited in her Carmelite convent. They first had asked their aunt's leave to visit her renegade, and she replied, "That it would be only too much honour for her; but since the P. of Q. had told such base lies of her, they would do a very good action to see her to justify her innocence. The royal party, Charles II. and Mary of Orange, and my other nephew,"<sup>1</sup> writes she, "went to see Louisa in the monastery, and did chide her for her change of religion, and for leaving me so unhandsomely. Louisa answered, 'She was sorry she had displeased me, but was well satisfied with her change of faith.'" Whatsoever calumny was afloat concerning Louisa, it related to matters polemical and controversial, not to personal slander; as the Queen adds, "that the Bishop of Antwerp had written a letter to Prince Edward, where he clears Louisa of that base calumny; yet Ned is so wilful as that he excuses the Princess of Tarente."<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth adds, "the P. of Q.<sup>3</sup> did go to Antwerp twice, and spoke with Louisa. I have not yet the particulars. Louisa writes to Merode, the President of the States Chamber of Deputies, that they parted on very ill terms. I hope this week we shall have what passed between them. By my next you shall have it. At her return hither [to the Hague], the P. made many believe that she had brought me letters from the King [Charles], my niece the Princess of Orange, and Louisa, to justify her, and that she had herself given them to me, and talked two hours with me, which is an impudent lie!" After which outburst of maternal rage, Elizabeth diverges into the public history of her country: "Cromwell has broken his mock Parliament because the Independents were too strong for him, and had prepared a petition, signed with six thousand hands, against

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps the Duke of York, whom she mentions the next week as her dear "Tint."

<sup>2</sup> Bromley Letters.

<sup>3</sup> To Miss Benger's Biography of Elizabeth of Bohemia is appended some curious notitia of her family, translated from the German, where it is averred that the scandalising lady is the Prioress of Quedlingberg.—See p. 447, vol. ii. Elizabeth, in her distress and anguish, and in her just anger against the Princess of Hohenzollern, mixes the two incoherently in her letters.

his being king, and, indeed, against all government but a commonwealth. The Lower House would not acknowledge the Upper House, and one stood up and said, 'That many of the pretended House of Lords would do well to seek out their pedigrees first, to see if they were *gentlemen* before being Lords.' "

Elizabeth's youngest daughter Sophia was not at the Hague when Louisa fled to Antwerp, but writes to Prince Rupert, the next month, as from Heidelberg, where she was with her niece Elizabeth Charlotte, "that they were expected to set out in a week, if not delayed by some illness of the child." The Queen of Bohemia in her next letter<sup>1</sup> says, "Your sister Louisa has arrived at Chaillot. Her brother Edward went and fetched her from Rouen. The Queen [Henrietta] went to see her the next day. The King of France [Louis XIV.] went thither the week after. They are very civil to her. The Queen Henrietta wrote to me, 'that she will have a care of her as of her own daughter, and begs for her pardon.' But I have excused it [declined pardoning Louisa] as handsomely as I could, and entreated her not to take it ill, but only to think what she would do if she had had the same misfortune"—a case oddly enough put to Henrietta Maria, who had never been permitted to bring up her children in her own religion. Elizabeth is still wroth that "Ned" will not acknowledge his error in having so good an opinion "of the P.; she is detested by Protestant and Papist. I have such a cold that I can say no more. Farewell, dear Rupert."

If the Duchess of Orleans may be believed, her aunt Louisa's profession was undertaken without any religious motive, but merely that she might enjoy a noble income,<sup>2</sup> and cultivate in peace and prosperity her love for painting; that she never spoke to the nuns; and when she went to the required midnight services, instead of prayer she amused herself by watching, with a painter's eye, the fine Rem-

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters—Queen of Bohemia to Prince Rupert, Hague, 29th April (1657).

<sup>2</sup> Letters of Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans. In those edited by Feder, on the contrary, she dwells on her aunt's holiness and goodness.

brandt effects of light and shade at the illumined altar.<sup>1</sup> To be sure, the ill motives that Elizabeth Charlotte attributes to every one are not always to be taken on trust; but the reader must not fall into the gross mistake of some writers, who assert that she threw imputations of the coarsest immorality on her aunt Louisa after she became Abbess of Maubisson, when, in fact, the abbess whom she affirms had the thirteen children, had been a married woman, and flourished in the reign of Francis I. A small space of a century and a half had elapsed since the arrival of that poor Louisa at Maubisson whom the French *savants* have pretended that her niece of Orleans calumniated.

It does not appear that Elizabeth ever saw this favourite child again after her desertion. The mother felt the blow more severely than any of her many misfortunes. She wrote with more passion and anger regarding those who had wiled away Louisa than appears in any of her previous correspondence. On the Princess of Hohenzollern her displeasure chiefly fell; but there are many indications that the leading spirit in the affair was Queen Henrietta Maria, who perhaps in this manner repaid the active interference of Elizabeth when her son, the young Duke of Gloucester, took refuge at the Hague and at Breda from her persecuting endeavours to make him a Roman Catholic: for it was but a few months after Elizabeth and the Princess of Orange had received at Breda the young son of Henrietta as a Protestant refugee, that the Queen welcomed the daughter of Elizabeth as a votary at her Chaillot foundation. The widowed queens had changed children.

The marriage of her Calvinist daughter Sophia with the Lutheran prince Ernest Auguste of Brunswick-Lunenbourg, in the succeeding summer, afforded little consolation for the escape of her Roman Catholic runaway. Elizabeth had opposed the engagement with all her might for some months. However, when she found that her eldest son insisted on disposing of Sophia as his subject and vassal,

<sup>1</sup> The letters of her brother the Elector, Charles Louis, in the Archives of Hanover, sneeringly attribute the same motive to her.

she made the best of it, and actually became very friendly on further acquaintance with her handsome son-in-law, the nephew of her old friend, protector, and cousin, Christian Bishop of Halberstadt. The best prospect her son-in-law had was the reversion of one of those rather unedifying German prelacies, where benedictions were given, in Teutonic fashion, as knocks on the head, and the church-militant hired out her flock to fight wheresoever the human species was proving itself the most pugnacious part of the creation. While Ernest and Sophia were waiting the reversion of their bishopric, Elizabeth retained them as her inmates at the Hague, where Sophia had her establishment for the education of her young niece, the Electoral Princess Elizabeth Charlotte, whose reminiscences of her grandmother were thus rendered most vivid. The time was drawing on for the restoration of the Stuarts. Cromwell, whom we may remember Elizabeth, in one of her letters, had declared to be "the Beast in the Revelations," and "wished him the same destination," had departed to his ultimate abiding-place, wheresoever that might be, in the stormy autumn of 1659. Elizabeth's home was the rallying-point of the Cavaliers, and she was as active a partisan of her nephew, Charles II., as a penniless lady could be. She spent her time, for the convenience of occasionally meeting her nephew, at Breda, which was just within the territory of the Spanish Netherlands. Here the Princess of Orange had a dower-house and beautiful grounds: for after the strong alliance which had taken place between the Orange party in Holland and Spain, this property had been restored to her. It had become the harbour of refuge for the exiled English princes, her brothers, when they were hunted from France, or from the Hague, by political parties subservient to the usurper in England.

A merry, mad epistle was written by Elizabeth to a nobleman of the wandering court of Charles II., concerning the sectarian eccentricities of her first lady, the Countess Löwenstein. There is a paper extant in French, written coarsely enough by the Queen of Bohemia, or one of her



sons, entitled "Faites, gestes, and prowesses of the Comtesse de Lewenstein, pretended ambassadress of her Majesty"<sup>1</sup> during her sojourn at Breda. The Countess, it seems, was a butt at the courts of Orange and the Palatine, at whom every one aimed the shafts of wit or mockery.

"My Lord,<sup>2</sup>—I assure you your letter was very welcome to me, being glad to find you are still heart-whole, and that you are in better health, and your cough is gone. As to your appetite, I confess that outlandish messes are not so good as beef and mutton. I pray remember how ill pickled herring did use you here, and brought you many of your hundred and fifty fevers. As for the Countess, I can tell you heavy news of her, for she has turned Quaker, and preaches every day in a tub! Your nephew George can tell you of her quaking, but her tub-preaching has come on since he went. I believe at last she will grow an Adamite.<sup>3</sup> I wish your nephews both had some of her pippens preserved in their messes; it would do them much good.

"I did not hear you were dead, wherefore I hope you keep your promise not to die till you let me know it; but you must also stay till I give you leave to die, which will not be till we meet shooting somewhere, but where that is God knows best. I can tell little other news, my chief exercise being to jaunt between this and Tieling, where my niece [of Orange] has been all this winter.

"I am now in mourning for my brother-in-law the Duke of Simmeren's death. My Lady Stanhope and her husband [the Dutch statesman Herenvliet] are going six weeks hence into France, to the waters of Bourbon; which is all I will say now, only that I am ever your most affectionate friend,

ELIZABETH.

"I pray remember me to your lady, and to Lord Winchelsea.

"Hague, March 4, 1658-59."

The Queen of Bohemia would not in former years have mentioned with *nonchalance* in a merry letter the death of her husband's brave brother, Louis of Simmeren, the young hero who guarded her in her disastrous flight from Prague, and took care of her children through many dangers; but the differences of Lutheran and Calvinist interests in politics had long alienated them.

At last time struck the hour of the Restoration, and in the middle of May 1660 there was a general gathering of the friends and relatives of the restored sovereign. Elizabeth was then at the Hague, where she witnessed the grand

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters—Lambeth MSS.

<sup>2</sup> The letter is supposed to be addressed to Daniel Finch, afterwards Lord Nottingham.

<sup>3</sup> A sect of Dutch dissenters, who, considering clothes as badges of original sin, dispensed with wearing any.

entry of her nephews,<sup>1</sup> accompanied by their sister Mary, Princess of Orange, whose small son, afterwards William III., was perched on the knee of one of the royal Stuart brothers; and this—O changing world!—was his uncle James Duke of York, afterwards James II., who was peculiarly beloved by the mother, and had always cherished dearly her fatherless little one. Elizabeth and her party accompanied Charles II. in the barge that conveyed him and his brothers to the stately vessel destined to carry them to England. She dined with him in the cabin, where he placed her at his right hand, and his sister Mary on his left—two Princess-royals of Great Britain; but Elizabeth took precedence as a queen—a nominal queen, it is true; yet her niece was merely nominal Princess of the far-distant Orange province in the south of France. Elizabeth, with tears and blessings, bade farewell to the departing Sovereign and his brothers; then, with her niece the Princess of Orange, descended into the barge that had brought them to the haven of Delft.<sup>2</sup> At Hampton Court there is a painting showing the rejoicings of the Holland boors on the occasion; it bears a wonderful similitude to the humours of a Dutch fair.

The Queen of Bohemia had taken part in all rejoicings of high and low, with that lively good temper which won for her from Pepys the applause of being a very *debonnaire* lady—a term implying good manners, accessibility, and natural sweet temper. He adds,<sup>3</sup> that she was “plain;” but he describes her dress, not her person, by this phrase. Gorgeous attire was forbidden to widows at that era; they had to lay aside all gems and glittering robes until a second marriage. The plain attire of the portraits of Henrietta Maria, as Queen-Dowager, in Quakerly simplicity, all but a pearl pin or two, illustrate this fact clearly enough.

Many events painful to Elizabeth followed in rapid succession. The deaths of two of her best-beloved relatives marked the close of the Restoration year. Her “nephew Harry,” as she always termed the Duke of Gloucester, died of the smallpox in England; and her “best niece,” as she

<sup>1</sup> Theatre de l'Europe.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Pepys' Diary.

called Mary, Princess of Orange, who had followed the royal family to England, fell ill of the same disease. Elizabeth's friend, Lord Craven, who was in London, wrote to her, giving hopes of the Princess's recovery, in these words: "I believe your Majesty will hear the hot alarum of the Princess-Royal's being in great danger of death; which indeed was this morning sadly apprehended by many; but because your Majesty should not be frightened, I have been with her, and, God be praised, she is much better." The Princess, nevertheless, sunk under the perpetual bleedings inflicted by her doctors, and expired on Christmas Eve 1660. The acknowledgment of the Duke of York's marriage with Anne Hyde was pending at the time of this death. Mary, Princess of Orange, had opposed it violently. Elizabeth showed no such spirit. She had always loved the young lady, and avowed her belief in the harmlessness of her intentions regarding stealing the Duke of York's heart, as Lord Craven, in one of his despatches from England, had rather reproachfully reminded her, saying, "Your Majesty knows it is what I have feared long, although you were not of that opinion."

The Queen had written to her son, the Elector Charles Louis, in great anguish of mind, on the deaths of her nephew and niece. He replied with unwonted humanity.

"I am very sorry,"<sup>1</sup> he says, "for the new affliction God hath sent upon your royal family, whereof I am the more sensible, because I know how near it toucheth your Majesty's affection, which was ever great towards the deceased Princess of Orange, of whom you will daily find the want while you are at the Hague. I pray God," he adds, "comfort your Majesty in all these great afflictions, and to do me the grace that I may be able to contribute something—if not so much as my duty requires—towards it."

Though seeming well, all this was utter grimace, as the Queen his mother soon proved. She had dispensed her last coin for the two heavy mournings she was obliged to give her household, out of respect to the memories of the nephew and niece she had lost—Gloucester and Mary. Her son, the Elector, had previously given some intimation that he would help her, but, as usual, repented him of his promises;

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters, January 12/22, 1661.

on which his Queen-mother wrote him a scornful castigation, dated two days after<sup>1</sup> he sent her the above-quoted, and the letters must have crossed on the road. She had written many to him in the same style.

"I am glad I was deceived," she says, "and that you intend shortly to send me to the King, and that Sophia will pass this way. I assure you I neither am nor ever was unreasonable so that nothing will satisfy me. I desire not to ruin you or make you live under what you do. In my letter I told you why I did not send one to be informed of your revenue, for either they were such as durst not offend you, or such as might easily have been deceived, being strangers; and besides, in the condition my family was then in, I easily imagined they would not be much regarded. What I have received from you since your *restitution* [restoration] is not so much. Till Frankendal was restored to you, you gave me two thousand rix-dollars a-month, but since that you gave me but half; and I was some six months, as I take it, [far] from receiving anything to rebate little of the £6000 the Emperor gave me." <sup>2</sup>

In a pretended scarcity of specie, the Elector had offered to pay his royal mother her dues from her dower at Frankenthal by produce in kind—namely, corn and wine—hoping that the cumbersomeness of the material would prevent her acceptance; but it was a time of dearth at the Hague, and her hungry family would have been very glad of these excellent goods; she therefore took him at his word, offering to pay for their transport down the Rhine from Bacharach. With the usual fraud of his character, the Elector flinched from his offer, and severely enough does his royal mother deal with him in this letter. She had already treated with scorn his offer to show any messenger of hers the state of his revenue, and proved his injustice in cutting off half her income as soon as he got possession of the district of Frankenthal, which was peculiarly her own.

"By your letters," she continues,<sup>3</sup> "I can testify that the corn and wine was promised me, and I was desired to ask the parties. It was reason you should pay for them more than I. You could not lose by sending the corn and wine but very little; but you know I *did* offer that from Bacharach the transport should cost you nothing. You sent me one seven thousand guilders for living. I do not mention the mournings, for that is a thing of course. I had not lacked fine bread and candles if you had helped me as you promised. But sixteen thousand guilders could not do it, living as I do, much less than I should, which made me, in a manner, beg the State's assistance; and as it is, I cannot give my servants their wages. If remem-

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters, dated Jan. 24/14, 1661.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.



bering you to have done more would have done it, you should not have lacked [being reminded]. But when I wrote to you of some things of that nature, I never received answer, which has hindered me to write concerning my niece's mourning; but since you desire to be remembered of it, you may send me what it cost."

There was some claim regarding mourning that the Queen had a right to demand of her son, as being Dowager Electress-Palatine; but she had very wisely not waited for his slow and niggardly disbursements, although these expenses had deprived her of white bread and candles. The sordid spirit she appealed to replied in a more odious tone than usual. Denying vehemently that he ever offered the corn and wine, he continues:—

"I very well remember that your Majesty seldom wrote to me but on money subjects since I was in Germany, which I do not blame your Majesty for, but only I am sorry that oftentimes I could not answer you but with my leg."<sup>1</sup>

By making a bow of denial perhaps the Elector means; but returning to the corn and wine, of which his poor mother has shown she was even personally in need, he continues with the utmost hardness:—

"As for the transport of wine and corn from Bacharach into Holland, that it should cost me nothing, I hope your Majesty doth not think me so stupid that, if any such ways had been showed, I should not have accepted it, for my own profit as well as for your Majesty's accommodation. But those that make such projects are better acquainted how to eat and drink it than how to sell it, and love to tattle of it; but when it comes to the point, they know not how to make it good. I do well believe that if I would give them corn and wine at Bacharach almost for nothing, as (if I do well remember) they pretended, they might well carry it for Holland without any cost. But I should be no gainer, but a loser by that bargain, for they think corn and wine groweth here with no more cost and hazard than mushrooms. If there be any so good husbandmen amongst them, I wish they may come up and rent all my revenue in that kind, and then I am content to receive one-third less in money of what it is worth in the best years."

And all this tirade, which is levelled against his unfortunate mother, under the general accusation of "they"—persons whom he designates not—is because she, having no wheaten bread to eat for herself and her household, had accepted his

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters, January 26/16, 1661. This is the true date of the year, new style, as was used on the Continent. English history did not reckon the new year till after March 25, which we now and then repeat to keep our young readers in mind of the true dates.

offer of paying in kind her dues from the produce of her own dower-estates, and offered to be chargeable for the freightage from Bacharach down the Rhine to the Hague. His brothers and sisters called this worldling among themselves Timon the Misanthrope—too respectable a comparison by far, for Timon was honest, generous, and had been ungratefully used, which had provoked him into growling over much. Rupert, Elizabeth, and Louisa used to mention derisively, in their family intercourse by letter, his extreme dexterity in making out a case consonant to his own selfish interests.

Thus cut off from her supplies due on her dower in the Palatinate, both in money and goods, the Queen of Bohemia announced her intention forthwith of coming up the Rhine to Frankenthal, and taking possession of her dower-palace there, which resolution by no means suited her ungracious son, who, dating his answer February 2, from Heidelberg, 1661, commences with exclaiming:—

“Sure your Majesty hath forgot in what condition the house of Frankenthal, which they call the Shaffnony, is in when you were pleased to write of preparing it for you! For no preparation would have made that fit for your living in it but a whole new building, which to do, on a sudden or in a few years, my purse was never yet in a condition for it; but I intended to do it by little and little, and had then begun it, if your Majesty had come hither” [namely, to Heidelberg]. “I have done a little last year.”<sup>1</sup>

He likewise announces daily expectation of the arrival of the Duchess, his sister Sophia, who came to Heidelberg when there was “some intermission in the tempestuous weather of February, expecting to proceed to the Hague, that she might see her mother before her intended departure for England.”

Every day Elizabeth grew more anxious to leave her irksome sojourn at the Hague and return to her native land. She was in correspondence with several of the old Cavaliers, who had borne all the severity of the changing times in England without flinching from their loyalty or truckling to the usurper. Of these, one, the most honoured, was the heroic Sir Marmaduke Langdale, and his venerable

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters.

father, who had been recently advanced to a peerage, with the title of Lord Langdale, a circumstance which dates the time of the following series of notes addressed by the Queen of Bohemia to the elder Marmaduke Langdale. They are preserved in the charter-chests of the Honourable Philip Stourton of Holme House, Yorkshire, by whose kind permission they are now for the first time laid before the public, offering some of those specimens of Elizabeth's correspondence which, in conveniently brief space, show at once her mode of writing, and withal no little of her characteristic spirit. There were other letters of this series, for she speaks with no little glee of a mistake the old Cavalier had made by sending in her envelope a letter addressed to one of his stewards or factors, and to him the epistle destined for her Majesty.

*Hagh, Feb. 5/15.*

"MY LORD,—I send you your letter again, where you will see how you mistooke the superscription. I believe those you sent my letter to were as much surprised to see 'Madame' and 'Majestie' upon it as I was to see 'Gentlemen.' If I had you here I would jeer you to some tune for it; but now I am mercifull to you, and onlie assure you that I am and will [be] extremely your friend. There is no news stirring here. Your frend Rupert has not been well since he came into his quarters; he had like to have had a feaver; but he writes to me [that] it had left him, onelie he was a little weak. As soone as he can he will be in England, where I wish myself [*sic*], for this place is verie dull now, for there is verie little companie; so I can say no more, but am ever your verie affectionat frend,

"ELIZABETH."

Strange as it may seem to those who have traced the actions of the Princes of the Palatine family as the commencers of the terrible Thirty Years' War—a religious civil war of the most hideous character—Rupert is at this time found as a mercenary commander in the service of the Emperor of Germany—the mortal foe of his house and the Protestant religion. But Charles II. wished to have his assistance in England; and we see by his mother's next letter to Lord Langdale that at her request Rupert was preparing to withdraw from the Imperial service.

"MY LORD,—You need make no excuse for your mistake, for I have committed the like manie times. Rupert has beene ill, but is now recovered, and gone to Rostock to change aire. I have written to him to come hither to go to England as soone as he can. I hear there be some new pri-

sonners. I hope they shall have what they deserve. It is so hott that I can write no more ; but rest ever your verie affectionat frend,

“ ELIZABETH.”

“ For the Lord Langdale.”—(Black seals, but no silk.)

[Supposed April 1661.]

The prisoners Elizabeth alludes to were perhaps Morison, Mildmay, and Wallop, pardoned by Charles II. on making public confession of their crimes, and doing public penance for them some months afterwards.

In her next letter to Lord Langdale she gives information regarding Rupert, who in a short time transferred his services from the Emperor to his cousin Charles II. Her letter has been bound with five threads of black sewing-silk, over which she has sealed two small black impressions of the arms of her husband, empaled with those of England, surmounted by a broad low-arched crown. The silk threads are still under the seals. Her hand is a very large scrambling one, like her father's, James I., but not difficult to read.

“ MY LORD,—I am verie glad to know by your letter that you are so well arrived in England, and that the King doe still continue his affection to Rupert. I have sent him your letter ; he had not yett had answere from the Emperour for his leave, but looked for it everie day. He meant in the meantime to goe to Berlin to visit the Electour of Brandebourg, where I believe my letters will finde him. I assure you I cannot be in England sooner than I wish myself ; and when the King shall please to send for me I shall goe verie willingly. I pray remember him [of] that when you find a fitt time. The weather is so hott I can say no more, but assure you that I am ever your verie affectionat frend,

ELIZABETH.”

She was anxiously looking forward to her departure for England, as may be perceived. She complains of dulness, and indeed the death of the Princess of Orange in England, and the apostasy of the Princess Louisa, now a nun in France, had literally left her alone with her creditors at the Hague. She had no prospect of her latter days being cheered by those who had aided her in bearing the troubles of the past. After the last brutal repulse from her son, the Elector, the thoughts of the world-worn Queen turned wholly to her island home. Unfortunately the royal family, lately restored, were unable to meet Elizabeth with anything like the magnificence with which her mind had



connected the ideas of a visit to England. In the early days of her marriage she had computed the cost of a State progress and voyage to see her father at the enormous sum of £100,000, a fact which must have caused her to be considered almost an impossible guest. England, teeming with wealth when she left it under the peaceful sway of her father, was now scarcely recovering from the dead collapse endured under the gripe of Cromwell. His sevenfold weight of taxes and bungling maritime laws had completed the ruin of her commerce, which was annihilated. The country was as poor as her restored king, whose palaces were dismantled and remained desolate.

Henrietta Maria had, after a short sojourn, left the ruinous Whitehall, and returned to France with her youngest daughter, until the royal appanages, then consisting of lands, could bring forth their increase under the healing hand of time. Such were the real facts of the case when Elizabeth expressed her wishes to be present at her nephew's inauguration; but since the Norman Conquest there never had been so parsimonious a coronation. Elizabeth, with her well-known mania of extravagance, her obsolete taste for parade and pageants, would but have lamented over the glory of her house departed. She was entreated by her nephew to wait until the coronation was over.

The utter impracticability of a State visit being evident enough, the thoughts of Elizabeth turned to the possibility of going to England incognita. Her faithful friend Lord Craven had been for some time there, taking possession of his estates confiscated by Cromwell. He offered her his stately mansion in Drury Lane, wherein she could dwell if she would make a visit to England. Thus the chief expenses, besides all the delay of a State arrival, would be obviated. Elizabeth resolved to accept this generous offer, yet was unwilling to assume the appearance of flying from her creditors at the Hague, where she owed about £50,000, chiefly for the necessaries of life; but the kind people to whom she was indebted had that confidence in her honour that they were quite willing to let her depart, perfectly convinced that her presence would induce the English

Parliament to pay the arrears acknowledged as her due, and that thus they should be paid more quickly than if she remained with them. Her health was good, her person vigorous and active; therefore they looked forward to many remittances if they facilitated her return to her own country.<sup>1</sup> Moreover, the States of Holland offered to send her over in one of their best ships, convoyed by two others. Elizabeth then wrote to her old friend Ormond her intention of embarking at Helvoetsluys early in May; of giving no trouble or expense, as the States found her in ships; of bringing a very small train, under thirty persons, and her ardent wish being to congratulate her nephew on his recent coronation. She thanks her nephew for his kindness to Rupert, who was henceforward to reside in England.

Elizabeth received her daughter Sophia, now called Duchess of Lunenburg, who had still the charge of the eldest daughter of the Elector, Charles Louis, and she brought this child, Elizabeth Charlotte, afterwards Duchess of Orleans, to take the last look of her grandmother, and bid her farewell. How earnest was that last look there is good reason to know, since she has provided her biographer with the admirable graphic portrait already quoted, noting well the beautiful dark hair of the Queen of Bohemia, and the fine oval contour of her face, her delicate features, the clear ivory of her skin, her height, and air of majesty. Alas, it was majesty divested of externals, for Elizabeth had neither a coach to convey herself to the place of embarkation, nor the means to hire one. But the French Ambassador, to whom she communicated her embarrassment, kindly conveyed her to Delft in his own carriage, accompanied by her ladies. Beside the courteous ambassador were the Queen, the Countess Kinsky her first lady, and four faithful Dutchwomen, one of whom was Mademoiselle Von Myle, daughter of the unfortunate Roman Catholic citizen whose house had been sequestered by the States, and given to the Queen on her first arrival at the Hague,

<sup>1</sup> French Ambassador's letter from the Hague to Louis XIV., May 1661. Harl. Col., Brit. Mus.

and to whose distressed family she had behaved with her usual generous spirit. Her daughter Sophia, and Duke Ernest Auguste her husband, met her in the haven in a State barge, which was to row her to the Dutch man-of-war awaiting her; but before she embarked the captain of an English frigate intercepted her with a letter from Clarendon, announcing his regret that she could not be received in the state of a royal guest on account of the want of funds. Elizabeth nevertheless went on board the Dutch man-of-war, in the full confidence that she should be received by her nephew with filial tenderness. It was likely enough that Clarendon did not wish her to come to England—there having been the most perplexing disputes concerning the precedence of his daughter Anne, the lately acknowledged Duchess of York, and he of course expected a fresh turmoil, as Elizabeth clung to her shadowy rank of Queen with great tenacity. The departure of the Queen-mother, with her daughter Henrietta, and the death of the Princess of Orange, had left the field of precedence clear for Anne Hyde, as Duchess of York. And her father did not wish to see her scorned as she had recently been by ladies of the royal family. Such is the real reading of the enigma wherefore Elizabeth was repelled from England by her nephew's minister, and welcomed lovingly by her nephews. When on board the Dutch man-of-war she wrote a letter to Clarendon, not extant, in which doubtless she made his mind easy, that the unpleasant scenes which had taken place at the English Court as to the precedence of the daughters of Charles I. and that of his daughter, should not be renewed by her. She likewise wrote to Rupert, who was then at Vienna, announcing officially the coronation to the Emperor. She dates from between Delft and Delfthaven, May 19, new style,<sup>1</sup> and in the hurry of departure, and in the confusion of initials between the King and King the envoy, the letter is difficult enough to construe. However, she tells Rupert she has written a propitiatory letter to Chan., by which she means Lord-Chancellor Clarendon, and that the answer she returned to the captain of the little frigate was,

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Papers.

“that she was already shipped, and had taken farewell of all at the Hague, public and private, and that if she were not to continue her voyage she would be supposed disaffected to the King, which would make her despised in all places.” Then she tells hurriedly home-news to Rupert—how well Sophia looks, and that his sister Elizabeth is received as coadjutress of the Protestant convent at Herford<sup>1</sup>—which she had forgot to tell him in her letter just before sent. “I go,” she adds, with resolution to suffer all things constantly. “I thank God He has given me courage. I shall not do as poor niece, but will resolve on all misfortunes. I love you ever, my dear Rupert.”

The Queen safely landed at Margate in two days, from whence she went to Gravesend, and went down the river late in the evening of May 14/24, 1661, proceeding at once from the nearest landing-stairs to the residence in Drury Lane which her friend, Lord Craven, had provided for her, being his own town dwelling-place, Drury House. Thus Elizabeth came strictly incognita, giving people no opportunity of questioning why there were no bonfires, salutes of cannon, pageants, and processions, such as had marked the departure of the daughter of their royal race forty-seven years before. The residence of Elizabeth in Drury Lane must not be considered as bearing any analogy to the present close and squalid state of that locality. The lane was really an avenue of lovely elms, leading to one of the best-kept gardens in London, within the gates of which Drury House, an Elizabethan mansion, was situated, which stood greatly degraded and desecrated until 1807, when part of it, a public-house, bearing her picture as a sign, was pulled down; but it is said that a large wing still exists, forming part of the dismal houses in Great Wyld Street, where, indeed, may be seen some pointed gables.

The intercourse which took place between Elizabeth and her nephews was very affectionate, though at first private.

<sup>1</sup> Misspelled Neyford in the Bromley Letters, where this enigmatical epistle, partly written in the third person, is remarkably mangled, and finished up by being dated 1655. It is a complete exercise for *l'art de vérifier des dates*; but we think the meaning is rightly given in the text.



She begged Charles II. to write to her undutiful son, the Elector Charles Louis, and try to shame him out of his base intention of continuing to withhold from her her dowager provision. He replied by one of his sophisticated epistles, of which Elizabeth herself had received so many specimens. Charles II. settled a noble annuity of £12,000 on his aunt, and comforted her with the assurance that he would do his best to obtain the arrears of the pension settled on her by Parliament at her marriage, £20,000 of which had been already recognised, and was in course of payment.<sup>1</sup> Affairs began to look more prosperously on the long-harassed Queen, and she entered into pleasure, with the bachelor King her nephew for her escort, with her usual relish.<sup>2</sup> The opening of the English Opera-House in Lincoln's Inn Fields by the cavalier poet, Sir William Davenant, was one of these occasions. The Siege of Rhodes, written by Davenant himself, was the spectacle to witness which the Queen of Bohemia and her nephew, Charles II., came in state, 2d July 1661. Pepys mentions the opera as one of peculiar magnificence for scenery and decorations; but however great the splendour presented to the eyes of the audience might be, the accommodations provided for the public were but moderate; for the royal party being very late, and the gallery uproarious as the scene did not commence till the King and his aunt came, a board was broken in the floor of the upper regions, and Pepys was mightily diverted at seeing an avalanche of dirt descend, falling on the ladies' necks and on the gentlemen's hair. He mentions subsequent visits of the Queen of Bohemia to this popular place of amusement, whither she went in August, escorted by her host, Lord Craven, who served her in the capacity of Lord Chamberlain, Steward, Comptroller of Household, Captain of Guard, and Guards withal. Reports were prevalent in Germany and the Hague that this devoted friend was to be rewarded with the hand of her eldest daughter Elizabeth;<sup>3</sup> but that Princess, after facilitating the escape of her brother's ill-treated wife Charlotte,

<sup>1</sup> Drake's Parl.<sup>2</sup> Pepys' Diary.<sup>3</sup> Guhrauer.

had retired to the Westphalian Convent of Hervorden, or Herford, of which she afterwards became abbess. The reports that the Queen of Bohemia was the wife of Lord Craven were checked by the rumour that he was in love with her daughter, who was of a more suitable age. Certainly his generosity to the Queen was as likely to proceed from filial devotion as any other. However this might be, the gallant Lord Craven died a bachelor, and the younger Elizabeth a *religieuse*. We have always found German traditions and records of the Queen of Bohemia and her children far more entitled to credit than the slight notices in English political history, vague and distorted as they are.

A charge has been made against the nephews of Elizabeth of treating her with neglect and unkindness during the remnant of her days passed in England. And this has been transferred from the interested pages of political history to those of her biographers,<sup>1</sup> just as if it were true. She and her family gave a different account of her treatment, and, of course, they knew best. "I am glad your Majesty has so much reason to be satisfied with the King your nephew," says her daughter Sophia in a letter of 14th August 1661, "which must be still more pleasant to him." There is simplicity in this phrase, but it is conclusive; nor is it solitary, the correspondence of all her children is in the same tone.

Another contest occurred between the Queen and her graceless son the Elector.<sup>2</sup> She had hired the palace in Leicester Fields of Lord Leicester, as her future residence in England; it was to be vacated by the Dutch Ambassador at the ensuing Christmas, when she was to take possession and furnish it. There was no expense needed for the latter purpose, excepting the transportation of furniture which she possessed at the Rhenen hunting-palace, and at Sedan, the thoughtful providence of her husband Frederic having saved some from the devastation at Heidelberg, and deposited it with his friends and relations there for her use. Can it be believed that the Elector actually endeavoured

<sup>1</sup> Miss Benger, &c.

<sup>2</sup> Additional MSS., British Museum, George IV.

to traverse his mother when she wanted these old things, and tried moreover to spirit up her creditors at the Hague and the Rhenen, to prevent the removal of aught belonging to her? The creditors were much kinder. As to her husband's relatives at Sedan, they honourably fulfilled his known intentions, and forwarded her packages to England, despite of her son's restrictions.<sup>1</sup>

Notwithstanding these disputes and wranglings, she was canvassed by her son, the Elector, who never lost sight of his own interest in the least affair, for her presentation at the Charter-House School on behalf of a young German:—

“TO THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.<sup>2</sup>

“MADAME,—I am entreated by Simon Altoff, whose faithful service to the King my father of happy memory is not unknown to your Majesty, humbly to beg your Majesty's gracious recommendation to the governors of Sutton's Hospital in behalf of his godson and kinsman, that he may be admitted into a scholar's place in the school of the said hospital, where (as he is informed) your Majesty hath the nominature of one in your turn. The good service he hath done me these many years past makes me the more earnestly beseech your Majesty in all humility to grant him this favour, who will be ever ready to deserve it with his blood when your commands will require it. And I shall take it for no less sign of your constant goodness to your Majesty's most humble and most obedient son and servant,

CHARLES.”

He could write humbly enough when he wanted anything. The Governors of the Charter-House can best tell whether any young German, whose Christian name was Simon, appears on their books in 1661; for, though quoted as an incident in the scanty records of her latter life in England, there is no other means of guessing whether the Queen of Bohemia recommended the scholar to the Charter-House.<sup>3</sup>

Meantime the Queen began to take her part in public life as the first lady of the English Court. Immediately after ambassadors had complimented King Charles, they hastened to Craven House, where she was surrounded by a brilliant circle of the female nobility. Durazzo, an illustrious Genoese,<sup>4</sup> sent as Ambassador Extraordinary on the

<sup>1</sup> Rusdorf.—Bromley Letters.

<sup>2</sup> Bromley Letters.

<sup>3</sup> Elizabeth had been given presentations by the founder in her youth. The Charter-House is open to some foreign scholars.

<sup>4</sup> Middlehill MSS., belonging to Sir T. Phillipps, Bart.

Restoration, gives a lively picture of Elizabeth's grace and fascination ; he dwells on the hearty manner in which she expressed her happiness at seeing herself, after many sufferings, restored to the enjoyment of her appanages, her rank, and "to some authority," by which the Genoese means the receptions she gave in her evening drawing-rooms. On Catherine of Braganza, her nephew's betrothed Queen, would soon devolve the duty of receiving the noble ladies of Great Britain ; to her Elizabeth of Bohemia had, in the course of the summer, written a congratulatory letter as her future majesty's most loving aunt.

The improved circumstances of Elizabeth gave her spirit to send to France for many trifles, and her agent mentions her orders of etuis with scissors, and the continuation of the romance of Pharamond, communicating, moreover, the important fact of Parisian fashions, that sable muffs were still worn, but not so large as of late.

Leicester House was at last finished and furnished for the reception of its royal tenant, who, through several preceding months, had been the guest of the ever-faithful Lord Craven, with every want and wish anticipated by his provident care. She had better have remained thus during the rest of the winter ; yet it was not cold that killed her, but an unhealthy damp warmth, which had prevailed during the winters of 1661 and 1662. Apple-trees were in blossom, and the whole country blooming like spring, every one foreboding the plague ; fasting and prayer were prescribed by Parliament as a remedy, nevertheless general ill-health prevailed.<sup>1</sup> The Queen took possession of the newly-built <sup>2</sup> Leicester House, 20th January, and immediately was seized with a violent catarrh and inflammation of the lungs ; perhaps the deceitful warmth of the atmosphere caused her to neglect these symptoms, until the breaking of a blood-vessel revealed too truly her danger, the announcement of which she met with her usual high courage.

Rupert had returned from Vienna, and was near her ;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pepys.

<sup>2</sup> Diary of Anne Clifford, Countess of Cumberland, who attributed the death of Elizabeth to this circumstance.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, and Theatre of Europe.



she sent by him a request to see the King and her godson the Duke of York : she took a firm and affectionate leave of them, having obtained a promise of the King that he would devote the remaining arrears due to her from the civil list to the payment of her creditors at the Hague. Charles II. having carefully fulfilled a like promise that he made to his sister Mary, Princess of Orange, by paying her long-delayed portion to her son,<sup>1</sup> makes it probable that he kept faith with his aunt, for we hear no more of these miserable debts in any letter or memoir of the times.

Elizabeth made her will, leaving, after the distribution of some jewels among her other children, Prince Rupert residuary legatee, chiefly of family papers, which have become the property of history on their publication in the last century, by his descendant Sir George Bromley.<sup>2</sup> The faithful Lord Craven was not forgotten ; some noble family portraits were bequeathed to him.<sup>3</sup> Her death took place on Valentine's Eve, 1661-62, just as forty-nine years had passed from the joyous season when she became the bride of the Elector Palatine, with the most elaborate and expensive festivities ever known in England. Her friend of the House of Erskine declares that she had become in the last years of her life quite inert, which had a bad effect on her constitution after accustoming herself to constant and violent exercise in the open air. The great expenses of an equestrian establishment at the Hague, wholly inconsistent with her extreme poverty, doubtless was the cause of this change in her habits.

Elizabeth died a duteous daughter of the Church of Eng-

<sup>1</sup> State-Paper MS.

<sup>2</sup> Badly edited as the Bromley Papers were, they have cast great light on these pages.

<sup>3</sup> The present Lord Craven has occasionally permitted them to be exhibited at the Institution in Pall-Mall, the lighted view of which usually forms one of the attractions of the London season ; but historical pictures are better viewed by daylight. Here we remember to have seen fine whole-lengths of Elizabeth's favourite sons, the martial Rupert and the handsome Maurice, so lifelike in the perfection of portraiture effected in that century, that whosoever looks upon them may consider they have seen these celebrated men. Combe Abbey, being the property of the House of Craven, the pictures of Elizabeth and her family are very suitably deposited there. Combe Abbey was sold by Lucy, heiress of the House of Harrington, to Lady Craven in 1622 for £36,000.

land ; she received the sacrament with fervent piety before she expired. Her illness having rapidly tended to dropsy, she did not die in her bed, but sitting in an arm-chair ; her intellects were bright, and her calmness unruffled to the last moment. After embalming, her body was removed by night to the adjacent Somerset House, then, like Whitehall, in the most ruinous condition, fitter for Elizabeth's occupation dead than living ; indeed, she had utterly refused to occupy either during her life.<sup>1</sup>

Prince Rupert, who was then and afterwards in a naval command in England, arranged a torchlight water procession at midnight on the bosom of the wintry Thames, of barges covered with black cloth, to the jetty called King Edward (the Confessor's) Bridge. There the funeral cortege landed, as many a royal procession had done previously, and pursued its way, with very respectable funeral pomp, by the light of flambeaus, to the abbey, Prince Rupert being accompanied by two dukes and twenty-one other peers of England and Scotland. They laid Elizabeth near her father in the royal vault, under Henry VII.'s chapel. After the ecclesiastics of the abbey had finished the impressive burial-service, Garter proclaimed her titles, the same which were inscribed on her coffin, to the following effect : —“ The most serene and powerful Princess Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, relict of Frederic, by the grace of God King of Bohemia, Archsewer, and Prince Elector of the Holy Roman Empire, only daughter of James [I.], sister of Charles I., and aunt of Charles II., Kings of Great Britain, *France*, and Ireland, who most piously fell asleep in the Lord on the XIII. day of February, in the mansion of the Earl of Leicester, in the year of Christ 1661-62, in the sixty-sixth of her age.”<sup>2</sup> A general mourning was ordered by Charles II. for his aunt, which lasted until the arrival of his Queen in the following April.<sup>3</sup>

Five out of her thirteen children had preceded Elizabeth to the grave ; but she left a numerous progeny, most of whom

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters.

<sup>2</sup> Additional MSS., British Museum—Lord Chamberlain's MSS.

<sup>3</sup> Pepys.

were on the worst terms with each other. Her eldest son and uncompromising enemy, Charles Louis, Elector Palatine, lost his bigamous mate, Louise de Degenfeldt, in 1677; by her he had a numerous family, but none eligible to the succession. His son by his first wife was sickly and fragile; every one foretold his death long before it happened.

Charles Louis, expecting the extinction of his line, made interest with his sister Elizabeth, then the Protestant Abbess of Herford, to persuade his ill-treated wife to a regular divorce, to enable him to marry again. To this Elizabeth consented, meeting her brother for consultation at the Baths of Schwalbach. Likewise his son Charles, whose marriage was unfruitful, entreated his mother to consent. Charlotte of Hesse was still at Cassel, whither she had retreated, and, supported by her nephew, the Landgrave of Hesse, received all these proposals with contemptuous refusal. It is said that the whole family loaded the Abbess Elizabeth with reproaches for encouraging what they called an infamous transaction. But Elizabeth meekly declared "that she foresaw terrible miseries in store for her loved fatherland, the Palatinate—the people of which had been so dismally tormented in the Thirty Years' War." Then the family demanded Rupert, the next heir, to come and live at one of the appanages of the Palatinate. Rupert, who was remarkably comfortable at Windsor Castle as constable, although, as he said, "the country people took him and his faithful great black dog for wizards," declared "he would not come; he had been insulted by Charles Louis, who might do what he pleased for an heir—he should not have him." <sup>1</sup>

The Elector Charles Louis died the year after this discussion, 1680. His ill-treated wife, Charlotte of Hesse, survived him several years. The upshot was, to use the words of Henry Sidney in his Diary, "The Elector's son hath no children, and the Palatinate will go to the Duke of Neuberg, a Papist." <sup>2</sup> And such was really the case,

<sup>1</sup> Guhrauer's Elizabeth, Princess Palatine. Additional MSS., King's Library. Bromley Letters.

<sup>2</sup> Diary and Correspondence of Henry Sidney, Lord Romney, edited by Mr Blencowe, vol. i., p. 97.

but not until all the horrors it had suffered in the Thirty Years' War had been renewed by reason of Louis XIV. laying claim to the succession on behalf of his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans. Turenne, who was commissioned to execute the most devastating war of modern times, was of the same family as the Bouillons of Sedan and La Tour d'Auvergne, who had been all leagued for Protestantism with the unfortunate King of Bohemia, as we have shown in the course of this biography. Turenne has received far more hero-worship than his due, for this is a detestable fact.

Of the death of Prince Maurice no tongue could ever tell; his ship was never seen since he parted with the squadron of Prince Rupert at Jamaica.<sup>1</sup> Prince Edward, who had resided in France since his adoption of the Roman Catholic religion, died there not long after his mother in 1663, at the early age of thirty-eight. He left three daughters, of whom more will be said. Thus, out of a group of seven stalwart sons, Elizabeth Stuart and Frederic V. left not one grandson to represent their line. Of their surviving daughters, Elizabeth died Protestant Abbess of Herford, in Westphalia; Louisa, at the great age of eighty-four, in 1709, died Roman Catholic Abbess of Maubisson. As for Sophia, her lineage, as the nearest Protestant heirs to the throne of Great Britain, reign here. How that succession took place the succeeding biography will tell.

<sup>1</sup> It is curious that, while these sheets were passing through the press, an island is announced as discovered in the East India Archipelago of 30,000 Christian souls professing the Heidelberg Catechism.





SOPHIA, ELECTRESS OF HANOVER



# SOPHIA, ELECTRESS OF HANOVER

## CHAPTER I.

### SUMMARY

Sophia born the twelfth child of Frederic, King of Bohemia, and his Queen, Elizabeth Stuart—Poverty of her parents—Long-delayed baptism—States of Friesland her godfathers—Their donation—Sophia's resemblance to Mary Queen of Scots—Her joyous temper—Loses her father in her third year—Brought up at Rhenen—Admiration of Descartes—His flattering letters—Her accomplishments—Removed to the court of her brother the Elector Palatine—Is state governess to his daughter—Sophia captivates the heir of the Emperor—His early death—Sophia involved in the quarrels of her brother and his wife Charlotte of Hesse—Manages to keep in with her brother—Sophia returns to her mother at the Hague—Accompanied by her charge Elizabeth Charlotte—Woored by Prince Adolph des Deuxponts—Cromwell breaks the marriage—Engaged to Ernest Auguste of Brunswick—Opposition of her mother—Sophia marries him by her brother's commands—Her mother reconciled—Asks Charles II. to give Ernest the Garter—Birth of Sophia's eldest son at Hanover—Her husband becomes Bishop of Osnaburg—Sophia's farewell to her mother—Their letters—Her niece domesticated with her—Death of her mother—Residence at the Castle of Iburg—Birth of her children—Extraordinary family arrangements of the Brunswick princes.

BORN at the very lowest ebb of her parents' adverse fortunes, the Princess Sophia, as the twelfth child of Frederic V., Elector Palatine, and Elizabeth Stuart, came into a world where her presence seemed as little needed as it was desired. Her baptism was long delayed, on account of the expense of performing it "decently"—meaning, with the expensive pomp and parade usual in the seventeenth century. Whether the little lady had lived or died, she would have equally caused embarrassment, as the funds for princely burial would



have been as difficult to be raised as for baptism. The troublesome rank of her father and mother, as titular King and Queen of Bohemia, made all these etiquettes the more expensive. Moreover, having christened eleven preceding children, family names had become scarce. However, Elizabeth of Bohemia once had a sister whose effigy may be seen in Westminster Abbey at this hour—a curious specimen of baby costume in the quaintest of marble caps, resting in the queerest of marble cradles, covered with a fringed marble counterpane. After this small sister, Elizabeth called her infant Sophia. It is a name which, since that era, has taken a place in the baptismal nomenclature of this country; but it is derived from Eastern Christendom, and was brought to the shores of the Baltic by the Slavonic race which colonised Mecklenburg, of which country Elizabeth of Bohemia's grandmother Sophia, Queen of Denmark, was a princess. Heavenly Wisdom is the interpretation of the Christian name Sophia, and the Greek Gnostics impersonified the quality as the youngest *Eon* of God. The metropolitan church of that down-trodden branch of Christianity, the Greek faith, now desecrated at Constantinople, was neither dedicated to saint or martyr, but to the abstract idea of the Eon Sophia.

The little Princess was born at the Hague, October 13, 1630. But it was not until May 30, 1631, that the resident English minister was able to announce to his court that “the youngest daughter of the Queen of Bohemia was christened at the Hague, by the name of Sophia. Her godfathers were the States of Friesland, and her godmothers Madame Hardenberg and Madame de Brederode, who each of them gave £30 to be distributed in the nursery, as the godfathers did £40.”<sup>1</sup> But these magnificent merchants did better, for they added as a gift to their godchild a patent *durante vita*, securing to her a life-annuity of £46—a modicum which kept her from the worst distresses she was doomed to experience in early life. Her education commenced very early. If she had not arrived in this world at the most auspicious time for endowment with wealth and territory, she brought with her what was a great deal better—the

<sup>1</sup> Ellis's Historical Letters, 2d series, p. 264.

most joyous of tempers. Gentle and gay, at the same time she possessed naturally that species of tact only seen in children of great talent, which adapts its display to the precise time when playfulness is agreeable to those in authority. Sophia's early diplomacy, added to her beauty, made her the darling and plaything, not only of her sad sire, but of her ill-natured brother Charles Louis, who never, even in his most cynical moods, was able to resist the infantile wiles of his sister Sophia. It was supposed that she was the only living creature for whom he ever felt an emotion of disinterested attachment; on which account it will be found that Sophia was frequently linked to his changing fortunes through life. She was nursed at the country palace at Rhenen, under the care of Sybella de Ketler, who had been the governess of the father and of all the children of the Palatine family. There her unfortunate father gave her his last embrace, with his other little ones, when she had only just entered her third year, at the time when he unwillingly left his beloved family to join the campaign of Gustavus Adolphus in the Palatinate, which was indeed most disastrous to him, as has been detailed in the preceding biography. Sophia never saw him more, and she was thus left fatherless before she was conscious of her great loss.

Sophia's personal attendant was a young girl with whom she formed an attachment lasting through life, well known in her letters, and those of her daughter and niece, as Madame Harling. All the children of the Palatine family were accustomed, with their companions and attendants, to take robust exercise in the parks and chases of the Rhenen palace. Personal labour in the gardens Sophia was taught from her infancy to consider pleasure—happy in being so taught; for when sorrow and unkindness afflicted her, she always found consolation among flowers and trees in her own peculiar paradise. She lived in gardens, delighting in the thrice-blessed culture of the earth, and, moreover, died in the garden she loved best. The taste which contributed so much to her happiness, and which diffused such inestimable influences to all beneath her, was derived from her Stuart ancestors. It was an hereditary tendency. Mary

Queen of Scots, as we have shown, never came to a strange place without planting trees. We have seen it carefully inculcated in the education of her mother by James I. The descendants of Sophia brought it back to our Island, and kept in fashion the love for horticulture and pleasant gardens, almost peculiar to the English, which had been cherished by the Stuarts, but which would have been neglected and despised by their worldly-minded courtiers when the elder line of sovereigns sank under the effects of slandering pens and tongues.

Among all her sisters, Sophia most resembled her ancestress Mary Queen of Scots in elegant height of stature, delicacy of features, limbs, and complexion, and, above all, in the sweet hilarity and charm of happy temper which fascinated and delighted all that approached her. Both her mother and her learned sister, Elizabeth, took infinite pleasure in teaching this gracious and lovely child. She became nearly as skilful with the pencil as her sister Louisa, though her career of after activity prevented her from sharing her artistical renown. Her master was the same, the kind and faithful Gerard Honthorst, the protégé of their grandfather and uncle, James I. and Charles I. Sophia was the companion of Louisa in her studies of the glorious school of Flemish painting, as she was of her sister Elizabeth in her deep learning, under the care of Descartes. Those who have read the letters of Sophia<sup>1</sup> will remember that she occasionally illustrates natural objects, when mentioned by her, with a sketch by her ever-ready pencil. A change had been introduced as to preceptors since young princesses were first educated as learned women. Instead of the old bishops, who guided the thoughts of the Plantagenet princesses, those of the reformed faith contracted friendships with philosophers or savants, such as Descartes, and even Bayle—men who formed a sort of elder class to the savants and Encyclopedists by whom the French Revolution of the Terror was heralded.

At sixteen, the beauty and “royal grace” of the Stuart

<sup>1</sup> Edited by Ilten.

line were considered to shine pre-eminent in Sophia. She likewise was renowned for her intellectual culture, having imbibed the philosophy of Descartes through the medium of the learned recluse her sister Elizabeth. Descartes confided all his letters to the latter, when she was resident near Berlin,<sup>1</sup> to the hands of the fair Sophia; and such was the friendship established between the sage and this young Princess, that various of his notes and letters, printed in the last edition of his works, are really and truly addressed to her, and not to either of her elder sisters. The following letter is a tolerably strong dose of personal flattery, to be exhibited by a philosopher;—certes that philosopher was a Frenchman!

“When angels vouchsafe to visit men, they can scarcely leave behind them traces of deeper admiration and respect than have been impressed upon my mind by the letter wherewith you have favoured me. I see by the same, that not only do your highness’s features deserve comparison with angels, and to be preferred as a pattern for those painters who represent beauty celestial, but the charms of your mind are such that philosophers are compelled to confess their excellence.”<sup>2</sup>

Such were the notes of admiration that preceded her entrance into the princely station she was born to fill, of which her mother’s miserable residence at the Hague was but the mocking shadow. After the restoration of her brother, Charles Louis, to the Lower Palatinate, and his subsequent marriage with Charlotte of Hesse, he formed a court and household; and following the undeviating rules of royal etiquette, he invited his eldest sister, Elizabeth, to hold the office of first lady to the Electress. On the birth of his daughter, he gave Sophia that of State Governess to the

<sup>1</sup> At Clossen, with her father’s sister, the Dowager Electress of Brandenburg.

<sup>2</sup> *Vie de Descartes et Lettres*. Fourth edition. That philosopher sent his packets of letters to the Princess Elizabeth, then absent and in disgrace with her mother, through the hands of her sisters Louisa and Sophia, and often adds a complimentary epistle on their beauties and virtues. It is scarcely possible to gather the least fact from his letters to Elizabeth, excepting that she had lamented the great coldness of Christina of Sweden to her.



young Princess Elizabeth Charlotte, the practical duties of governess being exercised by her friend Mademoiselle Harling. The poverty under which the daughters of the Queen of Bohemia had been oppressed from their infancy was now alleviated by a certain stipend. Although the revenues of the long-vexed Palatinate had been, during the Thirty Years' War, terribly impaired, yet the Princesses found their circumstances greatly improved, and their rank acknowledged among their equals. Thus passed away two or three years, which were perhaps the happiest in Sophia's life.

That their mother wrote to them from the Hague every week, may be ascertained by her message in one of her letters to Lord Craven, in the winter of 1653, then sent, as her ambassador, to Heidelberg, to extract, if possible, some cash from the Elector. She says, "I write not this week to my daughters; you may tell them so—for mere laziness."<sup>1</sup>

About the same time it must have been that Sophia, then at the age of three-and-twenty, made the important conquest of the heir of Ferdinand III.,—a Prince whose identity under the high-sounding title of Ferdinand IV. is somewhat obscure to the world in general. He had, however, gone through the ceremonials of election to the throne of Hungary in 1647, and was titular king thereof by the appellation of Ferdinand IV. He had likewise been elected King of the Romans by the German Diet, in anticipation of succeeding his father as Emperor, which he never did. He was a prince of a kind and generous disposition, learned, sensitive, and a great admirer of talent in woman. Although religious and moral in conduct, he was so little bigoted as to venture into the stronghold of Calvinism, at his friend's court of Heidelberg, with his heart free and his hand disengaged. His heart he lost at first sight to Sophia, his hand he was ready to offer. How the belligerent religions professed by the high contracting parties would have been arranged, no mortal can tell, for before the matter had

<sup>1</sup> Feder's Life of the Electress Sophia.

advanced farther than the unusual incident of an Emperor's son losing his heart in real love-earnest to a portionless Protestant princess—death stepped in to forbid the bans. The portrait of the young King of Hungary was long to be seen at Heidelberg. Sophia's niece and friend, Elizabeth Charlotte, thus speaks of it: "I often heard in my youth that King Ferdinand IV. was in love with my aunt Sophia—death alone prevented him from marrying her. His portrait is in Heidelberg, in the Glass Saloon. His complexion was very fine, white and red, but for all that his features were very ugly."<sup>1</sup>

Ferdinand IV. died some time in July 1654. Vienna was shaken by a tremendous earthquake occurring quite unexpectedly on the day of his death; and another circumstance took place which was thought worth noting by the superstitious.<sup>2</sup> Ferdinand IV. had a tame eagle that had lived with him from his childhood, more than twenty years, seemingly quite reconciled to his confinement. Either afflicted by the absence of his master, who was expiring, or disturbed by the earthquake, the eagle broke his chain, and soared upward to the highest tower on the Imperial palace. Here all the birds, small and great, in the vicinity, came flocking and wheeling about him, but the feathered king took no notice of them. Just as the spirit of Ferdinand IV. departed, the eagle uttered a wild scream, and, darting upwards in the air, was lost to sight in an instant, and never seen again.

The German Diet met January 1654-5 to elect Leopold I. King of the Romans. The dates of the shortlived Ferdinand's dignities and death nearly define the period of his attachment to Sophia. At the Hague, the seat of civil and religious opposition, the son of the Emperor could not have met her. But when she was holding office at her brother's court, it was very likely, for Charles Louis, after his restoration, affected great loyalty to the Emperor Ferdinand III., and was admitted to intimacy with the Imperial family,

<sup>1</sup> Letters of Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, to her brother's daughter, edited by Louisa de Degenfeldt.

<sup>2</sup> Thurloe's Letters, August 4, 1654.

probably owing to the friendship his brother Rupert had formed with them when prisoner at Vienna and Presburg for two or three years.<sup>1</sup>

Throughout the year 1654 both Sophia and her sister Elizabeth suffered cruel perplexity owing to the quarrels of their brother, the Elector, and his wife, Charlotte of Hesse, who was, though accused of furious ill-temper, most bitterly wronged. Few women can endure open preference given to a servant by their husbands with Griselda-like patience.<sup>2</sup> The Elector, handsome, hypocritical, and selfish, had married, from interest and policy, a woman he loved not, and had cast his eyes on her maid of honour, Louisa de Degenfeldt. This lady was a yellow-haired fair-faced daughter of the Rhine; if she had any beauty, it was in utter contrast to that of the Elector, who, like his mother Elizabeth, was tall, dark, and elegant. The German Anne Boleyn, who had stolen his heart<sup>3</sup> from its rightful owner, was remarkable for her learning. She is the first, and perhaps will be the last, lady who ever disturbed family peace by writing Latin love-letters. The Elector, who, as we have seen, had pursued no royal road at Leyden to the great learning he possessed, had entered into correspondence with her in hopes of finding the flaws usual to lady Latinity; but her epistles, which gradually warmed into love-letters, stood the test of the schoolmaster. "There is a girl at my court," said the Elector one day at his table to his cousins, the King and Queen of Denmark, and the brother of the latter, Ernest Auguste of Brunswick, "who writes Latin letters as well as any professor in my University of Heidelberg." The Electress Charlotte next morning paid a domiciliary visit to the desks of her lord and her maid of honour, while these delinquents were hunting with the royal guests. By the help of some learned confidante, probably her first lady and sister-in-law Elizabeth, Princess Palatine, who was certainly at hand, and capable of construing the most abstruse specimens of Latinity, the letters of the dam-

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters.

<sup>2</sup> Pölnitz Memoirs. The author was grandson of Prince Maurice the Stadtholder, and related to all the parties.

<sup>3</sup> Letters of Elizabeth Charlotte, his daughter.

sel were discovered to be love-letters : worse than all, a rich bracelet, which the Elector had once bought for his wife, who had disdainfully refused it—or at least he said so—was discovered in the same escritoire with the letters of the Elector. An awful explosion of wrath took place that day at dinner, which ended in the Elector boxing his wife's ears before the royal guests and their staff of attendants.<sup>1</sup> The Electress set off immediately to lay her wrongs before the Emperor at Ratisbon, whither her husband was summoned to assist at a Diet. While this matrimonial fracas was proceeding, Sophia wrote a narrative of the wretched events to her mother; but, let it be marked, wrote it in a style satisfactory to her tyrannical brother. In a letter to his mother, still extant,<sup>2</sup> he thus alludes to it in an off-hand tone of levity : “I believe my sister Sophia has acquainted your majesty with our crotchets here, which in several kinds are very troublesome, and make me say the less of them, lest I deter you from [coming] to this place, which, it may be, others have enough disfigured to you abroad. But I am confident of your justice, as far as that you will not condemn me before you have examined on all sides. I shall only beg leave to say I have had a great deal of patience !”

Thus Sophia must in this affair have acted the diplomatic part of holding fair with all sides, which tendency to selfish expediency is the only flaw her contemporaries find in her character. Yet the violence around her offers great excuses for her endeavours to keep peace with all the raging belligerents. One thing is certain, that the ill-treated Electress could not have pursued the part which she subsequently acted, as it is described by the relative of all parties, Baron de Pölnitz, if Sophia, who had the charge of her children, had not been secretly her aider and well-wisher. The “patience” of Charles Louis, on which he plumes himself in his letter to his mother, led him in a short time to the step of marrying his mistress ; not as a second wife (for the hapless

<sup>1</sup> Pölnitz ; likewise *Vie de Elizabeth Charlotte*, prefixed to the French edition of her first published letters.

<sup>2</sup> Bromley Letters.



Electress was still living and not repudiated), but as a wife number two; which iniquity this "patient" Prince, as an improvement on the conduct of Henry VIII., thought fit to carry out by the farce of a religious ceremony. He was with his mistress proceeding to the castle chapel of Heidelberg, where this profanation was to be acted, when the hapless Electress, issuing out of a side-room, dressed in the robes worn at her marriage, and leading her children in either hand, interrupted her husband's procession, by throwing herself at his feet, and with agonising tears "implored him, for the sake of their little ones, not to put another woman in their mother's place." There was some chord in the hard heart of Charles Louis not altogether ossified by vice and selfishness: he recoiled, and breaking the purpose of the morning, retreated to his cabinet, where he sat for hours in gloomy meditation, wrestling with his own conscience. From some symptoms it was supposed that conscience would gain the victory. Such might have been the case if his hapless wife had known how to govern herself or any one else; but while the courtiers and the intrusive candidate for marriage honours were waiting in consternation the result of the Elector's decision, the suspense worked the temper of the Electress to frenzy. Arming herself with a loaded pistol, she rushed out of her chamber, and, flying along the state gallery of Heidelberg towards her husband's cabinet, was intercepted by his master of horse, Count Schwartzenburg; he seized her by the wrists, and, turning the pistol out of an open window of the gallery, discharged it harmlessly. The noise drew the Elector's attention; and on hearing that the Electress meant to assassinate him, he ordered her into arrest. In a few days he renewed his procession and religious preparations, and married Louisa de Degenfeldt, to the scandal of all Christendom.

Sophia trimmed her course as well as she could, and managed to retain his affections. But her sister Elizabeth, suspecting that Charles Louis meant to carry his imitation of his collateral ancestor, Henry VIII.'s, wife-discipline somewhat further, aided the unfortunate Electress to escape from durance to Hesse-Cassel; at the same time she withdrew

herself secretly to her usual harbour of refuge, the retreat of her aunt Charlotte, where the constant hatred of her brother ever after pursued her, as his letters, yet extant, bear witness.<sup>1</sup> Sophia, though she contrived to retain the Elector's good-will, retreated to the Hague with her charge, the little Electoral princess, Elizabeth Charlotte, then about four years of age; and there, with the assistance of the under-governess, Madame Harling, her great friend, she commenced the education of that extraordinary character. As Sophia derived a certain income from her office of state-governess to her niece from her brother, her return to her mother did not increase the woeful penury she was then enduring. Elizabeth Charlotte has given a droll account of her presentation to Mary, Princess of Orange, of whose son, William III., she demanded, pointing in the face of the Princess, "Who is that woman with the monstrous long nose?" with many other childish outrages of etiquette. It is clear that Sophia was not on good terms with her royal English kinswoman; for, when she heard the Queen of Bohemia relate these peccadilloes of her little granddaughter at her presentation at the Orange court, Sophia said, "I am not sorry, Lisette, you mortified that woman; for her pride and insolence are hateful to me."<sup>2</sup> A speech less edifying to her pupil than useful to her biographer.

Womanly jealousy was at the bottom of the enmity between these cousins-german; for a young prince had made his appearance at the Hague as a candidate for the hand of the youthful widow of Orange, who was attracted from his allegiance by the youthful beauty and charms of Sophia: this was Duke Ernest Auguste of Brunswick-Lunenbourg. His fortunes were not more prosperous than those of Sophia herself, whose mother was utterly exasperated at his pretensions to either her niece or daughter. Just after the death of her Imperial lover, Ferdinand IV., Sophia had an offer from Adolphe of Deuxponts (brother to Charles X., and afterwards regent for his nephew Charles

<sup>1</sup> This narrative is combined from Pölnitz, and the family letters of the Palatine family.

<sup>2</sup> Letters of Elizabeth Charlotte; French edition.

XI., kings of Sweden), with which her mother closed directly. According to her own marriage articles she was bound to ask the consent of the King of Great Britain regarding the disposal of her children in marriage. Charles II. was leading a merry time in the depth of his misfortunes at this period; nevertheless, the Queen of Bohemia thus announced her daughter's betrothment through his minister,—

THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA TO SECRETARY SIR EDWARD NICHOLAS,  
(the trusted friend of Charles II.)

“HAGUE, Oct. 2, 1654.

“MR SECRETARY,—I send you here a letter for the King [Charles II.]; it is about a match betwixt Prince Adolphe, the King of Sweden's brother, and Sophie. He has desired it very handsomely. My son [the Elector] has consented to it, *reservings* the King of Sweden's consent and mine, who am to acquaint the King with it. I do it now, and send you the copy of Prince Adolphe's letter. I pray get an answer from the King [Charles II.] as soon as you can. I have no more to say, but am ever your most affectionate friend,

ELIZABETH.”<sup>1</sup>

Sophia was positively engaged to Prince Adolphe des Deuxponts, nephew to Gustavus Adolphus, being the son of his sister, Catherine Vasa. The betrothed of Sophia was likewise younger brother of Charles Gustavus, in whose favour Queen Christina had just resigned the crown of Sweden. This union was so far advanced in the spring of 1655, the following year, that the wedding-dresses, both for the intended bride and bridegroom, which were prepared at Paris, were all ready for transportation down the Rhine, according to the information of M. de Choqueux,<sup>2</sup> the envoy of the Palatine Princes at the French capital. But the bridal of Sophia with Adolphe never took place. Cromwell manifested angry jealousy of the match to his ally King Charles Gustavus, who gratified the policy of the usurper by breaking off the marriage of the niece of the murdered Charles, and forbade Adolphe to espouse her. It is to be hoped that Sophia preferred another. Ernest Auguste had been domesticated with her at Heidelberg. He was present at the remarkable dinner when the Elector Palatine struck his consort. The Queen of Denmark, in whose honour that

<sup>1</sup> Correspondence printed at the end of Evelyn's Diary.

<sup>2</sup> Bromley Letters, April 5, 1655.

unique entertainment was given, was the only sister of the young Prince of Brunswick. Sophia having thus seen her beloved receive a fine lesson in the art of wife-taming and woman-quelling, it seems almost extraordinary that she should venture to accept Ernest Auguste, who was her brother's intimate friend and confidant. But her situation in life was miserable, and, like many others of her sex, she thought the marriage yoke might be less irksome than fraternal thralldom. Meantime she had another suitor, but did not wish him to be mentioned to her master and brother the Elector. A mysterious notation in her mother's letter to her brother Rupert, leads to the conclusion that this nameless wooer was one of the noble house of Fürstenberg.

Sophia was in April 1657 at her brother's court at Heidelberg, whence she wrote to her mother to inquire "which of the brothers Fürstenberg wrote that pretty letter?"<sup>1</sup> "I never spoke of it to the Elector," observes her mother to Rupert, "nor will not, because I have given my word to speak or take notice of it to none but those who are to know it; but I believe Mrs Harling has told him all, though he saith nothing of it to me, nor I to him, Sophia having begged me not to let him know of it, of all others."

The particulars regarding this Fürstenberg, which were to be concealed from her brother the Elector, but confided to Rupert and her mother, are lost. She was at Heidelberg in the spring of 1657; and her trusted friend the Frau Harling, who had been her governess, had conferences with the Elector, and told him matters which Sophia wished concealed from him. As Madame Harling was the practical governess of his daughter, perhaps Sophia did not think her culpable in this confidence. They were on the point of a journey to the Hague, where Sophia, her niece, and Madame Harling, spent part of every year with Queen Elizabeth. Soon after, her engagement to the youngest Prince of Brunswick, patronised by her brother the Elector, began to occupy the attention of the courts at Heidelberg and of the Hague.

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters—"A mon Fils le Prince Rupert," Hague, April 29, 1637.



The house of Guelph, of which Ernest Auguste was the youngest scion, was one of the most illustrious in Europe. Under the sobriquet of Guelph, it may be traced, almost from the earliest ages of Christianity, as the faithful guardians of the trembling flock in Southern Europe, when molested by the invasions of the German pagans. Before Charlemagne converted Germany by the edge of the sword, the Guelphs were the leaders of warlike bands of German Christians, valiant defenders of the passes of the Alps and the northern borders of Italy<sup>1</sup> from the furious heathens who, blood-stained from horrid rites of human sacrifice, came raging from their black forests to extinguish the feeble light of civilisation kept alive fearfully in desolated Rome. Peril and hardihood being more wholesome nurturers of human greatness than peace and ease, the family of Guelph thrived accordingly; and, whether known by the territorial name of Este, under which they guarded the Marches of Ancona, or under their brave barbarian sobriquet of Guelph, or Wolfdog, they became the most powerful family in Europe. In them was fulfilled the old Scriptural blessing, that they should never want a man to stand before the Lord. These warlike Marchers of Christendom were remarkable for their families of numerous sons, tall and comely in person; and in such overflowing numbers, that the old tale of the Guelphic countess, who had as many children as there were days in the year, three boys having been born on the night of the 29th of December, in a year of our Lord unknown, is a type of the family fertility. Nor was this increase any misfortune either in the dark or mediæval ages, for the younger sons of the Wolfdog guardian led their bands northward to extended conquests, and won broad lands from the heathen hordes of Germany, almost to the "surf-rocks of the Baltic." At one time the line of Guelph extended its sway from Northern Italy through Bavaria, Saxony, even to the present possessions of the male line of Brunswick. For as Northern Christendom widened, the frontier of the Christian defenders extended also.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Leibnitz.

<sup>2</sup> The long straggling dominions of Prussia, which show such a singular

When Germany became wholly a Christian land, the Guelphs lost not their vocation of defenders; they supported the free election of the Church against the State tyranny of the German Emperors. Terrible corruptions, it is true, had invaded the Christian Church after the year 1000; but bad as spiritual affairs might be, the general interests of humanity would not have been mended by the head of the Church being always the slavish nominee of the German Emperor. In fact, neither German popes nor nominees of other great potentates<sup>1</sup> bear the most odorous names in history. The contests of the parties of Guelph and Ghibeline in the early mediæval ages, are oftener named than understood: they were the struggles of the two great elective powers of Europe, one ecclesiastical and the other temporal, being the Pope and the Emperor, as to which should nominate and influence the election of the other, each putting forth some plausible claim on this point; the partisans of the Emperor (and he had many in Italy as well as in Germany) being called Ghibelines, the supporters of the free elections of the Popes, Guelphs. Political historians have, according to custom, intruded their selfish present interests into the record of the past, until the modern reader is utterly mystified.<sup>2</sup>

Otho the Guelph, son of Henry the Lion and Matilda Plantagenet, being brother-in-arms and bosom friend of, and likewise regent in Aquitaine for, his uncle Richard Cœur-de-Lion, supported that hero successfully at the Vienna congress against his enemies the German Emperor, the German Pope, Celestine, and his mortal foe the Austrian Duke. Subsequently Otho the Guelph was elected Emperor of Germany; and though he bore his honours valiantly, yet the fact of his being Emperor embarrassed his partisans, and left him powerless. Nevertheless he sustained the

outline on the map of Europe, arise from the same cause. The house of Brandenburg defended, as Marchers, the extreme north of Christendom.

<sup>1</sup> Like the Spanish Borgia, who was tutor of Ferdinand of Aragon, and, forced on the Church by his power, became the infamous Alexander VI.

<sup>2</sup> This slight sketch of the position of the house of Guelph from an early period of Christianity, is condensed from the five enormous folios of Leibnitz's *Origines Guelfiæ*, and those of Schedius.

fearful struggle, from his election in 1200, eighteen years, dying broken-hearted in 1218, after the loss of the fatal battle of Bouvines. From that hour the high and haughty fortunes of his race declined in Europe for several centuries. It is certain that the line occupied a lower rank after the Imperial mantle had descended on their chief.

Although the Guelphic princes, at the era of the Reformation, had long ceased manifesting any partiality for the court of Rome, or enthusiasm for the Pope—for indeed most of them became Protestant—yet they were not zealous in the cause, like many of the potentates of Northern Germany. In truth, the hideous outbreak of John of Leyden, a human demon who got possession of their ancient city of Münster, calling himself Anabaptist, and practising therein every possible species of enormity, had given them a near but unpleasant view of the consequences of violent change. They adopted the Lutheran creed, and went no farther.

In that century the territories of the Guelphic family were reduced to the duchy of Brunswick. This duchy was soon after subdivided into two small sovereign dukedoms, Brunswick-Wolfenbützel and Brunswick-Lunenbourg, afterwards called Hanover: the younger brother took the latter. But when this potentate was blessed with nine brave sons, the ruinous practice of division and subdivision became painfully apparent. In a family council, held on the exigence by this patriarchal band of brothers, eight of them agreed to remain single, and that whatsoever was their due of landed appanage should return to swell the dominions of the heir proceeding from the brother who was to be the married man of the family; and they decided by lot who this should be. The lot fell upon George, one of the youngest of the princes. He married Anna, the daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse. The rest of the Brunswick-Lunenbourg princes either remained bachelors or made morganatic marriages with women of lower classes, whose children were not eligible to any princely succession in proud Germany. The order of primogeniture was not, however, altered. The unmarried princes succeeded each other according to their ages, until

<sup>1</sup> Leibnitz. We follow the historian of the Guelphic line.

the small sceptre of Hanover fell to the progeny of Duke George. By Anna of Hesse, George of Brunswick had four sons and two daughters, which sons were expected to be obedient to the new family marriage-laws, stipulating that all the dominions of Brunswick-Lunenbourg were to descend undivided to the eldest son in sovereignty, excepting the dukedom of Zelle, which was to be the appanage of the second son, if there was one. Yet Zelle was not to descend to his offspring, but revert back to the reigning family. Thus a very strong entail of primogeniture was effected out of the most liberal custom of free family division of lands and goods that can be cited from history. George of Brunswick's three eldest sons were Christian Louis, George William, and John Frederic. As for the youngest, with whose fortunes our narrative is chiefly concerned, he was born at the castle of Hertzeberg,<sup>1</sup> November 30, 1630, with a twin sister who died soon afterwards. He received the name of Ernestus Augustus, or, in German parlance, Ernst Auguste.<sup>2</sup> Nothing could be more forlorn than his prospects—the youngest son of a younger son, by family-compact agreed to be an intruder into life even before he drew its breath. One beautiful sister, however, survived among this too numerous band of brethren—Amalie, afterwards Queen of Denmark, who never forgot to advance the fortunes of her brothers. Scarcely had Ernst Auguste attained his twelfth year before the whole family were plunged into tribulation by the mysterious death of the father, Duke George of Brunswick-Lunenbourg, who, partaking at Hildesheim of a grand feast, April 2, 1641, at which himself, the renowned Swedish General Bannier, Christian of Hesse, the French Marshal Guebriant, and several others of names historical in the 'Thirty Years' War, were guests, the whole suffered from the effects of poison; not one survived the fatal banquet. The blame was laid

<sup>1</sup> Leibnitz.

<sup>2</sup> "One day I heard the late Elector Ernst Auguste say that when his eldest brother Christian Louis was yet living, they had at least twenty controversies with Hesse-Cassel on the subject of boundaries and other affairs which often happen between neighbours, and yet the princes remained good friends."—LEIBNITZ to Baron von Obdam, Dec. 7, 1703.



upon a French monk; but if modern science had investigated the copper and brazen utensils in which the cooks of former times prepared their viands, different verdicts might have been given to most of these historical cases of wholesale poisoning. Of the eldest sons of Duke George, Christian succeeded to the sovereign duchy. As for the three youngest sons, George, William, and Ernest Auguste, they were, according to the Shakesperian adage, "lords of their presence and no lands beside."

In former days two would have become chevalier-errants, leaders of mercenary forces, and the other entered the Church; and truly such was their destination, with some modification of time and place. When they were left fatherless so disastrously, the Thirty Years' War was raging, and during that period the warlike Princes of Orange maintained a standing army, into which the elder of the three brothers, George William, entered. Meantime Ernest Auguste was placed at the University of Marburg,<sup>1</sup> in Hesse, by his mother, with some idea of devoting him to the Church, or rather to the benefices of the Church, when it was settled in Germany who should possess them, for the land was then shuddering under the latter horrors of the Thirty Years' War. Thus Ernest Auguste, afterwards celebrated as a warrior, received the education of a clerk. He imbibed a great deal of the heavy learning of that era, was elected a rector, and the coadjutor archbishop for that burnt and tortured city, poor Magdeburg. His election occurred while he was taking what was called the grand tour through France, England, Spain, and Italy. He became a remarkable linguist, and returned to Germany with the reputation of being one of her most accomplished princes. He is described<sup>2</sup> as of a lofty stature, strong, and well-proportioned, with a handsome face, on which sat a very pleasant expression: so it might be in the eyes of his protégé Leibnitz, but the expression of his bewigged portrait is selfish and sensual.

Meantime the family of Brunswick-Lunenbourg, instead

<sup>1</sup> Geschichte der Hannover Landes.

<sup>2</sup> Leibnitz—Funeral Paper.

of having more brave sons than it knew what to do with, began, about 1658, to be alarmed at the prospect of being left entirely without heirs-male. The eldest prince, Christian Louis, Duke of Brunswick-Lunenbourg, had no children.<sup>1</sup> The next brother, John Frederic,<sup>2</sup> was married to a niece of Sophia, daughter of her brother Edward, but had only female offspring. As for George William, his love for Eleanore d'Olbreuse being most constant, he passionately refused to leave her, or to marry any German princess deemed of sufficient rank to become mother of the line of Brunswick. In this predicament the youngest brother, Ernest Auguste, notwithstanding his ecclesiastical education and prospects of a bishopric in reversion, was admonished, in family conclave, to commence wooing some fair princess, and marry speedily for the good of the race. His choice, guided by long previous attachment, fell upon Sophia, the sister of his most intimate friend Charles Louis, Elector Palatine. There is reason to suppose, from an expression in a letter of that Prince, that Sophia returned the passion of the handsome Brunswicker. Nevertheless Elizabeth of Bohemia offered the most lively opposition to the match; her ambition had been excessively excited by the love of the deceased Ferdinand IV. for her Sophia, on whose brow she naturally deemed the Imperial crown would shine to great advantage. The beauty and grace which had subdued the heart of the heir to the enemy of the Palatine line, it was not unnatural for Elizabeth to suppose would make other conquests nearly as valuable; therefore the younger son of a younger son of a younger branch was not an acceptable match in the eyes of the mother. But Sophia was approaching her twenty-ninth year, and thought delay was dangerous.

<sup>1</sup> Letters of Sophia of Hanover to Leibnitz : likewise Jacob's Peerage.

<sup>2</sup> He succeeded in 1663 as sovereign Duke of Brunswick-Lunenbourg, having in his elder brother's lifetime possessed the appanage of Zelle. Under the plea that the dukedoms of Brunswick-Lunenbourg and of Zelle were, even if united, infinitely too small for him, Frederic refused to give Zelle up to his brother George William, who was, by the death of the eldest duke, the second brother of the family, and consequently the rightful possessor of Zelle. However, a threatened appeal to the Emperor righted this wrong, and George William became for life the holder of the dukedom of Zelle.

A few days before Sophia gave her hand to Ernest Auguste, her brother wrote to their mother, Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, regarding the bridal expenses, in excuse for not forwarding the sums he ought to have sent to the Hague for her use. According to his statement, no outlay but for necessities was incurred. He dates from Dignertingen, September 10, 1658. "The expenses," he says,<sup>1</sup> "about my sister Sophia's marriage (not for ceremonies or pomp, but for the realities fit for her), which I am obliged to defray, render me incapable of what your Majesty is pleased to require of me concerning the 4000 rix-dollars—for besides her due which I must advance, I am bound to an extraordinary [advance], more especially for the friendship she always showed me, and because nobody else hath done anything for her." Alluding to another impending marriage in the Hesse family, he continues: "I wish the wedding at Tournhait may have better success than mine at Cassel: they say the lady is haughty enough, and he is my wife's cousin-german. If Mademoiselle Marie [of Orange] gets my cousin of Simmeren,<sup>2</sup> she will get a precious piece. God bless us, they say he loves no company but pages and footmen. Towards the end of this month I hope your Majesty will hear an end of my sister Sophia's *romanza*." At the end of September the event her brother chooses to call "a romance" actually took place, although, when mentioning it in after life, she disdained to remember the date.

"I don't remember the day of my marriage," says Sophia herself in one of her letters to Leibnitz; but it took place at the Castle of Heidelberg at the latter end of September 1658. She was given to Ernest Auguste by the hand of her brother, lord, and master, who was his intimate friend, and actually paid a small dowry of a few thousand florins, which he subsequently subtracted out of the poor stipend he paid his mother. Notwithstanding a sharp dispute with her son, Elizabeth of Bohemia waived her objections to the marriage, and received her son-in-law with great affection.

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters.

<sup>2</sup> Son of his uncle, Louis Duke of Simmeren, lately dead.

She probably had kept up opposition to gratify her niece, Mary Princess of Orange, who, when the bride and bridegroom came to the Hague, refused to let him salute her, though it was his privilege as her cousin-german by marriage. He was, moreover, her second cousin, being the descendant of her great-aunt Elizabeth of Denmark, Duchess of Brunswick.

The Queen of Bohemia, when acknowledging Charles II.'s letter of congratulation, asked for the Order of the Garter to decorate Ernest Auguste, her son-in-law. "Sophia," she says, "was very handsomely received at Hanover, where she is very well used, which makes me make humble suit to your Majesty that you will be pleased to give my son-in-law the Order of the Garter: he will take it for a great honour. I will answer for him he will seek to deserve it in all he can by his humble service, and it will oblige all that house."<sup>1</sup> Charles II. granted the request, and joined a family meeting at Brussels soon after, whither came Sophia, her mother his aunt, the sprite Elizabeth Charlotte, and Ernest Auguste, who, already his kinsman in the second degree, was now his first cousin by marriage with Sophia.

Sophia had no settled residence at this period of her life, and her time was spent between her mother's house at the Hague, and occasional visits to the Elector at Heidelberg and at Hanover, where her husband possessed such apartments in the ducal palace as pertained to the very slender appanage of a youngest brother. She mentions in her letters how trying was the stupidity and ignorance of the old-world German courts. Wheresoever she sojourned her niece Elizabeth Charlotte lived with her. Notices of this period of her aunt's life occur in her letters. When the birth of Sophia's first child took place, the curiosity of this imp led her to conceal herself in the wide chimney of Sophia's lying-in chamber, at the old ducal palace of Hanover. When the infant (Prince George Louis) was born, Elizabeth-Charlotte says that, encouraged by the number of persons crowding round the Princess Sophia her aunt, she emerged out of her

<sup>1</sup> State-Paper Letter, December 6, 1658.



covert to see the babe, her new little cousin. "Such was the joy," she adds, "at the birth of an heir-male to the line of Brunswick, the elder brothers of Ernest Auguste having no sons, that I escaped the whipping I well deserved"—a proof that such castigations formed part of the discipline established under her well-beloved aunt's regime. The future King of Great Britain, Sophia's eldest son George, was born May 28, 1660, an event which prevented the mother from witnessing the triumphant departure of her first cousin Charles II. for his restoration.

In the course of 1661, her husband's fortunes had materially altered for the better. The Cardinal, who was Roman Catholic incumbent of the bishopric of Osnaburg, died, and Ernest Auguste succeeded to his benefice according to the stipulations of the Treaty of Westphalia. The bishop removed with his wife and young infant to Osnaburg, where the endowments of the old church enriched the youngest son of the house of Brunswick. Elizabeth Charlotte still formed part of her aunt's family, and all, exceedingly pleased, fixed their residence at the old episcopal palace of Iburg, which became ever after the favourite abode of the Duchess Sophia and Bishop Ernest Auguste. "Ah, but these were happy days at that dear old castle of Iburg, listening to all the strange tales about it, and frightening ourselves with the ghost-stories."<sup>1</sup> But it was Elizabeth Charlotte and her playmates who diverted themselves with this pleasant excitement of fear supernatural; her aunt Sophia was not given to belief in matters spiritual of any kind.

Sophia hastened to see her mother before her embarkation for England, and take that farewell which proved indeed to be the last. With her came her pupil and inseparable companion, Elizabeth Charlotte. A letter from the Elector<sup>2</sup> to the departing Queen, written in unusual good-humour, hoping doubtless that he had now transferred her maintenance to her English relatives, gives some personal particulars of his sister Sophia and her niece, both of whom had

<sup>1</sup> Letters of Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, to Louise and Amelia, daughters of her father by Mademoiselle de Degenfeldt, vol. 6. Stuttgard.

<sup>2</sup> Gargan's MSS., from Archives of Hanover — King's Library, British Museum.

just left Heidelberg. "My sister the duchess, before this reaches your Majesty's hands, will have had the honour and happiness to wait on you with my little Lisolette,<sup>1</sup> who has reason to have a good opinion of herself, since you are pleased to grace her with the title of your favourite. She has good nature, and wants not wit; cunning enough, as St Ravy useth to say of himself. Your Majesty will find my sister Sophia in the same condition as she was in when she waited last on your Majesty. Body and mind is still the same; nothing affects her; at least she can hide it better than I do." Sophia took a tender farewell of her mother on board the very ship in which she sailed. She had soon after the happiness of hearing from her, that though only received privately in the royal family, she was so much satisfied with Charles II., who was in fact kinder to her than any son she had.

"STOLSENA (5 lieues from Hanover), Aug. 14.

"It is long since I had been honoured by a letter of your Majesty, or of one of your court; which would make me anxious, did I not know from other sources that you are quite well, and that your Majesty are quite satisfied in England. Being sure of this, I have nothing more to wish for, only that you may continue towards me in your good graces; although I fear that, on thinking of me, you will find me *very homely*, now that you see so *much* admirable ladies who fill your court every day. Here they do best walking, and I am quite in despair not to be able to do so. The Abbess of Herford is very ill, but I think she shows it only in order to see the mien which my sister will make, who is now with her.

"Just now, thank God, I receive a packet of letters from London, by which your Majesty did me the honour to think of me, which gives me the greatest pleasure in the world. . . . In the meanwhile, I am glad that your Majesty *have* so much reason to be satisfied with the King your nephew; which must still be more pleasant to him. There will be certainly many festivals at London at the coming of the fair Infanta. I hope the *Dutchesse* Richmond will till then recover from her malady. I am sorry that in her age she is troubled by it. At Heidelberg, Menz, and Stutgart, the dissenterly kills many people, but this land is still safe of that plague. At the end of this week we will return to Hanover. Wherever I am, your Majesty may believe me your most obedient servant. The Duke my husband commands me to present his most obedient respects to your Majesty, and to give you the assurance of his being your Majesty's most faithful and obedient *servant*,

SOPHIA." <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> His daughter Elizabeth Charlotte.

<sup>2</sup> Bromley Letters, August 1661. Sophia's letter is written in English, her idiom of which is not quite perfect.

Some weeks later, Sophia gave birth at Hanover, Oct. 3, to another son, Frederic Auguste. Towards the end of the same month she wrote from thence to express her impatience at not having heard from her mother, who, however, she implies, had occasional fits of epistolary silence. "It is such a long time since I received a letter from England," she says, "that I should fear of being entirely forgotten, were your Majesty not known to me. I hope my brother Rupert has the honour of being now with your Majesty. It is such a long time since I heard of him, that I do not know if he is still alive. He is still more lazy to write than I am; but one does not know how to fill a letter in such a place as this." Sophia was expected with her charge, the young Elizabeth Charlotte, to visit the Elector at Heidelberg. He wrote to his mother,<sup>1</sup> Feb. 2, 1661, that his sister had been prevented by the bad weather, and the return of her "quasms"—whether he means spasms or qualms is not easy to decide. But Elizabeth of Bohemia had quitted this troublesome world before the letter reached England. How Sophia bore the loss of a mother she evidently loved ardently, no letter of hers has revealed—when she felt deeply her pen was always inert. But in the course of a few months her lively satirical spirit was awake and active. In one of her letters she settled all the disputes concerning the reasons wherefore her eldest sister Elizabeth patronised and harboured the sect of the Labadists, a species of German Quakers, at her Abbey of Herford, declaring they lived so poorly and abstemiously "that her sister found them the most economical guests possible, in an establishment expected to do something in the manner of hospitality." Her sister Elizabeth was perfectly conscious of her satire, yet was persuaded by her *protégés* to address a letter to Sophia that she might join her in intercession for Barclay and other Quakers, imprisoned and tormented in England. It seems Sophia replied to the application in a sarcastic spirit, for Elizabeth, in one of her letters to Penn, reminded him that she anticipated the same; yet she would act in a similar manner if it exposed her not

<sup>1</sup> Bromley Letters.

only to the mockeries of her sister the Duchess of Lunenburg (for so Sophia was then called), but to those of the whole world. Nevertheless, when Sophia heard it was William Penn who had visited her sister, she condescended to regret that his way home had not been through Osnaburg.

In those early days of her marriage, when life was fresh, and the man she loved by her side, constant and true, the spirit of Sophia was more than ever bright and joyous, fearing no ill that chance or change could inflict. Yet she was tried with accidents that would have terrified most women and many men. Her constant companion and chronicler, her niece, Elizabeth Charlotte, preserved the memory of incidents pertaining to the life of "*Ma tante*," as she, with familiar homeliness, calls the Duchess Sophia, and "*M'oncle*," the duke-bishop Ernest Auguste. "*Ma tante*, courageous as a man, is not easily frightened," writes she; "I saw her once, at Klagenberg, issue coolly out of a conflagration, saving herself in a night-gown from the flames which had nearly closed round her in her sleeping-chamber, and she then was far advanced in pregnancy; but she only laughed, not being the least frightened. Another time I was with her out in a carriage to which young horses had been harnessed; they of course ran away with us, the coachman thrown off and was much hurt, but *oncle* sprang out of the carriage and seized the horses. There was great danger, but *ma tante* cared not a whit."<sup>1</sup>

Sophia's time was now spent at Iburg episcopal castle. Here some of her children were born, and all were educated. We have shown that she mentions, in one of her Leibnitz letters, her forgetfulness of the date of her marriage-day, with no little slighting contempt, but proceeds to say, "Concerning the birth of my children, I noted the days in my book of genealogy which is at Hanover. My two eldest sons, George Louis [George I.] and Frederic Auguste, were born at Hanover; Max and the twins at Osnaburg; Charles and the Electress of Brandenburg [her only daughter], at Iburg; Christian at Heidelberg, and Ernest Auguste at Osnaburg."<sup>2</sup> Her eldest son, afterwards

<sup>1</sup> Letters of Elizabeth Charlotte: Stutgard.

<sup>2</sup> Feder, p. 3.



George I. of Great Britain, was dwarfish, scarcely rising to the height of five feet; his low and rather deformed stature, his shrewd temper and worldly cunning, joined, it must be owned, to wit and bravery, gave him great resemblance to his ancestors of Nassau. His mother had small love or liking for him, and the little she had decreased with years. To the rest of her family she was a fond parent; and truly her other five sons were a stalwart group of warriors, most of them rivalling the colossal figures of her insular ancestors, John of Gaunt, Edward IV., Lennox, and Darnley. Sophia and her learned brother, the Elector Charles Louis, had agreed that the Brunswickers were the descendants of that Herminius celebrated in Roman history, and they always called them "sons of Herman." Several of her martial offspring were no unworthy<sup>1</sup> specimens of the race. Three of the coffins of her young heroes who fell in battle, stretch their portentous length in the vaults of the castle chapel at Hanover.

Troubles broke out in Osnaburg, owing to the religious disputes of the people, whose numbers as Protestants and Roman Catholics were nearly equal. Of course they reviled and tormented each other vigorously, and one of the wars which mankind have agreed to call "civil," further aggravated by polemics, was the consequence. The death of the reigning duke, Christian Louis, led to another family compact of the house of Brunswick-Lunenbourg, strange as any which had preceded it, giving to the ambitious Ernest Auguste the rights and precedence of his elder brother George William, in return for certain indulgence granted to the strong feelings of conjugal and paternal love which swayed the honest heart of that warrior. George William stipulated that if his beloved wife, Eleanore, were received as Duchess of Zelle by his kindred, and their little daughter, Sophia Dorothea, permitted to succeed to his personal property, he would be content with the Dukedom of Zelle, and yield all claim to the sovereignty of Hanover to his next brother, John Frederic, who hav-

<sup>1</sup> Letters of Sophia, quoted by Feder, p. 176.

ing no sons, it was to pass finally to the youngest, Bishop Ernest Auguste.

To explain his reasons for this species of abdication, it is needful to give a hasty sketch of his preceding life, the tendencies of which had a peculiar influence on the fortunes of his youngest brother the Bishop, Sophia, and their descendants. George William, in his youth, had a command at Breda in the Protestant cavalry of the Prince of Tarente, the near relative of Sophia's father. In process of time he became commander of the German mercenaries in the employ of the Dutch. The Princess of Tarente, of the house of Hesse, his mother's relative, had a maid-of-honour, Eleanore d'Olbreuse, the daughter of a Poitou Protestant refugee of noble rank. Duke George William, being much domesticated with the Hessian princess, his relative, fell in love with her maid, who was beautiful and virtuous; but she at last submitted to a morganatic marriage. This, it seems, is meant for holy matrimony, only the children are not considered illustrious enough to succeed to the German sovereignties. Fortunately, George William and Eleanore had but one fair daughter, whom they loved passing well. Even if born with the full honours that Zelle could give to her dukes, the young Sophia could not have succeeded to that vast inheritance, which was ruled by Salic law; but her father was willing to sacrifice his claim on Brunswick-Lunenbourg, if she were acknowledged as princess by his brother, and was endowed with his personal property *sans* dispute.

And there were certain lands and baronies that were his by purchase, which would follow the succession of the sovereign dukedom of Brunswick-Lunenbourg to Ernest Auguste. It has been mistakenly supposed that the young Sophia was to inherit the dukedom of Zelle, but that was as firmly a male fief as Hanover. Her appanage was a rich one, being the island of Wilhelmsburg, in the mouth of the Elbe, near Hamburg, acquired by her father, who was very rich, owing to his campaigns and his wife, who was a most excellent economist. Indeed, all the waste, extravagance, and folly for which

courts, large and small, in these days were remarkable, had been avoided by this virtuous and loving pair, for George William needed not those expensive adjuncts, mistresses and favourites. In the items of this family compact, which was ratified and agreed upon by the three princely Guelphic brethren, Ernest Auguste, Bishop of Osnaburg, the reigning duke, John Frederic, and the Duke of Zelle, George William, it is expressly agreed, that if the young daughter of the latter should marry a prince of the line of Brunswick, she was to be allowed all the rights and dignity of a princess by birth, but not if she married into any other line. Her father's ambition had already destined her to shine as the first princess of the line, he having promised her hand to the eldest son of his kinsman and brother-in-arms, the poet-duke Antony Ulric, Duke of Wolfenbuttel. It is likewise worthy of remark that the name of Ernest Auguste, though the youngest of the three contracting brethren, takes precedence of both; but the reason is sedulously explained that such was his right as being an ecclesiastical prince; and it is carefully noted that such is the sole cause of the precedence of nomination, and that it is not to form a precedent in any other case. From this circumstance an ignorant mistake has arisen, that Ernest Auguste was the eldest brother, a supposition which would dislocate every event in his life, and that of his consort.

In conclusion, the Duke Bishop, and the reigning Duke, John Frederic, agreed to pay their demitting brother George William, each a sum of money, very small when reduced to English pounds, being less than £3000. After this treaty had been ratified, the reigning duke, John Frederic, withdrew almost entirely from public life, leaving the management of his state, his people, and his army, to his brother the Duke-Bishop. The reason was, that John Frederic had become a Roman Catholic, and was educating his three daughters in the same religion, which it was unpopular, if not illegal, for a Duke of Brunswick-Lunenburg to profess. John Frederic had married a Roman Catholic princess, Benedicta, daughter of Edward, fourth son of Elizabeth of

Bohemia, who had married the French heiress of Nevers, and left the Protestant religion ; and his affections, and those of his wife and children, tended to the faith and interests of France. For a long course of years, therefore, Ernest Auguste and Sophia reigned over Brunswick-Lunenburg before the actual succession made them, in the appreciation of the world, the ostensible sovereigns.



# SOPHIA, ELECTRESS OF HANOVER

## CHAPTER II.

### SUMMARY

Military importance of the Duke-Bishop, Sophia's husband—Sophia brings her two eldest sons to Brussels—Her tour with Gourville, Louis XIV.'s envoy—Makes him travel with her woman, La Marsilliere—Her life at Ibürg Castle—Birth of her daughter—Resides with her niece and Madame Harling—Enumeration of her sons—Devotes herself to the education of her family—Her friendship with Leibnitz—Becomes acquainted at Aix-la-Chapelle with the Princess of Orange—Death of the reigning Duke of Brunswick-Lunenburg—Accession of her husband to the sovereignty—Incognita visit to France of Sophia with her daughter—Arrives at Maubisson, her sister's abbey—Rapturous meeting with her sister and nieces—Meets Gourville—Assures him that her daughter has no religion—He insinuates that Louis XIV. wishes her daughter to marry the Dauphin—Sophia takes her to Italy for education—Joins her husband at Venice, his headquarters—They return to Hanover—Death of the Elector Palatine—Letter of condolence to Sophia from Princess of Orange—Sophia sends her eldest son to England to court the Lady Anne of York—Recalls him to marry Sophia Dorothea of Zelle—Takes her daughter to Italy—They are invited to the court of France—Given apartments at Versailles—Stay for a year—Disappointed regarding the Dauphin—Sophia marries her daughter to the heir of Brandenburg—Sophia left alone at Hanover—Her letters to Ilten—Her only companion a little Turkish captive—Her letter concerning the invasion of England by the Prince of Orange—Her letter concerning Mary II. put into the hands of James II.—Her letter to Lord Halifax—She means to send her son Frederic to England—His death in battle—Sophia sets Leibnitz to design tapestry—Her sojourn at the baths of Loccum—Her correspondence on the religion of William III.—Her remarks to Leibnitz on the petition of Heinson.

WHEN the family compact of 1665 was settled, Sophia's husband frequently left her, taking long absences on military affairs at Venice, that powerful state having hired his

troops to do battle with the Turks, who were encroaching on every side. Bishop as he termed himself, Ernest Auguste began to show great military genius and ardour ; the worst was, his morals did not improve in his campaigns.

Louis XIV. had commissioned the Marquis de Gourville, as a diplomat who knew German, to seek the acquaintance of the princely Brunswick brethren, and see whether they could be induced to place their military forces at his disposition. Through the medium of the French *habitués* ever swarming round Eleanore d'Olbreuse, the consort of the Duke of Zelle, the Marquis de Gourville was introduced to that prince, and soon admitted into his confidence, insomuch that he informed him of his reasons for choosing the lower rank of Duke of Zelle in the family partition, "because it was worth a hundred thousand crowns more than Hanover, Gottingen, and Grubenhagen to boot."<sup>1</sup> When the war-like Bishop Ernest Auguste arrived at Brussels, Gourville learned forthwith that his summer sojourns at Venice had been ruinously expensive to his dominions. In truth, it was at Venice, then the sink of all iniquity both of eastern and western Europe, that the bishop-soldier first began to neglect the wife he had wooed and won, and cherish those of his neighbours ; and such proceedings are usually expensive.

Gourville learned, in the course of his conferences with the two princely Brunswick brothers, that they, Duke and Bishop, had at their disposal ten thousand stout German foot-soldiers and four thousand cavaliers (black Brunswick legions)—for that is the information he sends to Louis XIV. and de Lionne, his Minister of War—and these were to be had for a consideration. Louis XIV. responded, that if the said Duke and Bishop would fight against Spain, they should have for their pains all the towns and cities they could take from the Spanish Netherlands, and many a good bag of crowns to boot. These intrigues commenced some months after the death of the childless Brunswick sovereign, Christian Louis. Towards the spring of 1667 a great family council was held by the Guelphs at Brussels,

<sup>1</sup> Gourville's Memoirs : Maestricht.

for settling their affairs in general concerning wedlock and dominion, and in it Sophia comes on the scene. Gourville exceedingly admired her beauty, grace, and lively good-humour. But he added, that "she was much addicted to laughing at people to their faces, only her skill in raillery was such that they never found it out." Her Highness seems, according to his delineation of her character, to have been one of the early inventresses of persiflage and quizzing. These accomplishments, like many other of the evil qualities of the great, after flourishing through the last century and part of the present, have become decidedly low-caste and vulgar, and have fallen to the basest of the European population.

Directly Gourville unfolded his mission to Duke George William and Bishop Ernest, the Duchess Sophia was seized with an extreme wish to have the management of him entirely in her own hands. There were two other duchesses of her family, wives of her elder brothers-in-law—the French wife of George William, Duke of Zelle, whose morganatic marriage had just been enlarged into a princely and real one, and likewise the wife of John Frederic, Duke of Hanover, Benedicta, daughter of Sophia's own brother Edward, and the heiress of Nevers. Sophia had brought with her in her travelling-calèche the two hopes of the line of Brunswick, her eldest sons, George and Frederick, then of the ages of eight and seven.

Perhaps the fair Sophia, after having exhibited the heirs-male with which she had adorned the family, wished to escape from the precedence of her sisters-in-law, and likewise to enter into diplomacy with M. Gourville; "for," says that statesman, "the Duchess of Osnabruck declared her sons were ill; that change of air was wanted for them; and, though nothing in the world ailed these two *petit messieurs*, she planned a tour, and invited me to accompany her." To this arrangement the French diplomat gladly consented, supposing, doubtless, that he, "the valet Gourville," as Michelet terms him in his late brilliant work, was to be the *chevalier seul* with the bright and lively Duchess, while her boys and maid were to travel in the other calèche, especially

as he had seen her spouse, his Highness the Bishop, set off the preceding morning. He was, however, annoyed and disappointed to the last degree; for, early on the morning appointed, out issued the bright Duchess before sunrise, and entered her calèche, placing her two little *messieurs* on the seat before her—indubitably the said *petit messieurs* were obliged to be mightily well-behaved—and when she had wheeled off, up drew another calèche, with a Poitevin demoiselle therein, Marsilliere by name, who was, it is true, excessively handsome, and, he adds, “was much to the taste of Count de Waldeck,” a renowned Dutch general of Brunswick cavalry. With the Poitevin demoiselle, who seems to have been chamber-woman to the Duchess Sophia, the French diplomat was placed *vis-à-vis* in calèche the second, to his infinite mortification; for he declares he underwent great raillery (meaning teasing and tormenting) on all sides concerning this journey from every one, even from his own King’s minister, de Lionne.

The fair Poitevin was the countrywoman, and had probably been the servant, of Eleanore d’Olbreuse, the recently acknowledged Duchess of Zelle. Gourville takes care not to explain his own antecedents, but Sophia knew them well. He had not always held the honourable office of envoy, having begun life as valet-de-chambre to the great Condé,<sup>1</sup> and it may be remembered that Condé’s heir married another of Sophia’s nieces, sister of Benedicta, Duchess of Brunswick, to whom Gourville had long been a confidential agent, though of lowly degree. Thus Sophia knew well that the vain Frenchman, who, forgetting his humble origin, thought himself a proper companion for her in a *vis-à-vis* carriage, was much better disposed of as travelling associate of her chambermaid. She seems always to have acted with similar caution; and such exercise of tact and judgment led her through life with a name unscathed, notwithstanding her vivacity of disposition.

Gourville was evidently enraged at having to do the agreeable *tête-à-tête* for two long days as travelling companion to La Marsilliere, a girl of low degree. The Bishop

<sup>1</sup> Dangeau’s Mémoires, vol. i.



of Osnaburg had ordered relays of horses for his consort and her baggage. The Marquis de Gourville especially notes that the Duchess's two calèches were followed by a charrette, on which were carried her trunks of clothes and mattresses, therefore she did not trust her person to the bedding she found at German inns on her journey. Her tour ended at the Hague, and then de Gourville has more to say touching troops and contingents than is pleasant to record, conveyed in most cautious and tortuous phraseology. The diplomacy ended fruitlessly at that time, for he was in an evil mind concerning the prank played him by the fair Duchess, although the princely Brunswickers made him a present of six famous black mares, with white manes and tails, for his coach and six; and some saddle-horses of as queer an appearance for his outriders—all which, being considered very precious, de Gourville made over to his royal master, Louis XIV., when he returned to him with very angry feelings towards Sophia. He could not forgive her clever arrangement of providing him—the valet<sup>1</sup> raised to the rank of Marquis and envoy—with the chambermaid from his own province, to bear him company. It was well he kept the incident a secret from his contemporary Molière.

The martial Brunswickers, after all, determined against France, and fought, until the peace of Nimeguen, on the side of the Emperor. During these campaigns Sophia remained in the deepest retirement, educating her little ones, aided by her niece, Elizabeth Charlotte, and her former governess, Madame Harling. At Iburg the event occurred which Sophia always considered as the most im-

<sup>1</sup> Gourville had been in his youth valet-de-chambre to the Duke de la Rochefoucault, author of the "Maxims;" afterwards he attached himself to the Prince de Condé; he served him during all the civil wars against the Court, called those of the Fronde. His efforts, aided by the Princess Palatine, mother of the Princess de Condé, effected the peace. He made an immense fortune, but not inconsistently with respectable conduct. The King loaded him with favour and marks of honour. When he went to visit the Princess Palatine, the widow of Sophia's brother, who was living in Paris, and found there Gourville, he used to order him to sit at his card-table and join his play. Gourville had great talents in finance; he showed himself worthy of his good fortune by his gratitude to his benefactors. This is the flattering portrait drawn of him by Madame de Genlis; others have contemned him as an adventurer.

portant of her life, being the birth of her only and beloved daughter, October 2, 1668. She named this child, who possessed her entire and almost exclusive love, Sophia Charlotte. The young Princess was beautiful, though *petite* in person,<sup>1</sup> and her abilities and charm of manner were perceptible from a very early period of life. As soon as she could speak, the Duchess Sophia devoted herself to her instruction. Madame Harling, who had educated her niece, was now governess to the daughter. All attainments, all knowledge, were remembered, excepting the one thing needful, which German princesses of the seventeenth century heeded not, and its *savants* contemned.

Sophia sometimes visited her lord in his winter quarters on the frontiers of Italy, and sometimes they met at her brother's castle of Heidelberg, and sometimes at his sovereign's court at Hanover. But her establishment was usually at Iburg or Osnaburg. These old episcopal palaces she peopled with a numerous train of infant Brunswickers, besides the two *petit messieurs* she brought in her calèche to the family congress at Brussels. Three boys besides she enumerates in the autograph list she gave to Leibnitz—"Max and the twins," as she calls them; they had been born at Osnaburg in the two years the family had been forced to retreat before the religious insurrection at Iburg. Charles Philip was born the succeeding year, and another rather unexpectedly at Heidelberg, on one of her journeys, when she went with her niece Elizabeth Charlotte to visit the Elector. She had afterwards a seventh, called Ernest Auguste, created Duke of York on the accession of his eldest brother George to the English throne. Sophia had little time therefore to cultivate her tendencies to political intrigue, for in the education of these infants she occupied herself with the utmost earnestness and delight. Her daughter, whose *petite* person promised exquisite beauty, was to be the most accomplished princess in Europe. Sophia Charlotte, at the earliest possible age, received occasional instruction from Gotfried Leibnitz, even as her aunts, the Princesses Palatine Elizabeth and Louisa, and

<sup>1</sup> Histoire de Brandenburg, by Frederic the Great.

her mother herself, had in youth been the disciples of Descartes.

The favourite philosopher of Sophia was decidedly the most extraordinary man in Germany. Yet his biographies and correspondences known to the English<sup>1</sup> are assuredly the dullest of all conglomerations—abstruse with diagrams, angles, and parallelograms, illustrated with the retrograded English, written in the age of materialism. Who can imagine that Gotfried Leibnitz had a biography?—or that he lived any life but in an old arm-chair working problems, stimulated by heavy beer, until he crept into a grave scarcely duller than his life? Nevertheless, truth compels us to view Leibnitz in a very different light, more like the cabalistical Seni of whom Schiller has made such poetical use in his magnificent *Wallenstein*. Several fine portraits exist of Leibnitz; they prove that he was a handsome person, with watching eyes and a smiling mouth; and the eyes, though so piercing and observant, smile in unison with the lips. Wigs defy the phrenologist, yet there is reason to suppose that the forehead of Leibnitz was as fine as that of Newton, his rival and antagonist.

Sophia became acquainted with Leibnitz<sup>2</sup> when he filled

<sup>1</sup> We cannot find in any of his biographies, not even in French, Sophia's name mentioned, although the letters that passed between them, still extant, give the most information concerning the incidents of both their lives.

<sup>2</sup> Leibnitz was the son of a Lutheran clergyman, professor of law at Leipsic. He was born 1646. His father died when he was about seven years of age, leaving his widow and children to the famine and miseries of the Thirty Years' War. How they were supported no one knew, excepting from the casual bounty of his uncle Paul, who rose to be a field-marshal in the Emperor's service, and was ennobled. In 1664 Leibnitz became Master of Arts at Jena; but having a desperate quarrel with his professor's wife, he went to Nuremberg, in which ancient and necromantic city he wrote on alchymy and the secret sciences, so well as to be appointed secretary to a club or fraternity of alchymists. At one of their Sabbats he met the Baron de Boinberg, a famous alchymist and magician, chancellor to the ecclesiastic Elector of Mentz; and he in course of time introduced him to John Frederic Duke of Brunswick-Lunenbug, the most notorious alchymist, astrologer, and magician among the princes of Europe. The rest of the life of Leibnitz is intimately interwoven with that of Sophia, and Ernest Auguste her husband, as in time he became their prime-minister. He is termed in his French biographies Baron Leibnitz; for his uncle, Marshal Paul Leibnitz, was ennobled by Ferdinand III. for having fought for the Empire and Popery throughout the Thirty Years' War. From him the philosopher inherited rank and title.



the respectable offices of alchymist, and we fear conjuror and astrologer, to John Frederic, her husband's elder brother and sovereign. Of course all his biographers have glossed over and explained away such a queer entry into public as much as possible; but there, at the portal of his life, the real circumstance stands; and it is as true that Leibnitz was not at all ashamed of it, and often looked back to his occupation as secretary to a club of alchymists and astrologers, in his half-starved youth at Nuremberg, as his merriest and happiest days. No doubt they were, and many a lively tale the brilliant alchymist had to tell of that strange period. Leibnitz was as warmly patronised by Sophia's lord, the Bishop Ernest Auguste, as by the reigning Duke of Brunswick, who, withdrawing as much as possible from public life on account of his unpopular Roman Catholic religion, and tendency to the occult sciences, left the ambitious Bishop in the government of his dominions, and sovereign in all but name. Under the patronage of Sophia, the philosopher Leibnitz shone as physician, astronomer, mathematician, herald, historian, poet, genealogist, theologian, besides his original employments of alchymist and astrologer. Ah! unfortunate philosophy, what odd steps you had to put your feet upon to climb into notice in days not so very distant from our own! <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> An anecdote of the times connects the name of Leibnitz again with alchymy, and at the same time with one of the most curious discoveries in legitimate chemistry. A German alchymist, of the name of Brant, who claimed the honours of a learned mediciner, but after whose name it is to be feared Q.D., and not M.D., ought to have been inscribed—discovered a wondrous concoction which, he affirmed, would turn the baser metals at pleasure into gold or silver. The origin was a profound secret, but the article was sold to the alchymist Duke of Hanover, John Frederic. That prince sat in conclave on the same with his factotum Leibnitz, who advised his patron to consult Charles II. and his Royal Society as to its composition. Accordingly, John Frederic sent Leibnitz to England. Here King Charles II. and his cousin Prince Rupert, both good chemists, assisted by the learned Boyle, examined the precious matter; but its wonderful effects, they agreed, were not for transmuting the baser metals into gold or silver. Leibnitz did not take the merit of the discovery; he freely owned it belonged to Brant. When Leibnitz returned to Hanover, his Duke was by no means inclined to give up the idea of the gold and silver transmutation; he sent for Brant to his court, and before himself and Leibnitz induced him to work his new discovery: the result was—phosphorus.—*Vie de Leibnitz*, Neufville.



Among the incidents of Sophia's life at this time, it is certain that she made personal acquaintance with her cousin Mary Princess of Orange, daughter of James II.; and soon after the marriage of the former, kept up with her an intimate and familiar correspondence by letter, as likewise did Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans; but the difficulty is to mention with precision when these three princesses first became known to each other. Every hour of the short life of Mary, Princess of Orange and Queen of Great Britain, seems so far accounted for, that no time or date for the visits of Sophia and Elizabeth Charlotte at the Hague can be pointed out. But they might have become personally acquainted when Mary went to Aix-la-Chapelle for her health, which she did in August 1679; and as it was during the treaty for the peace of Nimeguen, and all the political powers were astir, Sophia was there; indeed, she seldom passed a year without visiting Aix.

The death of John Frederick, the reigning Duke of Brunswick-Lunenbourg, who expired suddenly when journeying to Rome, called the husband of Sophia to sovereign rank, according to the family compact made with George William, Duke of Zelle. Sophia, now the wife of a reigning prince, became extremely anxious to visit Paris, where Louis XIV. then set the pattern to all European royalty.<sup>1</sup>

Her journey to Paris was planned and eagerly awaited by the colony of German princesses of her house, located at that gay city. Her nieces, Elizabeth Charlotte Duchess of Orleans, and the Princess of Condé,<sup>2</sup> bore the first rank among the ladies of France. Anne, Duchess of Mantua, sister to the Princess of Condé, wrote to her the plan of march,<sup>3</sup> beginning with a burst of affection to her she called "*chère sœur*," whom she entreats "with great passion to make a little journey to France—Madame [her niece of Orleans] wishes it too so much. She speaks of it every day, and all day long." She believes "that if Sophia keeps an

<sup>1</sup> George IV. MSS., edited by Gargans. Add. MSS., Brit. Museum.

<sup>2</sup> Daughter of Edward, Palatine Prince.

<sup>3</sup> George IV. MSS., 140. Add. MSS., Brit. Museum—Anne of Mantua to the Duchess of Osnabruck.

entire incognita, nothing could be easier than coming as far as the Abbey of Maubisson, where there can occur no difficulty as to ceremony (or etiquette). There you will have the felicity of passing some days without restraint with Madame Louise, your sister, who will be transported. As for me, I shall have joy more than I can express, and how we shall talk and enter into the real depth of all matters! The Duchess of Hanover<sup>1</sup> will come to see us when Monseigneur, your husband, at Venice, comes here."

Sophia travelled in company with the Duchess of Mecklenburg, one of the Gallicised princesses of Germany, of her brother Edward's family. The young daughter of Sophia was of the party, in order to learn French graces at the fountain-head. They safely arrived at the Abbey of Maubisson, where Sophia was clasped to the bosom of her long lost sister, the Abbess Louisa. Thither came the Duchess of Orleans,<sup>2</sup> Sophia's friend, pupil, and correspondent, when she heard her aunt had arrived. Their loving embraces and rapture of meeting drew a remark from the correspondent at Paris of Henry Sidney, the exquisite of his day, that the meeting of these princesses "did savour more of the heartiness of Germany than the gentleness of France,"<sup>3</sup>—meaning evidently the gentility of France. However, Louisa, Sophia, and the Duchess of Orleans, loved one another with an honest open-heartedness incomprehensible to this coxcomb, and were not ashamed of showing their affection. Sidney affirms that Madame de Mecklenbourg wished much to pass through Holland,

<sup>1</sup> Benedicta, wife of John Frederic. She is mentioned as his young widow in another letter dated November 1680. She was at Paris educating her three little daughters as Roman Catholics. One became Empress of Germany.

<sup>2</sup> The Elector Palatine Charles Louis had, notwithstanding his grimace of Protestant profession, obliged his only daughter, Elizabeth Charlotte, to marry Philippe, Duke of Orleans, and at the same time to renounce her Protestant religion. When she announced to him that she had professed herself a Roman Catholic on her way to be married at Metz, (as indeed he had agreed she should), he answered her with great affection and satisfaction, advising her attention to those points in which both religions agreed with general Christianity. His letter, dated 1671, may be seen.—Geo. IV. MSS., Gargan. Additional MSS., British Museum.

<sup>3</sup> Saville to Henry Sidney, August 28, 1679; Sidney Diary, &c., edited by Mr Blencowe, vol. i., p. 102.

but Sophia would not go there, because she did not like to recall the scenes of her youth, where she suffered infinite deprivations and mortifications.

The Court of France was occupied at this time with processions, congratulations, public entries, and solemn fêtes in honour of the marriage of the beautiful Maria Louisa of Orleans with the imbecile Carlos II., King of Spain. Sophia witnessed these high ceremonials as the aunt of the royal bride's step-mother, and near cousin of the bride herself. She was guest in the Orleans palaces, and sometimes in those of her great niece, the Princess of Condé, for she was closely connected with all these princesses at Paris, who at that period were flourishing in close vicinity to the throne.

When the Brunswick princesses were the guests of the Princess de Condé, the old retainer of that house, M. de Gourville, came to renew his homage to the Duchess Sophia. He opened a new scheme of flattering diplomacy, insinuating that his royal master admired the princess, and the young opening beauty of her accomplished daughter, with such sincerity, that, if religion did not oppose the plan, he knew not where he could find a consort better worthy of the hand of the Dauphin.<sup>1</sup> If the following anecdote is true—and as it is mentioned by the German Duchess of Orleans, her niece, as well as Gourville, it must be so—religion would not have stood long in Sophia's way, where any object of ambition was concerned. When Gourville first was permitted to see the young daughter of Sophia, then in her twelfth year, he said, "This is a fair and beautiful princess, worthy of the highest destiny. May I ask what religion she has been brought up in?"

"She has none at present," answered Sophia. "When we know what prince will be her husband, she will be instructed in his religion."

Certainly this was no bad arrangement for peace and quiet in a royal household; but the inventor of a scheme which has given many a matrimonial convert to the Greek and Roman creeds—as empresses of Russia and Germany,

<sup>1</sup> History of the House of Brandenburg, by Frederic the Great.

or Austria—was by no means likely to have added herself to the list of Protestant martyrs. Her flatterers in the reign of Queen Anne revived the story of her own conquest of Ferdinand IV. titular King of Hungary, claiming for her a sort of minor martyrdom in having refused the Imperial crown in order to preserve her Calvinist principles. But her temporising practice in regard to her daughter's religious training surely settles that historical question beyond dispute.

Sophia was attended to Paris by Leibnitz, who, no longer impeded by the fantastic shadowings which had hung over him since his debut in the old necromantic Nuremberg, leaving alchemy and astrology to the owls and bats in the funeral vault of John Frederic, stepped out into the light of modern philosophy as the leader of its progress. Thenceforth Leibnitz may be considered as the minister, friend, and factotum of the reigning Duke Ernest Auguste, and his brilliant consort.

After Sophia's visit to her loving relatives had passed, the Abbess Princess Louisa wrote<sup>1</sup> to her cousin, the Duchess of Mecklenburg :—

“Since I have been nun professed, I have never shed so many tears as I have done at my parting with my sister, the Duchess d'Osnabruc. Since then I feel as if a stone laid on my heart, the dead weight of which oppresses me, and I know not how to cast my eyes round this place where I saw her last without sadness. All which proves to me that I am yet too much attached to those creatures who are good enough to testify friendship for me, and that it was for my spiritual good that God has separated me from a sister so amiable. I am obliged to your Highness for letting me know her news, for they are the first I heard about her since her departure. It seemed long to hear that she had arrived at home safe and well, with her dear little princess. I fear they suffered as much from cold on their homeward journey as they did from heat when they came here.

. . . La Mere Gabrielle is going fast—she cannot utter another word through weakness ; but the last she said to me was a fervent prayer for the conversion of my sister, the Duchess of Osnabruc. If such prayers are heard, I shall be content ; for, if never more to see my dear sister in this world, I should see her in a better—I should meet her in Paradise.”

Sophia, after leaving the French court, pursued her journey to Italy, whither she took her young daughter to

<sup>1</sup> Gargan's MSS., British Museum.



complete her education with the practical attainments gained by travel in the acquirement of languages, and the study of the fine arts. Ernest Auguste awaited his wife and daughter at Venice, which republic, finding that the Turks threatened the Italian possessions in the Morea, had negotiated for the hire of the Brunswick army to defend the same. While Sophia and her daughter were travelling in Italy, the Duke-Bishop established his headquarters at Venice. He took the homeward route with his princesses in the winter, and wrote to his brother-in-law, Charles Louis the Elector Palatine, a letter announcing, with no little satisfaction, that they were home safely from Italy.<sup>1</sup> Sophia was left with the reins of government in her hands the ensuing spring of 1680, when her lord departed for his Venetian command. She enacted the regent with some eclat, aided by Leibnitz; but whether by her fault or that of her lord's extravagance in the seat of Italian luxury—Venice—the treasury at Hanover presented an alarming vacuity at the end of the year; and as even the philosophy of Leibnitz had not made sufficient progress at that period as to call debt and deficiency “funds,” the prospect was considered disheartening.

Sophia and Mary II. met on terms of friendship when the latter, as Princess of Orange, was the guest of the Elector Palatine, Charles Louis—a fact to which the Princess bears testimony in her letter of condolence to Sophia on the death of her brother, dated<sup>2</sup> De Turhaut, September 20, 1680. Mary's letter is exceedingly kind, though ceremonious. She writes “not only as a person who has the honour to be allied to her, but,” she says, “who had received many kindnesses and honours from the Elector when she had the happiness to stay with him—where she does not say, but probably at Heidelberg. “I assure you, Madame,” writes she, “that the little differences we have had on affairs could not hinder me from acknowledging the merit of this great prince, or hinder my gratitude for all the courtesies I received from him.” Probably Sophia was the only person

<sup>1</sup> Gargan's *Recueil des Pièces*. MSS. Hanover. British Museum.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

in the world who wept for the death of the great Elector her brother; and Mary of Orange writes as if she really required consolation. The Princess concludes with phrases which were very fashionable in her youth; we meet them constantly in the early letters of the Marlboroughs, and her sister Queen Anne, where they have been ill understood. She says that she is with "much passion," and "more than any one, her very humble cousine and servante, Marie, Princesse d'Orange."

At the baths of Pyrmont, Sophia and her young daughter, then thirteen years old, passed the autumn of 1681. Here they met, for the first time, Frederic, the Electoral Prince of Brandenburg, who brought to the baths his dying wife for the amelioration of her health.<sup>1</sup> The most brilliant hopes having been awakened in the heart of Sophia concerning the disposal of her accomplished young daughter, perhaps she would have shuddered could she have supposed that the *petite* beauty would have no better offer than the reversion of this very queer and odd-tempered crookback's hand. At the death of his wife, some months afterwards, the Brandenburg Prince avowed himself in despair, and, devoting himself to life-long widowerhood, assumed a ring *in memoriam*, expressing this laudable intention.

Great blame has been cast on the memory of Sophia in reference to the wretched fate of her daughter-in-law, Sophia Dorothea of Zelle, by those who have not examined such evidence as is extant connected with that dark historical tragedy. It is certain that Sophia, by one active stroke of diplomacy, broke the match between the heir of Brunswick-Wolfenbittel and the daughter of her brother-in-law of Zelle. If that were a crime, she did it; but she behaved unexceptionably to the poor bride after she had won her for her son. The under-current of events which forced Sophia into playing a part much like the *prima donna* in operatic comedy, has never been entirely developed. The fact was, that the hopes of Protestant Europe being fixed on her family, as the Prince of Orange was hopelessly childless, likewise her nephew the Elector Palatine

<sup>1</sup> Lebender Königin von Preussen. Varnhagen von Ense, p. 19.

Charles Theodore, it was needful that the house of Hanover should support its utmost dignity among the potentates of Europe; but the marriage between the Duke of Zelle's daughter and the heir of the chief of Brunswick would reduce it to very narrow means. Moreover, there was a circumstance which, although not promulgated for years afterwards, Sophia knew well would impair the Protestant influence of the Guelphs; Antony Ulric, the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbützel, was secretly a Roman Catholic.<sup>1</sup> Not that either Bishop-duke Ernest or his Duchess cherished any personal antipathy against Papists, though their political interests were in violent opposition to them; indeed, they were marvellously remiss in making anti-Popish demonstrations. Yet how could they conceal from themselves that, if their elder brother's daughter wedded the heir of Wolfenbützel, the head of their family, he would throw his weight into the interest of the Roman Catholic Stuarts, and impede their Protestant kinsman's hopes of the British empire? Besides, the Duke of Zelle, upon whose dominions the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbützel had strong claims, would prefer surrendering them to his grandchildren to fulfilling the family compact he had made with Bishop Ernest, his younger brother. Then would the aspiring branch of Hanover be limited to its domains in possession, the revenues of which were nearly exhausted. All family interests—as well on her side as on her husband's—whether immediate or distant, were at stake.

The wishes of Sophia for a daughter-in-law had, in the first instance, pointed to England. In her own breast there had at a former day once existed a desire of reigning in Great Britain, not as a supplanter of the heir, but as his wife; and there lurked in her mind some secret resentment that her cousin-german, Charles II., had never sued for her hand.<sup>2</sup> Careless Charles had not given the matter a thought

<sup>1</sup> Pölnitz Memoires. He says, "that it was by the intrigues of Sophia, Electress of Hanover, that the wretched Princess of Zelle was married to her son George Louis [afterwards George I.], and that the mother of the bride was as much opposed to the wedlock as the bride herself."

<sup>2</sup> Lord Dartmouth's Notes on Burnet's History.

when it was feasible, at the earlier time of his exile; he might have supposed first cousins were too near akin. So did not Sophia, it seems; and she, in 1682, sent her eldest son to England to woo the daughter of her cousin-german, the Lady Anne of York. He was likewise charged with letters from his lady-mother to both the royal Stuart brothers, asking if they remembered her?

How heartily the merry monarch received his young kinsman—how he remembered his cousin Sophia at the old gladsome times at the Hague and Breda, when they were all exiles penniless together—how cordially he inducted him into a suite of Whitehall apartments, and introduced him to kiss the hem of his queen's robe, and (according to cousinly privilege), the lips of the Lady Anne of York—has been already told by the author in another biography, by the assistance of a most amusing French letter which Duke George Louis himself wrote to his mother.<sup>1</sup> English diarists of the day have noted his visit to Oxford, and his induction as Doctor of Laws. Modern writers have displayed their own ignorance by sneering at George Louis as an uneducated man. How the Oxford dons and the Hanoverian Prince settled the remarkable discrepancy between the Continental pronunciation of Latin and the English, we are not prepared to say; but George the First was no ignoramus. He could speak Latin as a vernacular language, and wrote sprightly French letters to his learned lady-mother. We only wish we had the boulding of them all in the biographical sieve. These are acquirements out of the reach of any dunce, howsoever sedulously he may be crammed.

In the midst of Duke George's English honours, courtly and academic, he suddenly ceased his courtship to the Lady Anne, and returned home. He had arrived, it seems, in the very height of the notable Popish plot concocted between William of Orange, Titus Oates, and Shaftesbury. The island was convulsed with political agony. The judicial murder of the aged Viscount Stafford was perpetrated almost in the sight of the foreign wooer. His com-

<sup>1</sup> Additional MSS. British Museum. Hanoverian Papers, transcribed by Secretary Gargan; given by George IV.



ments upon it, in his letter to the Duchess Sophia, lead to the conclusion that the sceptre of Great Britain was not to be coveted. His own observations on the development of the Popish plot, together with his confidential communings with his uncle, Prince Rupert, had the effect of convincing him that the times of 1640 were recurring in 1682.

The Prince of Orange has the credit, in history, of breaking the match between his sister-in-law, the Lady Anne of York, and Sophia's son. Assuredly his desire to break the match between the Duke of Zelle's daughter and the heir of Wolfenbittel must have been intense. His own views on the British crown would have been impeded by Roman Catholic influence ruining the Protestant branch of Hanover. William of Orange, therefore, brought all his political engineering to bear upon the mind of his old instructor in the art of war, George William, Duke of Zelle, for the purpose of inducing him to give his wealthy daughter to the heir of Hanover, and thus consolidate the Protestant interest. The question was, whether the highly-born Duchess Sophia, who boasted so many royal and imperial ancestors, would condescend to receive as a daughter-in-law the child of a morganatic marriage?

There was no difficulty with the Duke of Zelle. It is true he was much attached to Antony Ulric, the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbittel, both as his old friend and companion in arms, the head of the Guelphic line, and withal a prince highly distinguished in Europe for genius and learning, and every grace of mind and person; but a man's line of politics usually sways him beyond all influences of private affection and friendship. We have shown George William, Duke of Zelle, as a noted Protestant champion, a commander from his youth upwards among the knot of Tremouilles, Rohans, Solms, and Waldecks, with a host of French Protestant refugees, led by the Nassaus, who had held Breda and its sister fortresses against the whole puissance of Catholic Europe. As for his beloved Duchess, she was French Calvinist and refugee. How were such lifelong ties to be broken asunder, to follow Antony of Wolf-

enbittel, whose new religion would reverse all the ancient predilections?

Such was the real state of affairs when the Duchess Sophia, acceding to the request of her husband that she would in person ask the hand of his niece for their son, ordered her travelling-carriage late in the evening of September 14, 1682, and, ploughing through the roads of deep sand for the distance of about twenty miles, in the night, crossed the frontier of the brother potentate, and presented herself at the Brückhausen palace of Zelle betimes in the morning. Sophia won her way through all the officials to the very bed-chamber of her brother-in-law, by declaring, in her *debonnaire* manner, that she had come incognito for the purpose of pleasantly surprising the Duke and Duchess of Zelle in bed, in order to wish them joy of their only child's birthday—the young Sophia Dorothea having completed her sixteenth anniversary, that 15th of September. With this intimation she entered her brother-in-law's chamber. Having made her sprightly congratulations, she asked for his wife. The Duke, pointing to the door of communication between the matrimonial apartments usual in continental arrangements, said, "She is there." Then the Duchess Sophia went in, and greeted her astonished sister-in-law with unwonted familiarity on the joyful anniversary. Whosoever expected the wooing expedition of the Duchess of Hanover, it is certain her French sister-in-law did *not*; for the poor lady hastened her toilette, to the danger of infringing many princely etiquettes, German and French, when she found that the Duchess, with the easy amenity of near relationship, had glided back into the Duke of Zelle's apartment, and commenced an eager conversation with him in Dutch. Sometimes Frenchwomen, with all their tact and acuteness, lose the dear delights of having their own way, owing to the exclusive admiration they have for their own language, and their distaste for all others, especially for the Teutonic tongues. Not so our brilliant Sophia. Mistress as she was of the French language to perfection, she did not disdain homely Dutch when it served her purpose, although perhaps not fond of the

reminiscence that she was by birth a Dutchwoman. Nevertheless, in the polyglot commanded by her powerful mind and memory, Dutch maintained its place. George William now held discourse with his cousin in the old familiar tongue they both talked at Breda, when life was young and as yet uncumbered with riches and sovereignties. Duchess Eleanore had been likewise a refugee at Breda, but having scorned to acquire the language of the people who protected her, she was placed in the odd dilemma of having her daughter disposed of before her face, without being able to put in a negative; for the fluent reasons of Sophia prevailed entirely, and the Duke of Zelle had promised his daughter's hand to his nephew before the mother of the young lady had ascertained the drift of the lively dialogue in Dutch.

All the gossips chronicling this event agree—Pölnitz<sup>1</sup> (the near relative of the parties) being at their head—that the Duchess of Zelle was adverse to the marriage, and that she had prevailed on her husband to announce his intention of betrothing their daughter to the heir of the Duke of Wolfenbuttel that very anniversary of her sixteenth birthday. Perhaps this was with a proviso stipulating unless her hand was not previously demanded by the son of his brother; for it is certain that never was marriage more speedily proposed or agreed to. The young lady was dutifully quiescent, according to her autograph, extant in the British Museum;<sup>2</sup> a pretty letter in French, expressed with simplicity that looks genuine: it is addressed to Sophia, saying,—

“I have so much respect for my Lord Duke, your husband, and for my Lord my own father, that I shall always be content in whatever manner they agree to act in my behalf; and your Highness will do me the justice to believe so, and that no one can be more sensible than I am of the many proofs of your goodness. I will carefully endeavour, all my life long, to deserve the same, and to make it appear to your Highness, by my respect and humble service, that you could not choose as your daughter one who better than myself knows how to requite you. In which duty I shall feel great pleasure, and in showing you, by my submission, how much I am your Highness's very humble and obedient servant.”

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<sup>1</sup> Descended by a morganatic marriage from the great Prince of Orange, Maurice.

<sup>2</sup> Royal MSS., vol. lix., folio 230.

Either Sophia Dorothea, or some one of her family dictating, is here very grateful for being "chosen by the Duchess of Hanover as her daughter-in-law"—a clause rather unusual in ceremonial letters of the kind. It is in strong accordance with the customs of France, where madame *la mère* of the bridegroom is always acknowledged as the most important person in the whole process of wooing and wedding, and therefore seems to have emanated from the French Duchess of Zelle, represented by bold guessers as in despair on the occasion. Yet there was a climbing *parvenu* spirit in the whole career of this lady, leading to the supposition that the circumstance was a pleasant though unexpected realisation of all the ambitious hopes entertained by the Zelle family.

The betrothal and wedlock took place with all possible celerity. Sophia saw her eldest son married to the young lady of Zelle, 21st November 1682. It was observed that the festivities over which the Duchess Sophia presided, at the reception of her daughter-in-law, at Hanover, were far more brilliant and expensive than those at Zelle during the nuptial celebrations. But it was the careful economy of the bride's mother that had saved the enormous dower which made her daughter an acceptable wife to the heir of Hanover. Henceforward the name of her daughter-in-law frequently occurs in the letters Sophia wrote to Leibnitz or Ilten. She is always mentioned therein kindly and cordially, just as her own mother might have named her.

After this successful termination of her diplomatic scheme, connected with the marriage of her son, Sophia turned her attention to realising the high hopes for her daughter with which she had been flattered by her kindred in France. The utmost polish was to be given to the young beauty by a prolonged visit to Italy, and then she was to be shown in all her charms and graces at the court of Louis XIV. From the marriage festivities of George Louis of Brunswick and his luckless partner, Sophia went, with her young Princess, on a long tour in Italy, which occupied the year 1683. The extreme desire of the Princess Colonna to convert Sophia and her daughter to the Romish religion, is the only



incident that has transpired of their stay at Rome and their travels in Italy. To aid in this work, which the Roman Princess, of course, thought a good one, she introduced to Sophia one of the Italian literati, Abbate Mauro by name, likewise called by Sophia, Signor Hortensio, who was appointed librarian and instructor to the mother and daughter in the delicacies of the Italian language. Letters often occur between Dr Mauro and his *padrona*; and now and then the learned Italian endeavoured to sow the seeds of his faith, but they fell fruitless on the polished marble of the illustrious *savante's* mind.

All the European wars, aggressive and defensive, came to a pause in 1683, when the awful advance of an enemy, who gave no quarter, and who treated the women and children of those who resisted invasion with systematic atrocity, called all Christendom to the defence of Vienna, then besieged by the Turks. Ernest Auguste and his two eldest sons were among the foremost in this brave work; and although their names were lost in the blaze of Sobieski's glory, yet all Germany knew that George Louis, equally with his gigantic younger brother, inured to combat with the savage Moslem from the age of fifteen, had done their devoir as gallantly as any Guelph who defended Christianity in the early ages. Sophia, in her letters to Leibnitz, had previously expressed great doubt whether her tall handsome Frederic would ever be good for anything as a soldier, his devotion to the basset-table and other vicious indulgences having given her great uneasiness. Now she had the maternal pleasure of finding that the hardships of this terrific campaign had improved him every way. He was looked up to as a martialist of renown, and he received an appointment as major-general in the Imperial service. Just at this time, her court was visited by a Scotch politician, who drew Sophia and her husband as he saw them. "Sophia has the character of the 'merry debonair Princess of Germany,' a lady of extraordinary virtue and accomplishments. She is mistress of Italian, French, High and Low Dutch, and of English, which languages she speaks to perfection. Her husband has the title of the 'Gentleman

of Germany,' a graceful and comely Prince both on foot and on horseback. They have a numerous offspring. Two of their sons signalised themselves at Vienna; and as proof of their valour they brought home three Turks to their parents' court as prisoners."<sup>1</sup>

Under the auspices of her family laurels, newly won in the defence of Europe, Sophia hoped the debut of her young daughter in France would make the important conquest of the Dauphin's heart; for every grace had been acquired, and every page of knowledge had been conned. One only had been left purposely blank in her mind, in hopes that the first prince in Europe might not find aught written therein contrary to the faith he professed. Sophia determined to try her daughter's luck at Paris, for the hopes Gourville had infused into her heart had never left it. The least hint, after these brilliant actions at Vienna of Sophia's husband and sons, procured a flattering invitation from the Grande Monarque to both mother and daughter, and again they took their way to Paris; no longer incognita this time, but royally welcomed to Versailles, where apartments were assigned them for a long stay. The winter of 1683, and a large part of 1684, were passed by them either there or in Paris. All success, but the grand success of achieving the conquest of the Dauphin's heart, was attained. And it is a little surprising that the match did not take place, because the eldest son of Louis XIV. afterwards married a German princess without charms of person or mind, the daughter of the Elector of Bavaria.<sup>2</sup> Perhaps the real reason was that previously Duke Ernest Auguste and his martial brother, during their employment by the Emperor, had fought against France, and actually beat a small army of the great Louis at Treves, under the command of the Duke de Crequi.<sup>3</sup>

One trifling matter of etiquette was infringed by Sophia and her daughter. The French monarch should have been

<sup>1</sup> Ker's Remarks on the Government of Germany.

<sup>2</sup> History, by Frederic the Great, of the House of Brandenburg.

<sup>3</sup> Just before the negotiation with Gourville took place, which settled the Peace of Nimeguen.

addressed as "Sire;" but they used the title of "Majesté." Slight as the mistake was, it vexed him, and he had it mentioned and rectified. There is no great parade in the epithet "Sire;" but it seems peculiar to the head of the French nation, and survives the French monarchy. Napoleon claimed it, and the successor in his dynasty is addressed by it.

"There would have been no difficulty on Sophia's part concerning religion," observes Gourville, alluding to the hoped-for marriage, "if her husband had entered into it. But nothing could shake his fidelity to the Emperor. Having heard all the French envoy had to say on the matter, he replied, 'he was too old to change his religion, and however advantageous the scheme might be to his house, it was useless to discuss it farther.'" Presents of great magnificence were offered to Gourville by Sophia, with the declaration that she meant to dispose of several beautiful diamonds, and wished to hear which among them he thought the finest. These she directly pressed on his acceptance.

After a twelvemonth's participation in the delights of the French court, the mother and daughter were recalled home to fulfil a treaty of alliance that Duke Ernest Auguste had been negotiating at Berlin. All the beauty and accomplishments of Sophia Charlotte drew for her no better prize in the matrimonial lottery than the hand of the deformed and odd-tempered heir of Brandenburg. Her mother was extremely anxious for her marriage; and notwithstanding all the opposition of the Electress of Brandenburg (a Princess of Holstein-Glucksberg), Grote, the Hanoverian minister, managed so well that the Electoral Prince of Brandenburg arrived at Hanover, September 1684, on matrimony intent, leaving at Berlin his sire ill with the gout, and his inimical stepdame malcontent.<sup>1</sup> The day before her nuptials, the Princess Sophia Charlotte made public profession of the religion of her betrothed.<sup>2</sup> The bridegroom was a widower, aged twenty-six, crooked, diminutive, and cross; hypochondriac withal, having taken

<sup>1</sup> Life of Sophia Charlotte, by Varnhagen von Ense, from the German.

<sup>2</sup> Calvinism.

it into his head that his stepdame, the Electress, had one day poisoned him in a cup of coffee, in order that her tall, handsome sons, Margraves of Anspach-Brandenburg, might inherit his dignities, and that he should never get over the effects of the said noxious cup of coffee.<sup>1</sup> Such affections as this oddity possessed were buried in the grave of his first wife. During the marriage ceremony with Sophia Charlotte, a strange accident occurred. The bridegroom wore a gold ring, on which was embossed the initials of his deceased wife, and the motto *à jamais*. As he gave his hand to the Hanoverian bride, to his infinite alarm and astonishment, this ring broke and fell to the ground.<sup>2</sup> Sophia Charlotte was in her seventeenth year, much too beautiful and good for him, as their grandson, Frederic the Great, expressly avers. She had never before been permitted to express any preference for one of the Protestant formulas of faith, although supposed to be educated as a Calvinist like her mother.

The pomp and glitter of the bridal at last passed away, though long protracted, for the Electoral Prince and Princess did not make their entry into Berlin until November 14. Sophia, to her surprise, and, as her confidential correspondents say, her deep mortification, found herself keeping her lonely state at Hanover or Herenhausen in the Christmas ensuing. Duke Ernest Auguste himself held winter-quarters at Venice while his young heroes battled the Turks. Frederic, his second son, commanded in the Morea, assisted by the same Charles, Count Königsmarck, who had attained an unenviable notoriety in England as the suborner of the assassins of Tom Thynne of Longleat Hall. Sophia's other sons were ready to start from her court for the field. Her letters at this period, addressed to M. Ilten, one of the Hanoverian state ministers in Italy, were meant to give her husband an idea of how the world went in Germany. Her eldest son, Duke George, was still with her, and his wife, Sophia Dorothea, but ready to set out for his Hungarian

<sup>1</sup> Pölnitz.

<sup>2</sup> Varnhagen von Ense.



campaign. The birth of their eldest child (George II. of Great Britain) had taken place at Hanover the preceding year, Oct. 30, 1683.

Letters from the Electress Sophia to Mr Ilten in Venice, during Ernest Augustus's sojourn there in the years 1684-85, occur as follows :—

“ HANOVER, 8th February, 1685.

“ SIR,—I am much indebted to you for having given me news of my son at Frankfort. As his appetite has held good hitherto, by your example I hope it will remain so till he reaches Venice. From you only we heard of the battle between the Elector Palatine [Charles Theodore, her nephew] and the Landgrave of Darmstadt. I trust that it will not be a very bloody one. To-day Prince Maximilian<sup>1</sup> left here in excellent spirits. He joins his regiment at Minden, where he, the lieutenant-general, ought to harangue it. Madame Klenk gave us a supper, when we drank to the health of the travellers, and I lost my money *à la bête*. Prince Christian<sup>2</sup> has had the small-pox. He suffered much, but is now out of danger. My daughter-in-law [Sophia Dorothea] has taken Miss Wieg into her service. This is all the intelligence I can send you from hence, and that I shall always remain your affectionate friend,

SOPHIA.”

Her daughter-in-law Sophia Dorothea, wife of Duke George, accompanied her husband as far as Zelle, whither Sophia went, and her next letter to Ilten is dated from thence :—

“ CELLE, the 8th March, 1685.

“ SIR,—I am much obliged to you for constantly informing me that the Duke [Ernest Auguste, her husband] keeps in good health. God grant that he may always enjoy it. I fear he will suffer on learning the death of his sister the Queen,<sup>3</sup> which has much distressed us. Her Majesty has soon followed the King of England.<sup>4</sup> I believe the doctors can only say that those who die in February are not ill in March, for a vast number were consulted. Still the world will not fail of population while you and Madame Ilten continue in it. She has just been confined again of a fine boy, without having suffered in the least. This babe will fill the place of that you lost in Hungary. My eldest son wishes to leave with the infantry on March 16. We have an idea of following him to Herzburgh. I do not know whether it will be realised.

“ I have no doubt that the Duke Ernest Auguste would be delighted with our dear daughter's [Sophia Dorothea] prospect of an increase. She keeps very well. I came here at general entreaty to pass half the period of the

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<sup>1</sup> Third son of Sophia and Ernest Auguste.

<sup>2</sup> Fourth son of Sophia.

<sup>3</sup> Sophia Amelia, wife of King Frederic the Third of Denmark.

<sup>4</sup> Charles II.

Carnival. The young people wished to make a 'mirthshaft,' but the mourning has spoiled everything. Mr Klenk's ball has caused a great sensation in all the papers. I am delighted that you and Prince Charles have such good appetites. We are charmed here to receive letters, and yours are always very welcome to me.

SOPHIA."

Sophia again renewed her correspondence with her husband's minister, Ilten, in the new year of 1686. From her letters we may learn that she was then at Hanover, keeping rather lonely court; for her daughter-in-law, Sophia Dorothea, was at Osnaburg, and her own faithless absentee, Duke Ernest Auguste, steeped to the lips in the intoxicating pleasures of Venice. Sophia had no better amusement than a captive child her son George had spared from the sword, and sent to her court from the seat of war on the Hungarian border. "I have," she says to Ilten,<sup>1</sup> "no companion but a little Turk, presented to me by my eldest son. I had him baptised on Twelfth Day. I hoped that fête would pass off gaily, but by ill luck Madame Thorenburgh, who had lost her eldest son, was Queen of the Bean, and a Huguenot exile, who had lost all his property, was King; so the whole affair was a melancholy one."

The continental Twelfth Cake contains two beans, and those who find them are king and queen. These lots had fallen very unluckily, and spoiled the pleasures of the evening to the ever gay Duchess Sophia. "Madame Grote," she continues to Ilten, "never leaves the house. She has not so good a reason for it as your Madame Ilten, who will rejoice you in Italy with a little Italian. Say all that is kind to her from me, and thank her for her remembrance. It is like being at the antipodes here, except when by chance one gets one's letters. The dispute between the Imperial post and M. de Platen increases instead of diminishes. The mistress of the latter has married M. de Bar. And this is all of news I have." She adds as post-script: "What has become of Signor Hortensio? I never have any letters from him." This was Abbe Mauro, her priest-librarian, then absent at Venice. The same year she had a little granddaughter born, the child of her son

<sup>1</sup> Letters of the Electress Sophia to Ilten.

George and Sophia Dorothea, afterwards Queen of Prussia, mother of Frederic the Great.

Sophia again renewed her diplomatic acquaintance with Gourville.<sup>1</sup> She was with her spouse in the summer, taking the waters of Wiesbaden. The Hanoverian party were situated at the lower spring of Wiesbaden, from whence the water was drawn every night to be mixed with Rhenish wine for the Duchess, who presented to Gourville a golden pitcher or siphon, curious and beautiful, in which was contrived an apparatus for refreshing Rhenish wine with ice, invented by one of Sophia's philosophers, which she could arrange herself without the aid of any one. Madame de Montespan, on Gourville's return, so much coveted this invention, that she gave 9000 livres for having one like it made for her.

Europe, now recovering from the panic caused by the inbreak of the Turkish hordes, was banding itself into two great parties, for the enjoyment of another Thirty Years' War, and the warlike brothers, the Duke of Zelle and the Duke-bishop Ernest Auguste, were worth wooing as to the scale into which they might throw the weight of their veteran troops. Sophia's interest had hitherto been for France, where she had been flattered with the idea that her charming daughter might one day wear its crown. She had found the hope was only a political illusion, and with natural pique preferred the cause of the Emperor of Germany to that of Louis XIV. The sage Leibnitz had written from Berlin to Hanover, congratulating her on the birth of the Electoral Prince Frederic William, her daughter's second child. The Electress of Brandenburg had lost her first boy previously. She was travelling with all speed to her mother's court, where she hoped to get over her first accouchement; but she was taken ill only a few miles from Berlin, and put to bed at a small schoolmaster's house by the roadside. The child died.<sup>2</sup>

The Carnival time was always distinguished at Sophia's court with the same species of merry and mad glee which had astounded the Puritans and the Dutch at the exiled

<sup>1</sup> Gourville's Memoirs. He says this was in 1686.

<sup>2</sup> Pölnitz.

court of Elizabeth of Bohemia. In February 29, 1688, while the Brunswick Princes were, as Sophia soon after writes to Leibnitz, "waiting with folded arms" and wondering what was to befall in Europe for the encouragement of their trade of war, she was presiding over a notable festival of the kind, thus described in a letter addressed to the Landgrave Ernest of Hesse-Rheinfels: it serves to show the manners of the nation she reigned over, and how curiously the sovereign and people in her time commingled after the old German custom. "I came before the gates of Hanover at seven in the evening, just time enough to save me from being shut out and passing the night at an inn in the suburbs. On hearing the masks were assembled at the Hôtel de Ville I bought a mask, and went at eight o'clock from the Castle, before which 'pitch rings' of all colours were burning, making the street as light as day. Before the Hôtel de Ville stood a guard of musketeers, who examined every one to ascertain if he wore a mask; no one was admitted without. I entered the saloon of homage, adorned with three great glasses, three lustres, and many candles in brass sconces round the walls. On the left of the entrance, in two galleries, stood the musicians and pipers, who played, from music-books, many pieces, as *ballets* and minuets for dancing. The masks danced in three places—namely, in one circle danced Ernest and Sophia and their court; in another, the burghers; and the *canaille* in a third, who in their diverse masks were frightful to behold. The Duke of Hanover and the Duchess Sophia were already there, and with them George the hereditary Prince, and his Princess Dorothea. The father of the latter and her mother, the Duke and Duchess of Zelle, were there; and the Brunswick chief, Antony Ulric, Duke of Wolfenbuttel, his son, and his son's princess; likewise the two Hanover Princes, Max and Charles. At last these illustrious guests of the Brunswick family, twenty-one in number, all entered a side-room, assembled round a large table and played the game of Zeid, whereby the Duke of Hanover won fourteen thousand dollars." While this desperate gambling was going on with the Bishop-duke and his sons and kins-



men at the game of Zeid,<sup>1</sup> it is well to find it noted that Sophia withdrew her daughter-in-law and ladies to another table, where they likewise amused themselves with a round game; but as neither their gains or losses are mentioned, it is evident that they did not play viciously, though the friend of Hesse-Rheinfels says, "I saw huge heaps of ducats and new silver money piled on both the tables." We have already seen Sophia's opinion to Leibnitz of such doings, and that she deemed herself *bête* when she joined them.

"During the game all the ladies and princes put off their masks: the Duke of Hanover wore a night robe, or domino, with gold flowers. The young Princesses of Zelle and Wolfenbittel wore cardinals; the ladies red dominoes, embroidered caps and casquettes, with high feathers. Some of the ladies wore men's cravats, others neck handkerchiefs, like those used by the common people. There was a great display of pearls and jewels. A few steps higher was a smaller room, where Italians sold confitures, lemonade, and maccaroni cakes. Others sold wine, spirits, beer, white bread and brown, and sold all for ready money. The masquerade had begun at four in the afternoon and continued until ten at night, during which time the common people amused themselves with chattering, joking, and tickling, when not dancing. All these masks of lower degree left the Hôtel de Ville when the ducal trumpets sounded for supper. Then the Duchess Sophia returned to the castle with her ladies: the next day she gave a public dinner, and at four in the afternoon went to her theatre, where her French comedians played."

This sketch gives a picture of Sophia's life in Hanover when she was presiding over her husband's court and people at festival time. The gambling perpetrated by the warrior-bishop, her spouse, was not a very edifying example to his people; but William, Prince of Orange, carried his exploits in that way much higher the year he took possession of the British empire.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The German verb *zeideln* means to cut.

<sup>2</sup> Lamberti, Bentinck's secretary, mentions William's stakes of 4000 louis at basset as if they were acts of virtue.

The invasion of England by the Prince of Orange now drew nigh. As early as September 15, 1688, Sophia perfectly understood the destination of the armament collecting on the coast of Holland. Her letter to Leibnitz on the subject, guarded as it was under the mask of playfulness, is an historical curiosity.

## THE ELECTRESS TO LEIBNITZ.

“HERENHAUSEN, 16th September, 1688.

“As your prophecy<sup>1</sup> has been more intelligible than Apollo’s, I ought to prize it more, and I think one may consider you a magi, bearing incense in the shape of the beautiful letters you wrote to my daughter and to me, on the birth of the little Prince Electoral. I sent them to her by this post, and do not doubt that they will be most acceptable.

“Since my return, I have replied to the Bishop of Neustadt.<sup>2</sup> I dare say he will show you my letter. If I had thought he would let the Emperor see my letter I would have tried to make it a more interesting one. People say that the Prince of Orange will cross the sea shortly with a formidable fleet to protect the reformed religion in England. France threatens Holland to enter her territories with 50,000 men, if she allows the Prince of Orange to cross the water with an army. The Dukes of Zelle and Wolfenbuttel send 40,000 men to the Dutch. The Elector of Brandenburg supplies them: the Landgrave sends people too. As to Hanover, it awaits like Jupiter in heaven with crossed arms the smoke of some sacrifice, until it is pleased to assume another attitude; for it will not fail to levy soldiers to prevent a surprise. This does not prevent one from making a great building of your library to get up operas this winter. It is Signor Hortense who composed the play of Henry the Lion. I believe they have chosen this subject in order that posterity may not forget the states which once belonged to this line. My son Prince Charles has informed me that his brother, with a detachment of four regiments, is summoned to join Prince Louis of Baden. It is a proof that he is not thought incapable of commanding. I shall have the pleasure of seeing you on my return here, and of assuring you myself of the esteem in which I hold you.

“SOPHIA.”

When the English Revolution was accomplished and developed, many traits concerning it made Sophia wince and writhe in spirit. Her sister Louisa perpetually wrote to her interesting particulars of the banished royal family, and of their disinherited son. Sophia wished to reconcile James II. and his eldest daughter, her friend, who after her coronation in 1689, remained under the solemn malediction

<sup>1</sup> Leibnitz’ Letters.

<sup>2</sup> Neustadt had urged the Electoral family to turn Catholics one and all.

of her sire. Sophia's correspondence with her niece the Duchess of Orleans was more frequent than ever; some of their letters possess high historical interest, especially that in which the Duchess of Orleans recites to her aunt the success of a letter in extenuation of the conduct of Mary II. The letter was to be placed by the Duchess of Orleans in the hands of James II., then an exile at the court of Louis XIV. Whether this mediation was a bit of gratuitous peacemaking on the part of our Sophia, who might peradventure as a parent shudder at the example set her children, is not revealed. "I showed the King of England," writes her niece of Orleans, "that part of your letter in which you mention his daughter. He said—'No one can write better than she does; but if she wished to prove that she had no share in my misfortunes, she ought not to have taken the crown.'"<sup>1</sup> The words are ambiguous. James seems to have lost the idea of Sophia, and concludes as if answering a message from Mary herself. The unhappy father was violently agitated, for the Duchess of Orleans continues to Sophia: "Your letter touched him, for he turned fire-red. It may be believed that the English prefer the Prince of Orange for their King. I wish only that the Prince, having no issue, would adopt the Prince of Wales for his successor." What then would have been the use of the foul intrigues and false tales impugning the hapless child's identity, patronised by William, his wife, and the Princess Anne? Although it was Sophia's interest equally to adopt these inventions, she never heard them without manifesting open scorn, and we have under her handwriting how impatiently she loathed them.<sup>2</sup>

The zeal of Lord Halifax for the Revolution impelled him to write to Sophia, urging her to testify some sympathy with its measures. Her answer has been preserved; <sup>3</sup> it is dateless, but must have been written some time in 1689. She seems anxious that her second son, Frederic, should win the

<sup>1</sup> *Vie de Sophie, Feder.* From the Stutgard Collection of Elizabeth Charlotte's Letters.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, and a Letter to Leibnitz, hereafter given.

<sup>3</sup> Stepney Papers.

good graces of the new king, William III. As for age preventing her from taking any place in the succession, it was a mere excuse. Sophia was not in her sixtieth year.

“MY LORD,—As I ever had a most particular esteem for your merit, and have fancied myself acquainted with you by your writings, you may easily judge by that how agreeable the marks you have given me of your friendship must have been. I assure you I esteem them in a very particular manner, and am very grateful for the warmth you have been pleased to testify for my interests, which is as great a personal satisfaction to me as if your good intentions had been more successful. For I am no longer of an age to think of any other kingdom than that of heaven ; and as for my sons, they ought always to be devoted to the Empire and Emperor. Mr Schutz has informed me that you were of opinion that his Majesty would be pleased if I sent one of them into England ; and as my second son [Frederic] had already acquainted me that he should be glad to go, after the campaign, to congratulate the King [William III.] upon his accession to the crown, and that he would ask the Emperor’s leave for it, being a major-general in his service, I dare beg you to assist him with your advice how to make his court well when he takes that journey. If he would have changed his religion, he might have succeeded well in his affairs at the Imperial court ; but he has too much of his uncle, Prince Rupert, not to be firm in his religion. It is true it bears the name of Luther, but our divines at Hanover say it is conformable to that of the Church of England, and would have given me the holy sacrament in the belief I am in. But I would not give any scandal to those of my religion, which I believe you will approve. However, I ought to congratulate you upon its having pleased God to give you a King and a Queen of infinite merit. I pray Him to preserve them to you, and to give me the satisfaction of testifying to you, and every one that is dear to you, by agreeable services, how much I am most affectionate to serve you,

SOPHIA PALATINE.”

In the same year, Ernest Auguste had taken a fancy to have himself, his ancestry and descendants, portrayed in tapestry, probably in imitation of Louis XIV.’s patronage of the celebrated Gobelins. Somehow the matter did not work well, and Sophia had recourse to the versatile talents of Leibnitz, who was either to draw patterns himself, or inspire the slow German artist, making the designs, with requisite skill and spirit. We think Leibnitz found the first requisition the easiest. Why not? St Dunstan, prime-minister to King Edgar, our famous Bretwalda, drew patterns for the gowns of Saxon princesses, besides exerting his skill in goldsmithery and blacksmithery. It is a curious bit in Sophia’s life to find her setting the German Newton



thus to work. "The Duke<sup>1</sup> wishes to immortalise himself by tapestry, and as I have ordered a picture in it, like that you have seen in my antechamber, he wishes one of the same kind of his late father, mother, and their children, and his grandfather and his children. It only wants a good artist to carry out the designs according to their times [costume of their period]. Our artists are by no means fertile in invention, and it seems to me you will be able to supply it well. At least do not make them knitting and drinking 'brahan,'<sup>2</sup> as they were wont to do in those days. But draw the late Duke George at the battle of Hamelin, and his wife and children according to their ages then. My eldest son and his wife [Sophia Dorothea], and their son and daughter, will make one group in the piece. I trust you will spirit up our painter somewhat, for he is much cast down since the death of his wife." Of course, if we were writing romance, we could inform our readers how the great philosopher proceeded with this reasonable requisition; and we own it irks us that such an amusing beginning must be left a story without an end. These peeps into the life interior of historical characters may be strange and amusing, yet are no romances of our invention. Those who have that idea had better turn to our authorities, and test the truth—a work of infinitely less labour than the research of finding them.

Two of Sophia's sons actually fell in battle against the Turks in the same fatal year 1690. Frederic Auguste, her second, was killed in a skirmish with a Tartar band at Pristina;—this was on the New-year's Day of 1690.<sup>3</sup> His death was the first that had occurred in her family. She had in vain accepted for him the invitation of William III. When he rested from his military toils, his rest was to be long and deep, unvexed by the turmoils of English politics. The death of her second son had been sustained by Sophia with her usual philosophy, aided, perhaps, by her remembrance of the costs of his basset-playing and

<sup>1</sup> Sophia to Leibnitz—Iltens Collection.

<sup>2</sup> So written. Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Leibnitz, Funebria, &c.

other extravagances. But when the last day of the year of 1690 took away her best-beloved son, Charles Philip, shot in forcing the pass of St Georgen in Transylvania, her firmness and health sunk together. Her brave boy was but nineteen, and *chevalier sans reproche*. The ensuing April she spent at Carlsbad. Here Leibnitz attended to cheer her with his conversation, and report her state of health to the Electress of Brandenburg, who wrote to Leibnitz<sup>1</sup> on the announcement of her mother's convalescence,—“I am greatly obliged to you for having informed me of the entire recovery of my mother, for although she wrote to me continually with her own hand, still I could not suppress my apprehensions.”

The whole Court of Hanover went, in the summer of 1691, to the baths of Loccum,<sup>2</sup> where, while drinking the waters, they camped out in tents—a custom which, odd as it may appear, was in the seventeenth century part of the medical etiquette of taking mineral waters. Sophia's uncle, Charles the First, with his queen and court, did the same at Wellinborough. Leibnitz wrote to Sophia all sorts of gossip from Berlin—domestic, literary, political, and religious. He says,<sup>3</sup> “The Landgrave Ernest of Hesse sent me a good Capucin from the Low Countries, who had been with him. He is thoroughly persuaded that King William [III.] is Catholic in his soul; that he heard mass in secret, but that he dares not make it evident for fear of the English. All that the Landgrave has said to undeceive him on this matter goes for nothing. Far from believing himself in error, he derides the simplicity of those who do not understand the finesse of King William. He is assured that the most enlightened persons in the Low Countries (folk like himself) are persuaded of it. Meantime the report, absurd as it may be, may not be useless in the affairs between William and the Spaniards.” Leibnitz thus insinuates that the Protestant champion was playing with his Spanish employers. “It is

<sup>1</sup> Varnhagen von Ense.

<sup>2</sup> Likewise called the Baths of Retsburg and Kloster, Loccum being near the latter town.

<sup>3</sup> Letter of Leibnitz to Sophia, June 30, 1691—Iltens Collection.

a pity," he continues, "that a politician like the Capucin is not at Loccum; he might aid the good effect of the waters. I pray God they may be salutary to your Serene Highness, Monseigneur the Duke, the Prince George, Madame the Princess [Sophia Dorothea], and all the serene drinkers."

Thus Leibnitz shows that Sophia was accompanied by some "*buveurs serene*" of her family. These were her son George and his consort Sophia Dorothea, associates likely to excite historical curiosity. Nor is her answer regarding the game William III. was playing with his Spanish employers less likely to amuse the reader, although she swerves from the supposed facts with diplomatic tact.

#### SOPHIA TO LEIBNITZ.<sup>1</sup>

"At the BATHS, 13th July 1691.

"Your letter, sir, has given me more pleasure to read than to answer; because it is healthier to exercise the legs than the head here, and the latter is necessary in order well to describe our opinion upon the Eucharist. I expect a miracle to happen to me as it did to Pelisson's mother, to confirm me in the views which Mr Pelisson<sup>2</sup> has placed before you, and to fully understand them. For without divine inspiration I do not see how we can believe a thing when one sees it is quite the contrary. What we are commanded to do, is to believe that which we do not see. However, pray assure Mr Pelisson how much pleasure it gave me to learn from you his good opinion of me. But I fancy it is like that of miracles and other objects, that are more admired at a distance than near, where the truth is more easily discovered. Such is not the case as regards Mr Pelisson, for his writings show the beauty of his soul. From the history that you write to me, I see there are many mad people in the world. There was one lately who killed a man engaged in his devotions at a church in Paris, after asking a priest, who was near the holy water, 'which was the Prince of Orange?'—who, for a joke, pointed out that man, whom the madman killed on the spot, before any one could interfere. Since then he has been placed in irons, which the good Capuchin father of the Low Country says he did not deserve, for it seems he is more simple than furious. The waters will not allow of my writing more.

SOPHIA."

No class suffered more in the small warlike states of Hanover and Osnaburg than the clergy, strange as it might seem with a bishop reigning. The sustenance of the clergy, even of the reformed persuasions, was cut down to the most miserable stipend. So far from the Church being able, from

<sup>1</sup> Ilten's Collection.

<sup>2</sup> Leibnitz discusses Pelisson's works in the commencement of his letter.

its once munificent endowments, to maintain the miserable poor, its ministers might indeed be reckoned among such. On one of these occasions Sophia expressed her opinion to her confidant, when Heinson, a distinguished Protestant, who called himself "Superintendent-general of the Protestant Church in North Germany," had ventured remonstrance; and this was the message sent by the wife of the Protestant bishop, Ernest Auguste, by her philosopher, Leibnitz, who was himself, if not a Protestant minister, the son of one: "Please to write to him on my part, that in our church the Lutheran princes are the popes who must be implicitly obeyed;"<sup>1</sup>—a burst of arrogance which is echoed in many a refrain through the letters of her pupil and niece, Elizabeth Charlotte. But Sophia had the wisdom to recommend her factotum Leibnitz to communicate this precious sentiment to the intrepid Heinson in the most courteous manner possible. There is too much apparent self-interest in the tendency of a Princess, the wife of a rich bishop, whose sole pastoral care was to shear his flock to the quick, for her biographer to overwhelm this trait in her correspondence with praises, though such ideas were hailed as actual virtues by most of her contemporaries at that era, and will find admirers in our own.

<sup>1</sup> Feder, p. 56.



# SOPHIA, ELECTRESS OF HANOVER

## CHAPTER III.

### SUMMARY

Sophia's retirement from her own court, and its causes—Letter to Leibnitz—Her life at Herenhausen—Incident there—Sophia visits William III. for her family advancement—Her husband declared Elector of Hanover by the Emperor—Sophia is henceforth Electress—She undertakes the education of her grandson Frederic William—Glad to restore him to his parents—Her granddaughter born—Her personal kindness to her daughter-in-law in sickness—Her advice neglected by that Princess—Misfortunes of her daughter-in-law—Sophia mentions her to the Duchess of Orleans—Ernest Auguste, the Elector, ill and desirous of his wife's society—Sophia amuses him with the game of the goose—Sophia receives the visit of Czar Peter—Seats him between herself and daughter—Their conversation—He dances Russian dances with her and her daughter—Letter of Sophia to Leibnitz on the Czar—His presents to her of sables and damask—Sophia's anecdotes of Peter and his Russians—Her kindness to her dying husband—Letters from her daughter concerning his illness—Death of the Elector Ernest Auguste—Burial—Letter of the Electress Sophia, as widow, to Ilten—Curious letters by her on Madame de Maintenon—Sophia's canvass for the kingship of her son-in-law—Sets out with her daughter for the Low Countries—Visits Brussels—The Elector of Bavaria's courtesy—Sends the Sophias by sea to Rotterdam—Great storm—Courage of Sophia—Visit to Bayle—Successfully canvasses William III. at Loo—Letter of Leibnitz to Sophia—Her daughter crowned Queen of Prussia—Gay visits and masquerade of the latter—Sophia's grief for the death of Madame Harling—Has her own portrait engraved by Pfalz—Her friends' dislike to portraits in age.

THE sojourn of Ernest Auguste at his military court at Venice effected the destruction of his wife's conjugal happiness: his life and manners became utterly depraved and sensual. He had for years surrendered his heart and honour to a mistress who bears the most diabolical character of any among such of that vile class whose deeds stain the

pages of history. Sophia scorned to dispute possession of her husband with Elizabeth Meissenburg, wife of Count de Platen, and treated her tacit divorce as a matter usual among personages of high rank. Her indifference was accompanied with such politeness and easiness of manner, that she retained some influence over her faithless lord—more than she cared to use. She was always named by him as “his Sophie,” the queen-mother of his children. Likewise she might have been queen-sultana of his establishment; but such office Sophia disdained. Hitherto she had concealed her contempt in her fears lest she might be deprived of the society of her daughter. When that princess was safely married, and mother of the heir to the Brandenburg Electorate, Sophia gradually withdrew from her depraved husband’s court, leaving him with Madame de Platen, whose unworthy husband, Count de Platen, acted at once as prime-minister of his pleasures and dominions. Sophia then retired to Herenhausen, an old country palace of the Dukes of Lunenburg, two or three miles from Hanover, and belonging to the demesne of her dower. Here she assumed to be entirely devoted to philosophical investigation and literature, but actually amused herself with creating a paradise around her—cultivating her gardens, pleasaunces, and palace-farm, according to the taste with which her grandfather, James I., had imbued her mother, Elizabeth Stuart. She set a good example of economy, having ample nourishment and many luxuries for her household, the produce of her own well-cultivated land; and by living within her income, she showed her husband’s people from what quarter arose the extravagance they were goaded to support. Sophia still possessed many charms of person; and when the malignant spirits that presided over her husband’s evil-minded establishment are remembered, it is surprising that some shafts of scandal or other were not aimed at her, such as worked the tragedies connected with her daughter-in-law not long afterwards—all proceeding from the same persons. Perhaps the vicious Platens were afraid of Sophia’s strength of character and cool judgment, for certain it is she passed through life without the slightest scandal attaching itself to her name.

The manner in which she checked the presumption of M. Gourville is an instance of her admirable presence of mind in such cases. She assigned him his fitting place with excellent promptitude, putting herself personally under the protection of her own young children. So, at the trying time of her husband's alienation, which had occurred, in truth, some years previously, her own beloved young daughter, her companion and friend, gave and took protection from her wise and far-seeing parent. It was not till after the young princess was transferred to a neighbouring sovereignty, and presided over a court of her own, that Sophia withdrew herself from the daily routine of her own court at Hanover.

Circumstances were favourable to Sophia. One child's frail life<sup>1</sup> alone stood between her recognition as heiress to the throne of Great Britain by every Protestant in the island. Sophia was a great political personage in Europe; her husband therefore contented himself with neglect; outrage would not have been expedient. It is not every forsaken wife who is permitted to possess her soul in peace as the inhabitant of a paradise of her own creation. From this retirement she never scrupled to emerge if any illustrious stranger visited her husband's court, or if the advancement of her family required her assistance.

There is a shade of melancholy perceptible in the letter she wrote Leibnitz, soon after she had ostensibly retired from her court.

THE DUCHESS SOPHIA TO LEIBNITZ.<sup>2</sup>

"HANOVER, 14th May 1691.

"If it had pleased God at once to endow mankind with all perfections, and spared them the failings of humanity, it seems to me that His work would have been more perfect, and one would have less trouble in believing that He had created man after His own image. But it appears that all passes away, and that He alone exists for ever.<sup>3</sup> For the changes that go on here, as they neither concern you nor me, I only know what people say of them; and amuse myself by listening to the nightingales in my garden of Herenhausen, to divert my mind from thoughts which might distress me."

One day at Herenhausen, when Sophia was walking with Leibnitz and several other learned friends who shared

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Gloucester, then a sickly infant.

<sup>2</sup> Ilten.

<sup>3</sup> From this expression it seems that Sophia was so unfortunate as not to believe in the immortality of the soul.

in her tastes and pursuits, ladies as well as the more learned sex, their conversation turned upon the theme of the vast variety in the operations of nature notwithstanding the general uniformity of plan. Sophia affirmed that not one leaf in all her groves and thickets of shrubs and trees at Herenhausen could be found exactly similar to another, upon which the whole learned company betook themselves with baskets to gather leaves for comparing with each other. The result is not given by our author, but doubtless it was in coincidence with the opinion of the illustrious *savante*. Any one may try the experiment, and see whether her opinion and facts agree.

In the great historical work of Leibnitz, Sophia took the warmest interest. "I hope," she says,<sup>1</sup> "the Duke will furnish you with the means of accomplishing your history at your leisure, and that the brave descendants of Herminius, as my brother the Elector-Palatine [Charles Louis] used to call the Brunswickers, will help in maintaining the liberty of Germany under our devout Emperor, who meanwhile may make his prayers in expectation of the success of our arms."

A passionate desire for advancement in the degrees of rank had seized the minds of most of the German potentates since the siege of Vienna. Sovereign dukes wished to be electors, and electors craved to be kings—which they were in fact, if not in name. Ernest Auguste wanted to be recognised by his Imperial suzerain as Elector, and his son-in-law Frederic, who was already Elector of Brandenburg, sighed to be a king, although the name of his kingdom was not yet invented.<sup>2</sup> William III., the generalissimo of Spain and Austria, was deemed all-potent on these important points; and accordingly the Elector of Brandenburg, escorted by the Elector of Bavaria, who appears to have

<sup>1</sup> Sophia to Leibnitz.

<sup>2</sup> Frederic the Great—History of the House of Brandenburg. The first idea of Frederic I. of Prussia was to be declared King of the Vandals; but his wife, her mother, and Leibnitz, persuaded him from that amusing freak, and adopted the well-sounding name of Prussia.



been viceroy of the Spanish Netherlands, came to canvass William at the Hague on these matters in the year 1691. But they were not civilly treated.

William III. kept Bavaria waiting three-quarters of an hour among his courtiers. The Elector of Brandenburg thought he would not act in like manner towards him ; but he kept him half an hour the next day in the antechamber, after promising him audience. Then, when they dined with him, William first seated himself very ostentatiously in a vast arm-chair, while the two Electors, to their great surprise, had but joint-stools, though the Emperor at his table always gave them fauteuils ; neither had they silver-gilt plate, but were only accommodated with a silver spoon, knife, and fork. William pretended that such was the English etiquette towards electors, not explaining that the English were perfectly innocent of all ordinances concerning any electors but those who voted to return members for their House of Commons. Our Hanoverian manuscript<sup>1</sup> evidently suspects that his own pride and malice were lurking beneath all these joint-stools, knives, forks, and silver spoons. After these discouraging circumstances, Ernest Auguste despaired of success in his ambitious wishes, unless "his Sophie" could be enticed from the retirement into which she had settled herself to try her diplomatic success with William III. for his advancement. With this mission Sophia travelled to the Hague ; and William, although some contemporary letters say he was enraged at her indifference to the English succession,<sup>2</sup> yielded quickly to the wishes of one who had often led him by the hand, and carried him in her arms, during his sickly infancy. Sophia succeeded in obtaining William's good word for her husband's Electorate, while Bavaria and Brandenburg were sent empty away, with the petty mortifications rankling in their hearts which our authority has pathetically described.<sup>3</sup> Sophia

<sup>1</sup> Recueil des Pièces, Gargan MSS. Add. Brit. Museum.

<sup>2</sup> Stepney Papers.

<sup>3</sup> Gargan MSS., from the Hanoverian archives. Additional MS. Brit. Museum. The paper is entitled "What passed at the Hague between King William III. and the Electors of Brandenburg and Bavaria ;" and there is much more well worth attention.

put off the Brandenburg regality to a more convenient season, and returned to her home with the advantage she had gained for her lord.

The closer proximity Sophia held to the disputed English succession, the more anxiety was manifested by Roman Catholics to induce her adoption of their faith. She was the only Protestant surviving among her mother's once numerous family. Madame de Brinon, a friend of her sister Louisa, the Abbess of Maubisson, thought herself qualified to argue her into the pale of their Church. Sophia thus expresses herself on the matter to Leibnitz, who seems to have pressed for an answer to the French lady-controversialist. Sophia's definition of the office of the favourites of temporal princes is remarkable, considering her rank, and that she had frequently held the reins of government. It is historically true in most instances.

THE DUCHESS SOPHIA TO LEIBNITZ.

"J. 1691.<sup>1</sup>

"I think, to compare God to a prince does not accord. The faults of princes make the people run to their favourites, and to their ministers, because they have not capacity enough to supply so many audiences and to satisfy so many demands. But these faults are not to be found in God, for, as we believe, He never considers our prayers importunate, and listens to them without any trouble. Thus one can pay one's respects to Him without either applying to His mother, who is not regent, or to the favourites. She does not control His mind, because it is to be believed that the heavenly court is governed very differently to those of earth. However, I do not condemn in the least those who like to amuse themselves with idle discourse. People do so many stupid things in the world, they may at any rate do that which causes neither good nor evil."

LEIBNITZ IN ANSWER.

"It must be owned that Madame de Brinon expatiates perfectly well on saints and images, and that she talks like a doctor of the Sorbonne. If the thoughts and the expressions of the people were regulated thus, there would be no harm; but things of the kind are exaggerated in a strange manner, and I am well assured (although they say the contrary) that the people love the Virgin more than God himself, for whom they have more fear yet less affection. God knowing perfectly all our wants, the honour that one does to saints in claiming their intercession can serve but to prove our humility and our desire to please Him by our honouring those with whom we suppose He is well pleased."

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<sup>1</sup> Ilten. The initial means June or July.

Leibnitz proceeds to argue the “for” and “against” of this vexed question, in terms leaning more to the “for” than could be expected from the antagonist of Newton, concerning the sustaining influence of the Creator among the starry host. If we were not admitted behind the scenes, and pretty well aware that his actual motives were rather to ascertain which ritual was the most effective for governing the population, rather than which was the truth, some doubt might exist as to his sincerity as a Protestant. Like the illustrious lady with whom he corresponded, all sects were indifferent excepting in a political point of view. He concludes his letter to Sophia, however, with this information:—

“I see that Madame de Brinon considers the worship rendered to the Virgin as of a different species from that which is offered to the other saints. Nevertheless, the pre-eminence attributed to the Virgin is founded on an after-thought. Our Lord appears to elevate St John the Baptist above all other human beings; and the ancient church considered the angels above the Virgin. St Epiphanius says so in express terms. The title of Queen of Heaven is not well enough founded to be employed in public worship.”<sup>1</sup>

The civil contempt with which Sophia dismissed this dogma of the Roman Catholic Church did not, however, prevent her from making a present of some of her needle-work to the chapel of the convent in Italy to which her old servant and friend, the librarian Abbé Mauro, belonged. Here is her note of acknowledgment to his rapturous thanks. No doubt he saw in every stitch a hope of the Protestant princess’s conversion.

#### SOPHIA TO THE ABBATE MAURO.

*“18th January 1692.*

“SIR,—You have fully rewarded me for the present I made to your convent, in giving me the contentment which has been very agreeable. I might expect that your fervent prayers would be blessed by God. I see that I never occupied my hands better than on that work, and that I am the only princess whose labours have called forth such a reward from your convent, by which you would immortalise me. But I fear, when the worms

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<sup>1</sup> Ilten’s Collection, p. 211.

have eaten me, they will not spare my work. Thus you and your capitulaires will do more for me than I have done for you, as you will contribute by your prayers in procuring me inestimable gifts. This insures my affection to you whilst I live.—Always your attached

“ SOPHIA,

“ Princess Palatine, Duchess of Brunswick and

“ Lunenburg, Princess of Osnaburg.”

Such was the usual official style of Sophia's signature after she became reigning Duchess of Brunswick-Lunenburg, and before the elevation of her husband, if elevation it were, to the electoral dignity had officially taken place. To her friend Leibnitz she merely signs “ Sophie.” Their correspondence was now frequent, because Leibnitz was resident at Berlin, having followed the Princess Sophia Charlotte to Brandenburg, and taken office at her court.

The title of Elector of Hanover was at last given to Ernest Auguste in 1692. When the valiant defence of Christendom by Ernest Auguste and his brother the Duke of Zelle, the bravery of his eldest son George at the siege of Vienna, the deaths in battle against the Turks of his two young heroes—his second son Frederic and his fourth son Charles, in their bloom of life—and the unceasing fidelity of the whole family to their Imperial suzerain, are all considered, it must be owned that the coveted reward was grudgingly and imperfectly bestowed.<sup>1</sup> In March 1692 the Emperor declared Ernest Auguste the ninth Elector, yet he was not given the liberty to vote. The honour was merely titular, although added to it was the well-sounding dignity of hereditary standard-bearer of the Holy Roman Empire. Forthwith Sophia changed her title of Duchess of Brunswick-Lunenburg for Electress of Hanover.

Sophia, about the summer of 1692, claimed of her daughter and son-in-law a former promise, that their little son Frederic William should be consigned to her care, for education with her other grandson George, afterwards George II.

<sup>1</sup> Remius, in his *Memoirs of the House of Brunswick*, most truly observes, —“ The whole Empire ought to have personally returned thanks to Ernest Auguste.”



The next visit her daughter paid, she brought the boy for this purpose<sup>1</sup> to Herenhausen; but the education plan, howsoever well meant, was a failure. The infant Frederic William and the small heir of Hanover, the moment they beheld each other, manifested that extraordinary and mutual antipathy which continued through their lives. Infants as they then were, a regular personal contest took place whenever they met. Frederic William was wild and savage beyond all that could be imagined, and Sophia began to regret having undertaken the responsibility of so impracticable a character. The daily battles between him and little George of Hanover were as fierce as two children of four years old could engage in; and when not fighting his cousin, the imp of Brandenburg flew from mischief to mischief with astonishing celerity. Great was the general consternation when one day he swallowed a silver buckle. All in his grandmother's household mourned with her, excepting the wilful patient himself, who was more turbulent and audacious than ever when he found himself the object of general solicitude and the tearful attention of the Electress Sophia. In a fortunate hour, while watching him devouring more voraciously than usual, the natural good sense of Sophia prevailed; she burst out laughing, and declared the Brandenburg prince convalescent from all ill effects of the buckle, and, tired of the trouble she had laid on herself, she sent him off to Berlin, and surrendered him to his rightful owners. He and his cousin George hated each other ever after through life.<sup>3</sup>

The retreat of Sophia from the daily routine of her own court to the peaceful shades of Herenhausen had one tragic effect, on which perhaps she had not calculated. Sophia Dorothea, her young daughter-in-law, was left ostensibly to sustain the honours of the first princess there. She was really without power of any kind, either derived from greatness of character or strength of position. Of course she became the victim of the malice of the evil women be-

<sup>1</sup> Varnhagen von Ense.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Margravine of Baireuth.

fore whose intrusion the Electress Sophia had retreated. Hitherto the young wife of the hereditary prince, George, had lived an exemplary life, possessing the entire friendship of her mother-in-law and the respect of the people. Her husband, like her father-in-law, had been absent constantly with the army, excepting in the season called that of winter-quarters; therefore his infidelities had not been noticed by her. But when Europe had fought itself out of breath, and the Brunswick troops were not so actively employed, the Elector-Bishop and his eldest son returned to Hanover, where their lawful partners soon perceived that others usurped their proper places.

Two sisters, Elizabeth and Katharine de Meissenburg, had made their appearance at the court of Hanover many years before, in search of eligible establishments. The eldest married M. de Platen, the governor of the hereditary prince, Duke George; the other sister married M. Busche, the tutor of Duke Max. Scandal affirmed, that when Elizabeth became the all-powerful and avowed mistress of the Bishop-duke, Ernest Auguste, her sister, Madame Busche, obtained the attentions of his son George. Madame Busche lost her husband, but soon married General Weycke. The partiality of both father and son gave these sisters unbounded power at the court of Hanover, and they took into their unholy alliance a handsome girl of rank, Mademoiselle de Schulenburg, considered the beauty of the court, and greatly preferred by the hereditary prince, George, either to his lawful wife or to Madame Busche. About the commencement of the year 1694 these vile persons were installed in all the public distinction of feminine dishonour which makes the annals of the courts of Charles II. and Louis XIV. detestable. Madame Platen had her opera-box at the left hand of that of the Bishop-Elector, in the magnificent new opera-house he had built, and the other women had proportionate distinctions. M. Platen was the minister of state who had stepped into the influential station of Leibnitz, then absent at the Brandenburg court; and M. Platen, the minister, was ready to back any iniquity his woman-

kind and their allies might devise. Such was the strong alliance of wickedness before which Sophia, Electress of Hanover, had previously retreated, and her daughter-in-law, Sophia Dorothea, was finally destined to succumb.

The kindness of the Electress Sophia had been great towards the unfortunate young lady, when her life was despaired of by the court physicians during her illness after the birth of her daughter. The Electress took her under her care when supposed to be dying, and prevailed on her to stay with her at Herenhausen, where she nursed her convalescent, and then put forth the whole powers of her mind to delight her.<sup>1</sup> Every day produced some entertainment in grove, bower, or on the lake—conversation, music, dancing, and fishing, were by turns the prevalent amusement. Health and vivacity, after a time, returned to the drooping Princess, although her husband no longer paid her the least attention. He had a healthy heir for succession, and a daughter to extend his alliances; by the example of his brothers, he saw the expense and trouble of a large family of princes, and without any other reason he abandoned his consort. As a still greater injury, he permitted the evil women of the Platen family to irritate and aggravate her in every possible manner.

Thus George, the Hereditary Prince, had forsaken and neglected his wife ever since the birth of his daughter, without alleging the slightest reason. He could not deny that she was sweet-tempered, obedient, and virtuous—dutiful and attentive to his mother, and an excellent parent to their two children. But when he returned from his campaigns, and she found herself left lonely at court to sustain its tiresome routine, and do its daily honours, the object of scorn to rivals not so handsome as herself, she lost some of these good qualities—all, if the scandals of that time are to be believed—and became so furious in temper that, when

<sup>1</sup> Authentic Narrative of the Sufferings, &c., of Sophia Dorothea, Princess of Zelle, from the German.

mutual aggravation ran too high, she and the Hereditary Prince her husband fought, and even scratched. His chief excuse was, that she gave him long loud scoldings in French every time they met—not without due deservings, if all tales are true. The poor outraged one obtained little sympathy on any side, excepting from her mother-in-law; but then the Electress Sophia's counsels were, to follow her example, bear all such wrongs with quiet dignity, and fix her heart on calmer pleasures than those of court life. At twenty-five her daughter-in-law could not learn this wise lesson. She flew to her father and mother at Zelle with her children, implored their protection, and an asylum with them. All their ambitious ends had been answered by having placed her, the daughter of a morganatic alliance, as the consort of a European sovereign, their grandson as its heir, and a boundless reversionary prospect of grandeur for their descendants in the succession to Great Britain. Sophia Dorothea received cold comfort from her once-adoring parents, who merely advised her to go home and behave herself placidly. She was so much enraged that she took them at their word, and returned directly to Hanover. That day there was some family festival at Herenhausen, at which the Electress Sophia received her husband and sons, George and Max, as her guests. The outriders of the hereditary princess announced her approach, and were sent back to invite her to the *fête*. But her carriage never paused, and carried her past Herenhausen to Hanover. Her husband manifested great rage, although his mother suggested that his princess went on merely to rearrange her dress. From this trifling provocation another scene of violence followed, when the Hereditary Prince George and his consort met; and soon after he betook himself to his Hungarian campaign, leaving his young wife forlorn in her difficult position at the Hanoverian court, surrounded by the worst and wickedest of her sex, whose interest it was to destroy her.

Antony Ulric, Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbittel, the



head of the house of Brunswick, who had been rather eclipsed by the warrior-bishop, now Elector of Hanover, and his aspiring branch, seems to have interfered rather injuriously in the numerous family feuds of his cousin. Two of Sophia's tall handsome sons, Frederic and Charles, had already found soldier's graves. Her third son, Duke Maximilian, who was secretly a Roman Catholic, and openly a general in the Emperor's service in 1694, sustained the place of second prince at the court of his father, the Elector Ernest. He was a great friend of his cousin, Antony Ulric, and was spirited up by him to litigate the old claim for division of the Guelphic possessions among the sons of the family. There was another person of the same party, the handsome Philip Count Koningsmarck, colonel of the Elector Ernest's guards, who had been brought up in infancy with Sophia Dorothea. To this friend, and to her brother-in-law Max, Sophia Dorothea imprudently complained of her wrongs, and claimed their protection, entreating them to help her to escape to the court of her kinsman, Antony Ulric, whom she considered in the light of a father, as she had been betrothed before her present wretched wedlock to his eldest son, deceased, and according to the customs of those times, she had been brought up at his palace. Whatsoever was the meaning and conduct of the unfortunate princess, it is indisputable that Count Koningsmarck, a vain and vicious young man, put the worst construction on her confidence, and boasted of it, so that it came to the ears of Madame Platen. Between that evil woman and Koningsmarck the greatest intimacy had existed; but he had recently forsaken her. Furious jealousy led her to the destruction of Koningsmarck. She flew to her infatuated old lover, the Elector Ernest Auguste, and placed before him the notes she had intercepted between his daughter-in-law and Philip of Koningsmarck. Madame Platen easily obtained from the Elector orders for a party of his *trabants* or guards to intercept and arrest Koningsmarck, who, they found, was to have an interview with the princess that evening. There is not the slightest evidence

that Ernest Auguste meant to have Count Koningsmarck assassinated, but only imprisoned for future trial or examination. Madame Platen, however, had her private motives for carrying out vengeance to the height. She stationed the *trabants* in the places most convenient for seizing Koningsmarck; <sup>1</sup> but whether his death was occasioned by his own resistance or her murderous directions, there exists no evidence that can be depended upon. That Madame Platen was near the spot, and saw her faithless lover and calumniator die, is asserted, and that she stamped her vengeful foot on his face. By her orders, his body, in his rich dress, was thrust into a sewer, the place walled up, and all signs of the homicide obliterated so completely that no traces were discovered of Koningsmarck until the reign of George II., when alterations were making in the palace, and his skeleton, to which some tatters of rich clothing still adhered, was discovered in its unholy lair.<sup>2</sup>

The Hereditary Prince George, the husband of Sophia Dorothea, had not the least knowledge or concern with this murder; he was far away with his troops on the frontiers of Hungary, doing hard battle with the Turks. His father was grieved and deeply perplexed by the untoward accident, as it was represented to him by the she-keeper of his conscience, such as it was. The guilt of the father and son was not that of the death of Koningsmarck, but in their systematic practice of vice, which led them to put confidence and power in the worst hands they could fall into. The subsequent persecution of the unhappy young wife of George, and her lifelong imprisonment, if she were innocent, were far worse than the slaughter of Koningsmarck in a scuffle, even if the father and son had ordered it. Unfortunately for her, the boastful tongue of Koningsmarck at the table of Augustus, Elector of Saxony, and letters he had written to his com-

<sup>1</sup> This young man had been educated in England, at Foubert's boys' school, at the top of the Haymarket. He and his tutor were examined at his elder brother's trial for assassinating Tom Thynne in Pall Mall. Count Charles Koningsmarck was acquitted: he died during his campaign in the Morea against the Turks.

<sup>2</sup> Horace Walpole, both History and Letters.

panions in iniquity, weighed heavily against her, although, untried and condemned without hearing, both might be false witness; and her conduct in after life would lead to that conclusion.

Many persons who have the command over their tempers, and are watchful as to the words that pass their lips, seem to have no control over the expression of their feelings by the pen. When under irritation, they give vent to their resentment in written taunts, and these, of course, rise up against them when anger has passed by. The unfortunate Sophia Dorothea's worst misfortunes arose from this species of folly. She wrote her complaints in notes to Koningsmarck, while her resentment was warm, turning withal into ridicule and abusing those she thought neglectful or unkind to her. Among the objects of her satire were, of course, the Elector, her uncle and father-in-law, and all his evil familiars, of both sexes. What was worse, she attacked her own father, whose devotion to herself and to her mother had been previously most admirable. These fatal notes were found in the apartments of Koningsmarck, and placed before her father, the Duke of Zelle.<sup>1</sup> He never forgave her the stinging satire with which she had mentioned him. He had loved her too fondly to endure such conduct. From the moment he saw these letters he abandoned her, his only child, to the mercy of her enemies. It was said that letters proving grosser crime on her part were found, but that was decidedly false, or they would have been urged against her. It is highly to the credit of her mother-in-law that she conducted herself humanely in the disastrous affair. In the papers she left, the poor prisoner spoke highly of the Electress Sophia.

The hapless Princess was ultimately forsaken by her father, and never again saw her children,<sup>2</sup> though her tender mother sometimes visited her. She was immured thirty-one years in the fortress of Ahlden, in her father's

<sup>1</sup> Authentic Narrative of the Sufferings, &c. of Sophia Dorothea, Princess of Zell, from the German.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards George II., and Sophia Dorothea, Queen of Prussia.

territory of Zelle; therefore she was rather her father's prisoner than her husband's. At Ahlden she died 1725, a few months before George I.'s death, summoning him with her last words before the judgment-seat of God.

And what part did her mother-in-law, Sophia Electress, take in this tragedy? She had done all for her that she was able to do before it came to the climax. She tried persuasion, actuated by quiet, good sense; had advised her to bide calmly until the bad time passed by: she had nothing else to offer. Sophia herself had retreated, in expectation of a similar storm beating against her defenceless head from the same quarter. Her principal enemy was the same as that of her daughter-in-law, Madame Platen; but Sophia, as the mariners say, gave her a wide berth, and thus sailed clear of her.

A question of some importance may occur, relative to the opinion held by Sophia concerning her daughter-in-law's guilt or innocence. Two or three years afterwards, the Duchess of Orleans wrote a passage in one of her letters<sup>1</sup> answering one of Sophia's, in which she had evidently been discussing the fate of "Madame d'Ahlen"—the name by which the Hereditary Princess went after her imprisonment. For when George her husband, Ernest Auguste her father-in-law, and the Duke of Zelle her father, with their satellites Platen and Bernstorff, had agreed on the confinement of the hapless lady, she was called after the domain in which she was incarcerated, as a blind to the public. The Duchess of Orleans wrote to her aunt Sophia: "I have just come from church, and from the holy communion; and having done my duty to God the almighty, am now doing it to my dear aunt. Gallantries here are very common, but they do not all end in so tragic a manner. Had the Princess d'Alen been educated like us in Germany, and not *à la Française*, she would not have experienced so much trouble. I still know all the Lutheran hymns I learnt at Hanover. What we learn in our youth we do not easily forget."

<sup>1</sup> Ilten's Collections, from the inedited letters of Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, December 25, 1698.



There is no want of kindness or good sense in this remark : from it may be gathered that the unfortunate wife of George I. had been brought up without religion, Protestant or Catholic. Gallantry, in the court language of that day, was the polite term for guilt. That various degrees of guilt might be attributed to every person engaged in this frightful transaction there is no doubt, excepting to the unfortunate victim herself, whose passionate and lifelong assertions of innocence, her virtual divorce before it was pretended that she deserved it, for no reason excepting to obviate the inconvenience of her bringing too numerous a family of princely Brunswickers, ought to be considered in her exoneration.

It was not very long after the mysterious catastrophe which led to the lifelong incarceration of their unfortunate daughter-in-law, that decline and ill health visited the stout frame of the Electress Sophia's consort, the warrior-bishop, now universally termed the Elector Ernest of Hanover. He had never previously known what sickness was. The strong man was beaten down almost into imbecility at once. His first idea was to desire the society of his neglected wife, who did not disdain to amuse him with the humble means which he in his childishness craved for. What this was may be learned by an answer that the Duchess of Orleans wrote to her aunt in 1697, describing the occupations of her sick prodigal, who had returned to be nursed and comforted. "I should be very sorry if *ma tante* no longer numbered me among her children. I am grieved to hear that Oncle has still such inflamed eyes. All the bad feeling Oncle manifests against me, is the work of the false reports of wicked people, for Oncle is the most good-humoured man in the world. I am, notwithstanding, glad that Oncle amuses himself so greatly with playing with your 'Liebden' the game of the goose, as I know that of late years he has not liked to be in your society."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In the letters of the Duchess of Orleans, the word "your Liebden" is often used instead of "your Highness," apparently by agreement. It may be translated "your Love," or "your delectability."

Perhaps the most remarkable circumstance in Sophia's life, to the historical reader, is the personal friendship she and her daughter formed with that extraordinary and unaccountable hero, Peter the Great. Voltaire vigorously resisted the authentic documents that Frederic the Great insisted on supplying him with, in order that he might tell truth, and shame whosoever ought to be shamed by that rather rare historical process.<sup>1</sup> Our Sophias, both mother and daughter, wrote what they observed to their friend Leibnitz, without caring for any political bias. And we see in their lively letters the Czar in his youth, afflicted, it is true, with his family malady of epilepsy, but with his stately figure as yet unscathed by bodily torture, and his fair fresh features, which Sophia Electress describes most truly as "very pretty," free from the impress of crime and agonising passions.

The Elector of Brandenburg had been courting the young Czar for his good-will regarding the erection of his Electorate into a kingdom. He had received him on his March of Brandenburg with great hospitality, and passed him forward to the Guelphic dominions, where he had perforce to pass through the district of Coppenbrück in Zelle—"a fief of ours," as the Electress of Hanover says, "but belonging to the Prince of Nassau." Here the two Sophias, mother and daughter, regularly waylaid Peter, and insisted on his coming to a stand and accepting their acquaintance and hospitality at the Castle of Coppenbrück. Peter at last entered into treaty, declaring that if he did as desired, no one must look at him excepting the Serenities to whom he chose to be visible, for he had an intense objection to be looked at by strangers, and still greater to speak German. The Sophias promised, and vowed that the "illustrious Czar should have his own way entirely." And accordingly his enormous cortège drew nigh, July 17, 1697, in which travelled ostensibly three Russian ambassadors,

<sup>1</sup> Voltaire said he dared not use the *preuves historiques* which Frederic sent him, regarding the dark tragedy of the death of Peter's eldest son. —Lettres de Voltaire et Frederic.

amongst whom figured the famous Le Fort, a young Genevese tradesman, favourite and factotum to Peter the Great. The most profound incognito veiled the movements of the Czar, who journeyed thus through Europe in the train of his own ambassadors.

Before the great event occurred of the Czar's issuing out of his obscurity, a parley took place, for his Majesty found that the Duke of Zelle, and all the princes of the house of Hanover, excepting the invalid Elector, Ernest Auguste, to say nothing of the little Sophia Dorothea, daughter of the sad captive at Ahlen, expected to make his acquaintance besides the two Electresses, and he had not bargained for such a crowd. However, the old warrior Duke of Zelle, whom he previously knew, was admitted to the czarish presence; and he talked Dutch with Peter, and promised that he should not be looked at too much; and finally escorted him incognito through the crowd which had assembled in the courtyard of Coppenbrück, by a side-door, into the presence of the assembled "Serenities" of the house of Hanover. Nevertheless, Peter's self-command nearly broke down in the awful moment of presentation. "My mother and I," says the Electress of Brandenburg,<sup>1</sup> "began to make our bows, but the Czar covered his face with his hands, exclaiming, '*Ich kenn nicht sprechen*' [I cannot speak], and summoned Le Fort to his side, whom he called his right hand, and ordered him to reply. He seemed indeed very bashful; but we soon calmed him, and got him to a seat at the supper-table between my mother and myself, where each amused him in turn. Sometimes he himself answered us very pleasantly; sometimes he called on his interpreters, of whom he had two. Really he said nothing but what was very proper on all the subjects discussed. My lively mother put many questions to him, which he answered with great promptitude. And I am amazed that he was not annoyed by this style of our conversation, for, as his people said, it is not customary in his country. As to his grimaces, I had expected them to

<sup>1</sup> Letter to Leibnitz by the Electress of Brandenburg.

be much worse than they really are. It is evidently quite out of his power to correct or alter them." The Electress here alludes to the epileptic contortions which ever and anon passed over Peter's features, marring their regular beauty. But the portrait is not deformed with the disgusting traits shown by her granddaughter Frederica, Margravine of Baireuth, when Czar Peter, twenty years older, was presented before her young astonished gaze. These were better times for the great Czar, before sorrow, crime, and cruelty had left their impress upon him, and perhaps kinder hearts and brighter minds were communing with him that July day at Castle Coppenbrück. "One can see he had no master, who taught him to eat nicely," resumes the Electress of Brandenburg, "yet he has a natural manner, which pleased me much. He soon felt himself quite at home, and permitted every gentleman on service to enter, and at last the ladies, regarding whom he at first made some difficulty. Soon after, he ordered all the doors to be shut, and calling his favourite Le Fort,<sup>1</sup> he commanded him not to suffer any one to leave the room. Then, demanding great glasses to be brought, he filled flowing bumpers with his own hands, and sent round for every one to drink, saying 'that he did it to their honour.' Some one would have had Quirini (her Electoral Highness's chamberlain) fill the glasses, but the Czar took them into his own hands, filled them himself, and then gave them to Quirini to distribute—a great condescension,<sup>2</sup> of which we could not have thought him capable. I made my musicians perform several pieces, in order to see the impression Italian music produced on him. He said he liked particularly the voice of Ferdinando, whom he rewarded, like

<sup>1</sup> Le Fort was the son of a Genevese tradesman, and brought up to trade himself. While he lived he was Czar Peter's better angel, but the career of this interesting young man was now drawing to a close: he died in 1699. His great master mourned for him with all the savage strength of his character, and gave him a royal funeral.

<sup>2</sup> Raumer, in his "Contributions to History," describes exactly this national custom of the Czars, as performed by the Empress Elizabeth, Peter's daughter, at the revolution that placed her on the throne.



the gentlemen of the court, with a flowing glass. In order to please him, we remained four hours at table, and drank healths *à la Muscovite*—that is, all at once, and standing. Frederic was not forgotten." This was her only child, that impracticable little one whose pranks had lately thrown her mother and her Hanoverian court into consternation. "In order to set the Czar dancing, I requested Le Fort to let the Muscovite musicians enter, who accordingly made their appearance after supper was concluded. The Czar, however, would not begin until he saw how we danced, which we did, to induce him to do the same. But he said he could not, and he would not dance, for he had no gloves, and he sent in quest of a pair, and had his whole luggage turned over without success. My lively mother danced with the big Commissary, and opposite danced Le Fort with the daughter<sup>1</sup> of Countess Platen; the Chancellor danced with the mother. All went on very gravely, and the Muscovite dances were found delightful. Every one was greatly pleased with the great Czar, and no one looked better pleased than himself." "It was scarcely possible, though, to resist laughing," the Electress of Brandenburg adds in a postscript, "when the Czar's fool saying something too saucy, his czarish Majesty seized a broom and swept him out of the room"—as bad rubbish.

From the narrative of her daughter, it is evident that the Electress of Hanover, when she received guests of her own rank, was surrounded by all the ill-disposed women whom she had retired to avoid contact with, at least in everyday domestic life; for these Platens and Schulenburgs filled official places at the courts of her husband, her son, and her grandson George II.,<sup>2</sup> and by an astounding arrangement, of almost patriarchal descent, in vice, they were the disgraces of her children and grandchildren's courts, and the pests of her own household whenever, as on this occasion, she received her equals. The Electress has a fling at the painted Jezebel

<sup>1</sup> This scion of a corrupt tree was afterwards the infamous Countess Kilmansegge, mistress to George I.

<sup>2</sup> The Countess of Yarmouth was one of the descendants of Madame Weycke.

Platen in the ensuing letter, which comprises another narrative of the great Czar's visit. As the minds of the two Sophias were decidedly various in quality, and therefore each sketched from different points of view, the letter of the illustrious mother is given as well as that of the daughter, without much fear of fatiguing the reader by repetition of circumstances; for Sophia, Electress of Hanover, is by no means the heroine of her own pen, howsoever she may be that of her daughter.

SOPHIA, ELECTRESS OF HANOVER, TO LEIBNITZ.<sup>1</sup>

“HERENHAUSEN, Aug. 11, 1697.

“Now I must tell you that I have seen the illustrious Czar. His Majesty's expenses were defrayed by the Elector of Brandenburg until Wesel, but he was compelled to pass through Coppenbrück, which is a fief of our house, belonging to the Prince of Nassau. We requested his Majesty for an audience, for he keeps everywhere his incognito, and his three ambassadors represent him. He consented to see us if in a private room, and only accompanied by my daughter of Brandenburg, and my three sons, George, Christian, and young Ernest Auguste. Although Coppenbrück is distant from here [Herenhausen] four great German miles, we hastened thither, having sent Court-Marshal Koppenheim<sup>2</sup> before us, in order to make the necessary arrangements. We arrived before the Muscovites, who reached Coppenbrück about eight in the evening, and we alighted at the house of a peasant. Despite of our agreement, there was such a multitude assembled that the Czar declared he could not pass. A negotiation forthwith was carried on between our party and him for a long time. At last my eldest son was forced to scare away the intruding spectators by the help of our guards. Whilst the Russian ambassadors entered Coppenbrück in state, Czar Peter stole to the side-stairs, escorted by the Duke of Zelle. We went into the room to visit his Majesty, and the first ambassador, M. le Fort, of Geneva, became our interpreter. The Czar is high in stature, his face very pretty, and his whole expression is noble. He manifests great liveliness of spirit, and answers quickly and well. He derives no advantages from aught but nature, for his manners are untaught and uncouth. We went to table directly: M. Koppenheim performed the office of marshal. He presented the *serviette* or table-napkin to his Majesty, who was embarrassed with it, for, instead of the *serviette*, he is served with the ewer and basin<sup>3</sup> after dinner. His Majesty sat at table between myself and my daughter, having on each side an interpreter. He became very gay and chatter-

<sup>1</sup> Gottingischen—Historische Magazin, vol. ii. part i.

<sup>2</sup> Koppenheim does not appear in the younger Sophia's letter.

<sup>3</sup> Such were the customs in the courts of Charles V. and Francis I., and at Windsor Castle, when Queen Anne received the German King of Spain, afterwards the Emperor Charles VI.

ing, and we contracted a great friendship together. The Czar and my daughter exchanged *tabatières* [snuff-boxes]: that of the Czar was adorned with his crest in diamonds; my daughter was much pleased with it. We remained rather a long time at table, and would willingly have remained much longer, feeling not the least fatigued, the Czar being in a most cheerful mood, and amusing us very much. My daughter ordered her Italians to sing; their song pleased the Czar, although he confessed he loved not music. I asked him 'if he liked the chase?' He replied: 'His father [Czar Alexis] did; but as for himself, he had had from his youth the greatest inclination to navigation and *feu d'artifice*.' [This last probably comprised all sorts of artillery and combinations of gunpowder.] The Czar added, that he himself worked at the construction of ships. He showed us his hands, and made us feel the calosities formed on them from hard work. After dinner his Majesty's fiddles came, and we danced Russian dances, which I prefer to the Polonaise. The ball lasted till four in the morning. We had formed a plan of sleeping at a neighbouring castle, but when morning broke we preferred returning here without having slept, and came home very happy with our excursion. It would be too long to tell you in detail all we saw. M. Le Fort and his nephew both wore French dresses; they are very clever. I could not speak to the two other ambassadors, nor to any of the princes who formed the Czar's suite. His Majesty, not knowing that the neighbourhood was without accommodations for us, earnestly pressed to see us again the next morning. Had we been previously acquainted with his wishes, we would have arranged so as to have been lodged in the vicinity, for his company greatly delighted us. He is a most extraordinary man. I cannot give you a description of him, nor can you form an idea of what he is without having seen him. His heart is good, and full of noble feelings. He gave way to no excess in drinking when in our presence; but as soon as we withdrew, his suite fully indemnified themselves. Our Court-Marshal Koppenheim has well deserved the superb sable he was presented with for holding their heavy heads. He said that the Russian nobles, even in the depths of intoxication, remained gentle and amiable."

The Electress of Hanover, about a month afterwards, announced<sup>1</sup> to Leibnitz that the Czar had sent her a present of four fine sable skins and three pieces of damask, but the damask was too small for any use except chair-cushions. And then she says "that Czar Peter was on his progress to Amsterdam, where he went to public-houses and amused himself with the sailors, besides assisting at the construction of his ships building there. He declares that he performs fourteen handicrafts very completely. I would not lose for a great deal the advantage of having seen him: he is most amusing in all his

<sup>1</sup> Historische Magazin, &c., September 15, 1697.

ways. He seems to feel the charm of beauty, but not to be inclined to gallantry: if we had not taken such great pains to meet him, he would have thought little enough about us. In his country the natural complexions of the women cannot be seen for white and red. One of the marriage-presents consists of paint for the face. Madame Platen, on this account, was immensely admired by the Muscovites. Czar Peter took our stiff corsets of whalebone for our persons: he mentioned with great surprise the hardness of the German women's bones." Thus it is evident the illustrious Czar had joined in the waltz. He was accompanied to Holland by four dwarfs; and these Sophia describes, saying, "that two of them were well proportioned and well educated. The Czar kissed and patted one of the dwarfs, whom he likes the best. He likewise took the head of our little princess between his hands, and kissed her twice: her top-knot was much disordered; he kissed her brother as well." These children were George Augustus (George II. of Great Britain), about ten years old, and the little princess with the top-knot was young Sophia Dorothea (daughter to the poor prisoner at Ahlen), afterwards Queen of Prussia, whose little daughter in her turn was frightened and discomposed by Peter the Great, and told the world what she thought of him—not quite so leniently as her grandmother, and her ancestress the Electress of Hanover, have done, when in his youth he was passing to his far-famed shipbuilding work at Saardam.

Soon afterwards the Sophias, mother and daughter, separated, and each went their way—the daughter to her palace of pleasures, near her new city of Berlin, and her mother to nurse her sick husband. Whatsoever may be thought of the orthodox Christianity of Sophia, Electress of Hanover, her practice is not to be decried, for she received her husband without reproaches when he returned, in the imbecility of sickness, to be soothed and cared for. Her daughter mentions him with tenderness in the following letters to her mother, in which indeed she shows a feeling heart for other sufferers as well as her sick lord and father:—



SOPHIA CHARLOTTE,<sup>1</sup> ELECTRESS OF BRANDENBURG, TO HER MOTHER,  
SOPHIA, ELECTRESS OF HANOVER.

“A BERLIN, *ce 15 Octobre 1697.*

“Our good Madame Klenck needs no excuses for not replying, for it is very natural in the sad state she is, which time alone can remedy, provided her health does not suffer. That of my lord and father, of which your Electoral Highness did me the honour to tell me, seems in a case which only gives cause for sorrow. I have always feared that he would injure himself by taking so many remedies, for then the original strength will not return, the want of which is his sole malady. That ought to console him, if he can carefully restore it. Dear to me as are the news from Hanover, I tremble lest every post should bring me afflicting intelligence. I see well that the correspondence of Madame [Duchess of Orleans] is the sole pleasure of your Electoral Highness. The news she sends from the Spaniard has been found worthy by La Rosière to be sent to the Prince of Conti. I will not close my letter before I have tidings from Poland: they will divert some moments of your Electoral Highness. The poor king<sup>2</sup> is in a great labyrinth. I wish him tranquil possession of his kingdom, because he has shown so much compassion for M. Klenck. His envoy here is a *beau blondin*, well made, who has very white hands, and dresses himself like a doll; but that is all, for no one can extract a word from him. La Rosière always mounts guard on him. M. Albensleben is here, and very good company he is for me, being a most estimable person. He is still sad for the death of his brother, whom I also much regret. Thus, without thinking, I have recurred to the same theme, from which I would have diverted the mind of your Electoral Highness. For fear of saying anything more of that kind, I will no more but entreat her to believe me all my life her very humble daughter,

“SOPHIE CHARLOTTE.”

THE ELECTRESS OF BRANDENBURG TO THE ELECTRESS OF HANOVER.<sup>3</sup>

“A BERLIN, *ce 25 Octobre 1697.*

“At the same moment I have received two of your Electoral Highness's letters, and I am not surprised to find you touched with the death of M. de Klenck. I am so to a degree which I cannot express, for it is regrettable for a thousand reasons. Monseigneur my father has lost a very honourable and agreeable man, who loved him. As for his poor wife, I know not how to think of her without heartache, for I know the state the loss will throw her into, and with her malady, affliction will bring her to the tomb. I avow that I am particularly her friend, and I was so of M. de Klenck; being two persons worthy of esteem, therefore my affliction is the greater. Poor Madame de Mart is much to be pitied also, and I take all the

<sup>1</sup> Recueil des Pièces. MSS. from the archives of Hanover, copied by Gargan, librarian, and presented by George IV.

<sup>2</sup> Augustus Frederic, Elector of Saxony.

<sup>3</sup> Recueil des Pièces. MSS. King's Coll. Brit. Mus. Gargan.

part imaginable with her misfortune. It is most true, as your Electoral Highness finds, that estimable people become scarce at Hanover. Such losses as those of M. Grotte and M. de Klenck are irreparable. God preserve to us Monseigneur my father, to afford us consolation. But your Electoral Highness has given me new alarm since the good news—brought here by Prince Christian—that the sweat had done him good. I would send news from Poland to your Electoral Highness, but I know nothing particular. M. Ham said that the affairs of the king went well. My mind is so full of sad things, that which I know otherwise I tell but confusedly. Your Electoral Highness will then excuse me, I hope, if I finish but in assuring her that I am her very humble

“SOPHIE CHARLOTTE.”

The affliction of Ernest Auguste was long and trying, as, in common with many tremendous sinners, it fell upon his nerves awfully. More than once he died apparently, and awoke again to agonising vitality. The strength that he had wasted in a career of vice had perhaps been given for the purpose of carrying him on to painless death in a ripe old age, which he scarcely reached. At last Sophia saw her prodigal sinner finally depart this life. Singular as it appears, no differences had occurred between him and his brother George William, Duke of Zelle, on account of the hapless wife of George of Hanover. The Duke of Zelle came to assist Sophia in nursing Ernest Auguste, who actually expired in his arms. Nor did the father of the wretched prisoner ask or plead for any clemency in regard to his only child.

The lying in state of Sophia's consort in the castle-chapel of Hanover presented a curious blending of his ecclesiastical and temporal sovereignties. The electoral hat was on a gold embroidered cushion on one side of the head of his coffin, his ducal crown on the other; his warrior sword by his right hand, his bishop's staff on the left. Five banners were placed round him. When the funeral service was concluded, sixteen of his veteran colonels took up his coffin and carried it to the vault in the castle-chapel, where it at present rests. His bishopric was taken by his youngest son and name-child, Ernest Auguste; his temporal dominions by his eldest son George; while Max and Christian, his two other sons, continued to murmur and quarrel with their eldest brother regarding the illegality of

primogeniture among the sons of Guelph, until Christian was silenced by the bullet that passed through his head among the waves of the Danube, when leading on the Brunswick contingent for the Emperor against France. Duke Max declared himself a Roman Catholic, and retired to the court of the Emperor, where he lived and died holding high military rank.

The Elector of Hanover was buried, March 18, 1698, leaving Sophia to assume the widow's veil, in which we see her authentic portraits depicted, and which she never laid aside. There is a letter extant from her to her friend Ilten, who, it will be remembered, was one of her husband's ministers of state. She speaks of Ernest Auguste as if all resentment of her wrongs had departed, and the pleasant remembrance of the loving spouse and protector of her youth only remained. Sophia was a genuine character: she did not, in a very corrupt and malicious era, say always what she thought, but she never made a parade of feelings she did not experience.

THE ELECTRESS SOPHIA TO MR ILTEN.<sup>1</sup>

“HERENHAUSEN, *February 15, 1698.*

“I did not doubt, Sir, that you would feel for me, and regret the beloved master, to whom you were very dear. We ought to have been long since prepared for this misfortune; but one always hopes for the thing one desires. I least expected my misfortune the day on which it arrived, and thus my loss and my surprise equally overpowered my feelings, which time alone can restore; and as I have now little left, it is to be hoped that the beneficent Creator will soon summon me to join my dear Elector in the other world. Still I ought to rejoice in my children, and in my brother-in-law,<sup>2</sup> who do all in their power to console me, which in truth is a great comfort to me. My friends also, amongst whom you are included, sympathise in my trouble. I am truly grateful, as always very affectionately yours,

“SOPHIA.”

Sophia returned calmly to her dower-palace as a real widow, having been previously driven there by the usurpation of her place and functions by Madame de Platen and her allies. At Herenhausen she betook herself to the cul-

<sup>1</sup> Ilten's Letters.

<sup>2</sup> Duke of Zelle.

tivation of her flowers, trees, animals, and philosophers, never more to suffer interruption. She was very fond of her swans and waterfowls, feeding them with her own hands, and observing all their pretty tricks. She says to Leibnitz, in one of her epistles, "I have made my swans and fowls a house in my garden. You see I have become a good housekeeper, having now my *ménage* entirely in my own hands." Three days afterwards she gives Leibnitz the news that her dear swans have hatched three young ones, and that it is truly a pleasure to watch the old ones passing over the surface of the lake carrying their young on their backs, when the cygnets are weary of swimming. In her letters to Leibnitz she discusses philosophy, coins, mineralogy, and literature, and sometimes mechanics. In history she was herself a character, and whatsoever discussions she enters into, are stamped with certain value. For instance, the letters between herself and the Duchess of Orleans would settle the point, were it still disputed, of the marriage of Louis XIV. with Madame de Maintenon.

No persons seem to have cast greater scorn at first on that lady than these two princesses; but the part taken by the Dauphin settled the fact in their mind that she was the lawful spouse of Louis. Her appearance at chapel in the seat of the Queen of France assured the people, but the court and foreign royal families were convinced by the homage of her son-in-law, to which Sophia, Electress of Hanover, bears the following testimony:—

THE ELECTRESS TO LEIBNITZ.<sup>1</sup>

"LINSBURGH, 3d August 1699.

"I thought I should better repay you for your letters by sending you the Journal of the literati, than by writing to you myself. I thought these lines might be accompanied by the two which have just arrived, although you will not find anything particular in them. I believe the exhortations in the *Magdalene*<sup>2</sup> have been written by a mind *à la mode de* Madame Maintenon, who probably takes Mary Magdalene for a patron. Madame<sup>3</sup> does not complain any longer of the 'tabouret' that she offered to her since she heard the Duchess of Burgundy received the same

<sup>1</sup> Ilten's Collections, p. 238.

<sup>2</sup> Apparently some literary magazine published in Paris.

<sup>3</sup> Her niece, the Duchess of Orleans.



treatment from her, as well as the Dauphin and all his children. They hold the plates for her when she eats, with a napkin upon the arms, and do her more honour than any queen. You will see by the last journal that they make Plato a good Christian. If the people in France were like him, no one would be ill-used for his religion. It seems that the negotiation to satisfy Duke Maximilian<sup>1</sup> will not take place. I have spoken to the Duke of Zelle of what you told me respecting the watches, which went on the same as the other, when two were suspended from the same cord; but as I have forgotten the circumstances, I wish you would inform me of them. I have sent a drawing of the rye to Madame,<sup>2</sup> to show the fruitfulness of this climate, and have sent her a portion of your letter regarding her son. She is preparing to visit her daughter. I hope Count Ranzau is satisfied with me. I wish you may be so too, if only for this.

. . . . Mademoiselle Schulenburg tells me you are coming here. I am very happy that such is the case."

From the reply of Leibnitz<sup>3</sup> may be gathered, that the paper sent him by the Electress Sophia was called the *Journal des Savants*, and that, in regard to the great honours now paid to Madame de Maintenon, he tells Sophia that he well remembered he had heard her Royal Highness of Orleans say how much she should prefer to see that lady declared queen at once, than to be forced to pay her the deference due to one, while she appeared in an ambiguous character. This was good sense; yet her conviction of Madame de Maintenon's respectability did not hinder her from hating her unweariedly, and manifesting that hatred to all her princely correspondents. Yet the ministers of France regularly read the epistles she wrote to her aunt Sophia, and all the other "Liebdeus," as she termed them; nevertheless they transmitted the missives to their several addresses.

Once more was the widowed Electress disturbed from her beloved paradise of Herenhausen at the call of family ambition. Her son-in-law, the Elector of Brandenburg, sighed to be called king; his peculiar character gave him no chance of a success which was only to be obtained by propitiating his equals and superiors of the great German Bund. His consort cared a great deal for pleasure, but very little for the noise, parade, and pomp, considered as

<sup>1</sup> Her third son, then contesting the family compact of the house of Brunswick.    <sup>2</sup> Her niece of Orleans.    <sup>3</sup> Ilten's Collections.

such by her lord. However, as she had observed some symptoms of alienation in her spouse, and seen a painful family example in the fate of her sister-in-law, the poor prisoner of Ahlen, she implored the aid of her mother in the grand affair, and, announcing a political fit of indisposition, departed to Aix-la-Chapelle, where the Electress of Hanover hastened to join her in the autumn of 1699. The two Sophias planned proceeding to the Low Countries, where William III. was to be canvassed in his retreat at Loo by his cousin and old friend. On their way they visited the Elector of Bavaria, governor of the Austrian Netherlands, and he was sued by them to sanction the title that the Elector of Brandenburg was about to assume. He complied, and treated them with every distinction, although left to do the honours of his court unassisted by his consort (a daughter of John Sobieski, the heroic king of Poland), who would not appear. Leibnitz says the Electress of Bavaria was a very fair woman—so vain of her beauty that she was afraid of rivalry from the lovely Electress of Brandenburg, and therefore kept her chamber during the Hanoverian visit. The Elector of Bavaria speeded his guests on by sea to Rotterdam, where, in a violent autumnal tempest, their lives were in danger. However, they landed safely at Rotterdam, and no sooner recovered from their fatigues than they extended their literary patronage to one who was not desirous of the favour. Sophia of Hanover sent for Bayle, the free-thinking philosopher of the age. Bayle, who probably had not a presentable coat, sent word that he had gone to bed early, being ill, and could not come. The zeal for literature of the two Electresses was not abated by this reply. They wanted to visit him in person next morning; and this, as philosophers have seldom their dens in the most orderly arrangement, was still worse. Bayle pleaded the continuance of the violent headache that had oppressed him the previous evening. He was forced to keep his bed, the only refuge, poor man, he had. Count Dohna then arranged that, when Bayle was better, he would wait on the Electresses at the Hague

castle, where they were staying. It is quite clear that the philosopher would rather have done anything else. He was molested. Speaking of them in his version of the visitation, his disturbance is evident.<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless they received him with the utmost graciousness at the Hague palace. Sophia of Hanover conversed with him, asking him the most abstruse and, as he said, unaccountable questions. It is to be hoped her Electoral Highness did not wait for answers. His friend Basnage, another philosopher, conversed meantime with the Electress of Brandenburg, who took an opportunity of complimenting Bayle, by telling him she always carried his works with her wherever she went. The Electresses urged Bayle to accompany them to Delft. He could not resist their urgency, but put his journey off so many times that at last they departed without him. This exploit of philosopher-hunting being reported to Leibnitz, he, a better broken-in courtier than the lion of Rotterdam, answers, giving us a little more light on accidents by field and flood:<sup>2</sup> "It is very pleasant to make projects. The best of all will be that which her Electoral Highness of Brandenburg planned with me to visit your Royal Highness in England. She would be very glad to meet you there; as glad as when you sailed in her company between Antwerp and Rotterdam. She admires your high courage when the waves furiously tossed about your ship. She then told you that you were destined to be the sovereign of the seas."

The Electresses finished their tour after propitiating William III., who had nothing to say against the exaltation of the Elector of Brandenburg as Frederic I. of Prussia; and, their mission performed, they returned to their respective palaces.

From Bayle's crustiness on this grand occasion the anecdote arose of his remark on the propensities of the Electress of Hanover for asking questions; the philosopher complaining that she wanted to know the *pourquoi de pourquoi*, the very why of the wherefore. The censure has been attri-

<sup>1</sup> Tract by Bayle.

<sup>2</sup> Letter of Leibnitz to the Electress of Brandenburg.

buted to Leibnitz, and as if passed upon her daughter, yet by those who knew nothing of their relative situations. The young Electress of Brandenburg had looked up to Leibnitz as tutor and friend from the hour she could speak, perhaps even earlier. He loved her dearly, and would never have sneered at her questions, however teasing. But Bayle was dug out of his own sanctum of study—threatened with princely visits that would have involved the necessity of book-dusting and paper-sorting—forced to put on a best coat, perhaps to buy one on purpose—to run the gauntlet of all the officials in corridors and at doorways, in making his way to the presence-chamber of the two Sophias, and, when he got there, tormented with unanswerable questions; and finally persuaded into promising to hook himself on their train, and be dragged to Delft. And this unwilling lion of the seventeenth century was forced into much manœuvring to get clear of the last infliction. No wonder he was cross and censorious. But what would Bayle have said or done, if he had been expected not only to write the amusing narrative that follows, but even to take a part in this rude play of the German magnates?—yet a greater man did it, but at the same time a better-tempered philosopher. Every one must admire the real good-nature of Leibnitz.

LEIBNITZ TO THE ELECTRESS SOPHIA.

*“ July 1700.*

“MADAME,—Although I imagine that our Madame l’Electrice will give your Electoral Highness a description of our comic masquerade of the village fair represented yesterday at her palace-theatre of Lustenberg, I cannot help telling you something about it. Everything was got up in haste to celebrate the Elector of Brandenburg’s birthday,—that is to say, the 12th of this month for the 11th. The real natal day fell on the previous Sunday. The stage represented a village fair, with shops and all their signs, where they sold, for nothing, ham, sausages, tongue, wine, lemonade, tea, coffee, chocolate, cakes, and sugar-plums. Margrave Christian, M. Opdam, M. du Hamel, and other nobles, kept the shops. M. Osten (late master of the revels to the King of Denmark), was the quack doctor, and superintended a numerous staff of harlequins and rope-dancers, amongst whom shone peerless Monseigneur the Margrave Albert. The quack doctor had also admirable vaulters, who were, if I do not deceive myself, the Count de Solms and M. de Wassenaar. But nothing was prettier than his player of gob-



lets [Anglicè, *thimblérig*], no other than Monseigneur le Prince Electoral, who has learned effectively to play hocus-pocus."

Sophia's grandson is the personage to whom this compliment is due—the Prince Electoral, Frederic William, only child of her daughter the Electress of Brandenburg, who, having been born in 1688, was, when Leibnitz thus mentions him, in his twelfth year; it is to be hoped somewhat tamer than when his illustrious granddame was forced to send him home for cuffing his cousin George, and swallowing the silver buckle.

"Your illustrious daughter, Madame l'Electrice, was the doctor's wife, and kept her shop of orvietan.<sup>1</sup> M. des Alleures represented very well the tooth-drawer. On the front of the stage was displayed the solemn entry of Monsieur the quack doctor, mounted on an elephant made up for the occasion, followed by her Electoral Highness the doctress, who was carried in a chair borne by her Turks. The goblet-player, the vaulters, tumblers, merry-men, and the tooth-drawer, followed in procession. When all the suite of the quack doctor had passed by, there entered a dance of Bohemiennes, ladies of the court, led by Madame the Princess of Hohenzollern, and they formed into a pretty gypsy ballet. An astrologer, with enormous spectacles on nose and telescope in hand, was the next mask. That character was destined for your Royal Highness's faithful servant Leibnitz, but Count de Wittgenstein charitably relieved me of it. And he poured forth incessant predictions in favour of our lord the Elector, who listened to them from the nearest box."

And these foretold the Prussian royalty, now fast approaching.

"As for the Princess of Hohenzollern, in the character of first gypsy or Bohemienne, she predicted the best good luck in the world to our Electress in the most agreeable manner, sung in German ballad verse very pretty, in the style of M. de Besser.<sup>2</sup> M. de Quirini<sup>3</sup> was valet-de-chambre to the illustrious doctress; and as for me, I placed myself where, through my own moderate-sized spectacles, I could observe the whole, and make report thereon to your Electoral Highness. The maid of the Princess of Hohenzollern now had the toothache, whereupon the tooth-puller, with blacksmith's pincers, laid hands upon her, and soon drew a tooth as long as

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<sup>1</sup> This seems the shop of dried herbs, such as many of our readers will remember in Paris.

<sup>2</sup> German poetry was not then so completely out of fashion as it became in the middle of the last century, when it was scoffed down by Frederic the Great and Voltaire. Perhaps the German lyricist, praised thus by Leibnitz to Sophia of Hanover, is worth looking after.

<sup>3</sup> He has already appeared as chamberlain in the visit of Czar Peter.

one's arm, or that of a sea-horse, which indeed it was. The quack doctor loudly lauded, in a solemn harangue, the prowess of his tooth-drawer, who could pull a tooth of that size without the least pain, and advised every one who had teeth not to lose such an opportunity. Upon which several sick boors stepped up for remedies. These were M. d'Alefeld and M. de Fleming, the Polish and Danish envoys, and our M. d'Ilten, each dressed in peasant costume of his native country. M. d'Alefeld, as a Flemish boor, and M. Fleming, in good Pomeranian, sung verses of excellent omen to the Elector of Brandenburg, and every verse finished thus—

‘ Vivat Frederic and Charlotte,  
And he who bears them ill-will  
Is a herlot.’<sup>1</sup>

There was a refrain of the Tower of Babel, every one present singing this elegant chorus in his own language. And M. Opdam, to please Madame the doctress, sung the song of *L'Amour Medicin*, in praise of the grand remedy of orvietan.<sup>2</sup> At last in came a *trouble-fête*, in the semblance of the regular court physician, who attacked the empiric, and then ensued a verbal contest full of fun. The quack doctor bustled out all sorts of testimonials, papers, parchments, privileges, and attestations from emperors, kings, electors, and princes. The state physician mocked at all that, and displayed the medals of gold hanging round his neck. Then our lord the Elector of Brandenburg descended from his box, disguised as a Dutch mariner, and bought here and there at the shops of the fair. The music played from the orchestra, and every one present—which were indeed only the court, and persons of distinction abiding there—declared that no opera, although produced at the cost of thousands of dollars, ever gave so much satisfaction.”

And none the less, peradventure, for the tone of coarseness which certainly pervaded this princely celebration. Did Leibnitz, when detailing to the illustrious Sophia, his patroness, the humours of the empiric and all his merry men, cast a thought on his own antecedents at Nuremberg? Assuredly the character he declined of the astrologer came a little too near his former vocation in right good earnest as astrologer and alchymist to the Brunswick duke, John Frederic, of necromantic memory.

After the Prussian royalty had been achieved by the personal influence of the two Sophias, the coronation completed at Berlin, and all set going in prosperity to the delight of Frederic I., his beautiful queen took some liberties that had been hitherto grudgingly allowed her.

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps a helot, or slave, or serf.

<sup>2</sup> From Molière's comedy of “*L'Amour Medicin*,” not in the most refined taste.

She extended her visits at her mother's court, and there recreated herself with masquerades and other delights not considered orthodox at the Calvinist court of her husband. She was her mother's guest at Herenhausen, in February 1702, with her husband's sister the Duchess of Courland. Sophia of Hanover likewise entertained there the son and daughters of her deceased brother Charles Louis and Louise de Degenfeldt. They had been given rank by her father as Count and Countesses of the Rhine, and called the Rhinegrave and the Rhinegravines.<sup>1</sup> The two ladies, Louisa and Amelia, were at this time the principal attendants of their aunt the Electress Sophia, placed about her by the influence of her niece of Orleans, who kept up a constant correspondence with these half-sisters: their brother, Charles Maurice, was brave and handsome, highly accomplished, and full of learning and elegant courtier-like graces; but was a reveller and bon-vivant, to the great injury of his health and character. To her nephew, the Rhinegrave Charles Maurice, did the Electress Sophia confide the mastership of the revels that were to entertain her daughter and their guest of Courland. The Feast of Trimalcion was the mask arranged by Charles Maurice, and all the arrangements were Roman, to the utmost rigour of costume. Couches, such as the Romans reclined upon at meals, were arranged round the banquet-table, and the principal places were occupied by those who represented Trimalcion's guests. These were the Queen of Prussia, the Elector George of Hanover, and his younger brother the Bishop Ernest Auguste. As for the Electress Sophia, she contented herself with viewing the scene from her box with her old friend and brother-in-law the Duke of Zelle, who was thus sharing in all the amusements and festivities of his son-in-law's court, while his own daughter was kept a prisoner.

Trimalcion was acted by the Rhinegrave Charles Maurice, and Fortunata, his wife, by Mademoiselle de Pölnitz, one of the ladies of the Queen of Prussia. When the guests entered the Roman dining-room, a slave proclaimed, "With

<sup>1</sup> Pölnitz.

the right foot first." They were already reclining at the table when Trimalcion's procession entered: he was borne on a litter, preceded by huntsmen blowing horns and slaves singing in chorus. Fortunata was summoned several times before she came: then the guests were welcomed in form; pies were cut open, out of which issued flights of birds, a custom still prevalent in Spain. An ass was brought in loaded with olives. Trimalcion and Fortunata had a quarrel; but the learned Leibnitz, who records the scene,<sup>1</sup> does not reveal whether in Latin, French, or good homely German. Out of due consideration regarding the frailty of human life, Trimalcion had his will read; his slaves all the time howling and sobbing, and making grimaces of grief. Several slaves were freed. It was observed that the noble Rhinegrave, Trimalcion, drank nothing but right Falernian wine at that memorable festival, whereas his usual potations were of strong Hungarian wine, from which he abstained, and was carried off in procession with his Fortunata in actual sobriety, keeping up to his exit the classical costume of the scene irreproachably. The whole affair appears pedantic to frigidity, yet, on the return of the fair Queen of Prussia to her own court, her mother was startled at hearing that a violent quarrel had taken place between her and his Prussian Majesty. He had heard a bad character of the carnival masquerades at Hanover;<sup>2</sup> that they were not consistent with good morals; and, moreover, he professed himself jealous of the Rhinegrave Charles Maurice. The Electress Sophia hastened to Berlin, and, in consequence of her judicious manner of dealing with the suspicions of King Frederic, a reconciliation took place with his queen. The Duchess of Orleans wrote by every post to the Electress Sophia,<sup>3</sup> entreating her to remonstrate with Charles Maurice on the fatal tendencies of his inebriety. If the Rhinegrave would obstinately drink himself to death, he certainly departed this

<sup>1</sup> Letter of Leibnitz to Louise, Princess of Hohenzollern, Feb. 25, 1702.

<sup>2</sup> Pölnitz.

<sup>3</sup> Letters of the Duchess of Orleans, Stutgard.



life at a very convenient period for the success of his aunt's diplomacy with her son-in-law.

Sophia had the distress of seeing her faithful Madame Harling, the friend of many a year of varied fortunes, decline most painfully at the close of the year 1701. "There is," she wrote to her niece, October 15,<sup>1</sup> "infinite sorrow in witnessing the sufferings of such a person as Madame Harling, to whom I am indebted for life-long kindness, overwhelmed as she is with sickness. The deep sympathy I feel for her may truly be called a sickness of the mind. I doubt if any martyr ever suffered more than she has done: very meek and sweet-tempered she is through it all. Nevertheless, if I have my portrait engraved by Pfalz it must be now or never, for on the recovery of Madame Harling she never would let me spend money on these old features of mine." Madame Harling was perfectly right—the last portrait painted of any illustrious character is always the one which is identified by posterity. Often it is drawn when disease or age has rendered the persons totally unlike themselves.

The ensuing March released Madame Harling from her sufferings, as the Duchess of Orleans thus writes: "The death of our good Madame Harling caused me severe pain. Although the poor sufferer is happier now, for her existence could not have continued without perpetual anguish, still it is always sad to see good friends depart. The Queen of Prussia will be as much grieved as myself, as this good woman educated her as well as me."

<sup>1</sup> Feder.

# SOPHIA, ELECTRESS OF HANOVER

## CHAPTER IV.

### SUMMARY

Sophia recognised as the next Protestant heir to England after Princess Anne of Denmark—Her letter on the subject—Toland's visit to her court—Accession of Queen Anne to the throne of Great Britain—Confidential discourse with Lord Dartmouth—Sophia's letter to Leibnitz—Victory of Blenheim—Supernatural appearance connected with it mentioned by Sophia—Dedication to Sophia of a freethinking book—Sophia's indignation at abuse levelled at James Stuart—Visit of the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Raby—Her portrait (see Frontispiece)—Sophia reviled to Queen Anne by the Duchess of Marlborough—Queen of Prussia eagerly desires her mother's royalty in England—Her visit to stimulate her mother's indifference—Her sudden death—Illness and deep grief of the Electress Sophia—She loves as her daughter Caroline of Anspach-Brandenburg—who marries the Electoral Prince—Sophia's granddaughter married to the heir of Prussia—Sophia rejected as heiress by the Scotch Parliament—Union of Scotland and England—Ceremony at Hanover of her recognition—She avoids the sight of James II.'s picture—Letters of her niece of Orleans—The Abbess Louise paints a picture for Sophia—Descriptions of the princes of her race—Letters to Leibnitz on his return to Hanover—Sophia's last reception of Czar Peter—Dances the taper dance with him—Queen Anne's letter to Sophia—Sophia's death—Burial.

THE death of the young Duke of Gloucester had removed the last reversionary Protestant heir between Sophia and the throne of England. Lord Halifax, a great leader of the English literati, sent her on the happy occasion a compliment, as it is called in the phraseology of those times. Sophia answered in these words:—

“HERENHAUSEN, 22d June 1701.

“You are very obliging, my Lord, to take part in everything that regards the grandeur of the house into which I am married; and I ought to thank you in particular for the affection which you have testified to me

in the affair of the succession, which excludes, at the same time, all Catholic heirs, who have always caused so many disorders in England. I am unfortunately too old ever to be useful to the nation and to my friends, which, if I could be, it would make me much in love with life. However, I shall wish that those who are to come after me may render themselves worthy of the honour they will have; and that I may at least find some occasion of testifying, by my services, the esteem I have for your merit.

“SOPHIA, *Electress*.”

Amongst Lord Somers's papers was the copy of a letter from the Princess Sophia to Mr Stepney, then minister at Vienna, in which she expresses her apprehensions that her own family, if they were called to the succession, might not give satisfaction, and rather recommends the making choice of the son of James II., who had done no injury, was young, and might receive what impressions we pleased to give him.

Julian Toland, one of the heroes of Pope and Swift's *Dunciad*, whose undesirable reputation as a materialist or freethinker has reached all its readers, was among the numerous worshippers of the rising sun in Hanover, and after the death of the young Duke of Gloucester sent information concerning that unknown realm to his party in Great Britain. Much to the benefit of most of his insular readers, to whom even the geographical situation of Hanover was a mystery only defined to them by the saucy refrains of some of the Jacobite songs of Robertson of Struan, Toland begins his lesson methodically thus: “Hanover is situated in a sandy soil upon the river Laine, which is navigable only by small boats. It is regularly fortified, and divided into the new and old towns. The palace was in old time a monastery, but so much metamorphosed that no footsteps remain of its original. There is a pretty theatre, with handsome stalls for all qualities.” And Toland lets us into a secret of the old German mode of managing the good citizens of the miniature metropolises of such states. “Nobody pays money for going to a play there; the prince, as in some other courts of Germany, is at all the expense of the entertainment. But the opera-house, within the palace or castle, is visited as a rarity. Strangers of figure or of quality are commonly invited to the Elector's table, where

they are amazed to find such easy conversation. At court hours all people of fashion meet there without any constraint. The ladies are perfectly well-bred, and many of them handsome. The Electress's maids of honour are worthy of the rank they enjoy, especially Mademoiselle Schulenberg, who is a lady of extraordinary merit." Extraordinary, indeed, her merits were, for she is identical with the infamous Duchess of Kendal, prime-mistress to George I. Toland's ideas of female merit, it must be owned, were extraordinary.

Sophia's recognition as heiress to the childless and invalid Queen Anne had passed as a law, at the accession of that Princess. By act of Parliament, she was prayed for as such wherever the service of the Church of England was celebrated. The people at large were thus prepared for her succession or that of her line. Even her kinsman, Antony Ulric, Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, who had professed himself a Roman Catholic since the marriage of his daughter Amelia to the heir of the Emperor, complimented her on this prospect.<sup>1</sup> Duke Antony was very ill, but his wit, learning, and poetic genius remained unimpaired. Sophia, in the summer of 1704, visited and cheered her old friend with her lively conversation so much that he recovered; whereupon he addressed to her some elegant verses, in German, on the subject of her assuming the privilege of her royal Anglo-Saxon ancestry in healing the sick.

At the period of the accession of Queen Anne, Lord Dartmouth, Privy Seal, came on some diplomatic mission from the English Court; with him the Electress Sophia was on confidential terms, for his father had been an old friend in the times of the banished Cavaliers.<sup>2</sup> To him, when discussing the misfortunes of the royal line of England, she confided the fact that she had been deeply disappointed in her youth that Charles II. had not thought of marriage with her. "All the miseries arising from another Roman Catholic marriage would have been avoided," she observed,

<sup>1</sup> Letters of Leibnitz to Rothmar, 1702.

<sup>2</sup> Dartmouth MS. Notes to Burnet's History of Great Britain.



“and the fine family of which I have been the mother would have been his heirs.”<sup>1</sup>

Sophia received a gay visit from her daughter, the Queen of Prussia, at the commencement of 1702. The Queen always chose that season of the year, in order to enjoy her favourite diversion of the Carnival masquerades free from the remarks and control of her husband's preachers of the Calvinist sect, who hated masquerades; and no great wonder. Sophia saw her daughter and the Duchess of Courland arrive at Herenhausen, escorted in a manner greatly marvelled at in Berlin and Hanover in the commencement of the eighteenth century. It would have been no marvel in the nineteenth—the costume of the princely charioteer excepted. The Margrave Albert, half-brother to the King of Prussia, insisted on performing the office of coachman to his sister of Courland, and sister-in-law the Queen of Prussia. In spite of the entreaties of the Queen and the intense severity of the weather, he mounted the coach-box, and drove the whole way from Berlin to her mother's palace at Herenhausen, skilfully guiding the horses, with all the reins in his hands, the whole forty miles between Berlin and Hanover. During the performance of this successful feat he wore the full evening-dress of the period—silk stockings, thin shoes, suit of embroidered velvet, and full flowing periwig,<sup>2</sup> reaching to his waist, which appendage, it is to be hoped, kept him from freezing; only another for each leg would have been desirable.

All Europe now rang with the fame of the Marlborough victories; the war through the year 1704 had become gigantic. Brunswick troops had partaken in the great victory of Blenheim, which occurred in the succeeding year, where Sophia's third son, Duke Max, commanded the Emperor's left wing. Maternal pride led her to exult in his glory, although he was now Roman Catholic professed, and on ill terms with his brother and sovereign, the Elector George. Of course, the victorious Marlborough and his captains were received as welcome guests at her court. But before their arrival she thus wrote to her confidant Leibnitz:—

<sup>1</sup> Dartmouth MS.

<sup>2</sup> Varnhagen von Ense.

THE ELECTRESS SOPHIA TO LEIBNITZ.<sup>1</sup>

"Sept. 13, 1704.

"I have forgotten, Monsieur Leibnitz, to thank you for the plan of the battle. The Elector [George] thinks that he has one more particular, where all is better marked. Destiny has ordained that the French defended themselves badly. They were so advantageously posted, that if they had held their own, they could not have been routed.

"I know not if the Landrost Busch has confided to Luxbourg the revelation he had from his son, who was killed there; he appeared to him and prayed him not to be afflicted at his death, because he is very happy, &c. I find this very extraordinary, to have known of the battle so positively. The Elector says, above all, 'What judgment will M. Leibnitz pass on this subject?' "

A very curious question it is, as propounded by the philosophic Electress to her high-priest in those matters. The three persons concerned in the discussion of the above ghost-story—the Electress Sophia, her son George I., and the German Newton Leibnitz—had each their different opinions. The Elector (George I.) believed implicitly in ghosts, vampires, and all the diablerie to which his countrymen seriously incline.<sup>2</sup> He suffered superstitious notions to guide him in his course of conduct, and, if we may believe his contemporaries, lost his life through the sudden shock of a summons<sup>3</sup> to the tribunal of God. Sophia, it may be seen, although she mentions the apparition of the young Blenheim soldier in the briefest words, is startled fairly out of her infidelity. "For Busch," she says, "knew the death of his son so positively"—her meaning being, before any intelligence of this world could have brought it.

The infidel Toland had been petted at the court of Sophia, where he was sent, indeed, on a diplomatic mission. And her gracious reception of this savant encouraged one of the same clique to inflict on Sophia the injury of this dedication:—

"To her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia, Electress, this Discourse of Freethinking, in testimony of the author's sincere devotion (common to

<sup>1</sup> Ilten's Collections.

<sup>2</sup> George II. fancied he had seen vampires, and has left a judicial account of these supernaturals. The trial happening when he was at Trieste, is quoted by Lord Byron, on whom it made a strong impression.

<sup>3</sup> Sent by his injured wife from her deathbed. He did not receive it until six months afterwards, travelling to Osnaburg. He was in good health, but being suddenly shocked by reading it, he never spoke after. The letter was in his carriage when he was taken out dead.

him with all English freethinkers) to her Royal Highness's person and family, as heirs by law to the Crown of Great Britain, and more particularly of his high esteem for those noble endowments of mind so rare in princes, so peculiar for so many ages to the House of Hanover, and so conspicuous in her Royal Highness, is most humbly presented by her Royal Highness's most obedient servant,

"ANTHONY COLLINS."<sup>1</sup>

Those who are deep in the literature of the era of Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, will remember the name of this free-thinker Collins in their *Dunciads* and satires, in company with Julian Toland, Leonard Welsted, Dennis, and Oldmixon.

Notwithstanding the full-blown hopes of her family relative to the great succession, which every wave of events heaved nearer in reach, Sophia's good taste and feelings were completely outraged by the vulgar abuse with which the English press bespattered her kinsman, the unfortunate son of James II. She wished to put an end to it, and thought that if her opinion was made known on the matter, her partisans would desist—would be less abusive. Here are her ideas on the matter, expressed, as usual, to Leibnitz:—

THE ELECTRESS TO LEIBNITZ.

"HERENHAUSEN, 20th Sept. 1704.

"When I have nothing pleasant to relate, I prefer remaining silent; above all, when I see that Hattorf or Count Platen, who govern the affairs of the Church, have more power to assist you than I have. However, I find that the abbey is neither given nor asked until this time. The *master* [Elector George] seems to lament that your merits, which he prizes extremely, are of no use to him; that he never sees you; and of the History you have undertaken to write, he hears nothing, although he promised you should be rewarded for it—at least this is what he says. With regard to the Vice-Chancellor, he could not believe that it would suit your genius to take upon yourself such disagreeable affairs, instead of the "Indian" correspondence. However, I believe, if the Queen [of Prussia] writes to the Elector and Count Platen about it, the thing would be done; and I believe that the Queen would regret that your sojourn with her had done you harm. As for any journey, it would be far from agreeable during this bad weather, if I did not hope it would bring about the Queen's visit for the Carnival. I prefer that it should be with the Countess of Wartenberg rather than not at all. I think the discussions<sup>2</sup> too violent; they are only fit to amuse the populace, for the comparison of the Prince of Wales with Perquin<sup>3</sup> is too absurd. It is not he

<sup>1</sup> Sophie Thurfürstin von Hannover, by J. G. H. Feder.

<sup>2</sup> In the Parliament of England.

<sup>3</sup> Perkin Warbeck, the impostor, pretended son of Edward IV., in the reign of Henry VII.

who has the right of taking the crown from me. If they do not wish a Catholic king, it belongs of right to me. Without him there are many nearer to the succession than I am. Then I don't like them calling the Prince of Wales bastard, for I like the truth. I am going to the Vorbereits-Predigt, and thus conclude abruptly. Speak of this with the Queen."

Disgust at the proceedings of her partisans, and some disposition for asserting an hereditary right to the crown of England, are visible in this epistle. The Duke of Marlborough paid her a visit soon afterwards, accompanied by her grandson the Prince of Prussia, and the English ambassador Lord Raby. She thus alludes to these distinguished guests in a confidential letter to her favourite correspondent.

THE ELECTRESS TO LEIBNITZ.

"Oct. 6, 1704.

"I have been too much occupied to have had an opportunity of replying to your letter; and I believe you will not think it wrong if I confess that I have had more pleasure in seeing the Prince-Royal and the Duke of Marlborough than in taking the trouble of entertaining you with my letters, which would not have given you half the entertainment that I have had. Now all is over, I am not sorry to be able to speak to you of it, which is all that remains of the past. I confess readily that Lord Raby has not the same polish as the Duke of Marlborough; but as he is a friend, I easily overlook his little defects, which he has perhaps contracted from his sympathy for one who, from her birth<sup>1</sup> and position, should not have had much; at least I am fully persuaded that the husband of this one alluded to, will always do all in his power to merit the Queen's good graces. The Duke [of Marlborough] would never sit in my presence, even at a ball. I have made him play, that he might be seated. He kissed my hand kneeling. I never saw a man more cheerful, more polite, or more obliging, besides being as good a courtier as a brave captain. They say he left delighted with this place, although nothing was found worthy of offering to him; but that will follow in Holland. He is against the bill for preventing occasional conformity,<sup>2</sup> and I consider him as reasonable in everything as he is agreeable in his manners."

The Electress presented Lord Raby<sup>3</sup> with one of her portraits, painted at a time of life so displeasing to her friend,

<sup>1</sup> The Countess of Wartenberg, wife of the King of Prussia's prime-minister, had been a ferryman's daughter. The Electress alludes to some scandal concerning the Countess and Lord Raby.

<sup>2</sup> Bill for preventing occasional conformity between the Non-conformists (Dissenters) and the Church of England, which caused much quarrelling in its time.

<sup>3</sup> He was representative of a brother of the great Lord Strafford, and bore the title of Raby until Queen Anne gave him the family title of Earl of Strafford, by which he is well known in history as one of the plenipotentiaries of the Peace of Utrecht.



Madame Harling : it is the original of our frontispiece.<sup>1</sup> It represents Sophia in widow's dress—not in the German costume, but the French, with a large square of black crape, one corner drawn over the top of her head, the rest drooping on the shoulders and back. According to the rigour of mourning, this corner ought to have fallen low on the forehead, and the point, as disposed of by widows of very ostentatious affliction, might even have reached to the bridge, and in some instances, to the tip, of the nose. In Sophia's case it only peeps—a very little corner—over the summit of a high head-dress of curled hair. The dress is tight to a fine slender figure, the stomacher of bars of ermine and jewels. There is great resemblance in her delicately chiselled features to her ancestress, Mary Queen of Scots. The expression is animated, but satire mingled with finesse lurks under the bright smile.<sup>2</sup>

A little sarcasm seems mingled with the observation of the Electress Sophia on the conduct of the Duke of Marlborough. That he was not satisfied, may perhaps be reasonably surmised from the furious attack on Sophia made by the Duchess of Marlborough soon after this interview. At the same period the word went among the Hanoverian party in England that the Electress Sophia ought to be invited to the court of Queen Anne. This party movement was used as a threat by the Duchess of Marlborough to torment her royal mistress, over whom she was then tyrannising with the most unrestrained malice. When Queen Anne feebly hinted some jealousy of her cousin and heiress Sophia, the female Marlborough thus made her comment : “ I heartily wish the Queen may discover her true friends before she suffers for the want of that knowledge ; but as for the business of calling the Princess Sophia over, I don't think that will be so easily prevented as perhaps she may flatter herself it will ; though I can't think

<sup>1</sup> See Frontispiece.

<sup>2</sup> There are four trifling engravings of Sophia in the Print-room, British Museum. One, the best, resembles this portrait in costume and features, but is several years older ; the cheeks have become flaccid, and have fallen. Like the mezzotinto from the Raby portrait, it is surrounded with a ribbon or band setting forth her recognition to the throne of England.

there can be many at least that know how ridiculous a creature the Princess Sophia is, that can be in their hearts for her ! ”<sup>1</sup>

The Court of Hanover was expected to be unusually brilliant that Carnival, crowded with English nobles and diplomatists from all the German Protestant courts. The Queen of Prussia set off January 15, 1704-5, expected eagerly by the politicians to conciliate all differing spirits, and bring, by her influence, her mother up to the mark, for the future aggrandisement of the House of Hanover. The Duchess of Orleans wrote on this expected visit to the Rhinegravine, her half-sister, then about the person of the Electress Sophia: “I have just received my aunt’s gracious letter<sup>2</sup> of January 16, whereby I learn that the Queen of Prussia is expected at Hanover that evening. This will give great joy to you all, and I do not doubt that you and Amelise<sup>3</sup> will describe to me all the brilliant doings and gay amusements during the Carnival, and especially when the Queen of Prussia has her masquerade, and all about it.”

Very different were the pageants that were to take place at that Carnival. The Queen of Prussia had set out from Berlin under an attack of sore throat. She sedulously concealed her indisposition, lest she should be disappointed of her favourite recreation: she however met her favourite brother Ernest Auguste on the road; he thought her very unwell, and persuaded her to rest and refresh at a small inn, where she slept. Here she was exceedingly ill, yet taking the attack only for the effect of the weather, which was extremely severe; and being much cheered by the

<sup>1</sup> Coxe’s Collections of the Marlborough MSS. This passage occurs in a browbeating epistle, written to Queen Anne herself two or three years after—written in the third person, that the Duchess of Marlborough may give vent to her insolence with the more effect. The offence, whatsoever it was, that entailed on the Electress Sophia the vulgar epithet of “ridiculous creature,” probably was given at this period. Perhaps the present which Sophia mentions as sent after Marlborough, was considered beneath the merits of the Duke.

<sup>2</sup> Letter of the Duchess of Orleans to Louise the Rhinegravine.—Stutgard Collection.

<sup>3</sup> The other Rhinegravine, sister to Louise, likewise in the household of the Electress Sophia, her aunt.

presence of her brother, she went on through the snow the next day, and arrived at Hanover, where she found her mother, the Electress Sophia, very ill with a violent cold, and keeping her bed.<sup>1</sup> The Queen of Prussia did not adopt the like prudent course. She gave receptions to diplomatists, dined in public, and went to a grand court-ball; from thence she was carried to bed, and never rose from it again. A violent quinsy showed itself; but wheresoever the disease of the throat was situated, it did not impair her speech, for she talked incessantly. Her beloved brother, Ernest Auguste, never left her; and her sole concern, when death drew near, was that he should guard her from all ministers of religion, "that she might not," as she expressed herself, "be harassed with controversy."<sup>2</sup> She expired Feb. 1, 1704-5.

Instead of the merry and mad carnival masquerade, solemn mourning and bitter weeping ensued. The suspense since the first attack of quinsy on her daughter had made the Electress Sophia dangerously ill; she was confined to her bed when the final blow came. Of her feelings she has left no record, but it may be seen by her niece's pen that they were those of an individual who loses the person best loved on earth or heaven. She was unable to write to Leibnitz, then at Berlin; a few words of message only were dictated by her to Abbé Mauro, charging him "that if he had in his possession any letters from her to her daughter, the Queen of Prussia, he should keep them carefully, so that they fell not into other hands." Sophia was cautious regarding her son-in-law, Frederic I., who, it is probable, was not spared in the correspondence with her lively daughter, whose talent for satire is remembered in her well-known *bon-mot* to Leibnitz. The philosopher was discussing his theory of atoms, and asked the Queen "whether she could form an idea of the infinitely little?" "Of course I can," replied her majesty; "what a superfluous question to ask the wife of Frederic I.!"

The dreary custom of hanging the rooms of royal per-

<sup>1</sup> Baron de Pölnitz's Memoirs.

<sup>2</sup> Memoirs of Brandenburg, by Frederic the Great.

sonages with black cloth in case of death, still continued to that period; it was not likely to cheer hearts oppressed with grief. All the dwelling-rooms of the Electress Sophia at the castle-palace of Hanover were muffled in this dolorous covering. Leibnitz wrote soon after: "God give us all more firmness; for the Electress and the princes are quite dispirited." The consternation the death of the Queen of Prussia occasioned at the courts of Hanover and Berlin is reflected in the letters of the Duchess of Orleans, who writes to the Rhinegravine: "I am quite startled at the sad news I have from my aunt, as well as your letters of the 3d of February, which I received this morning. Such an awful loss—the death of the Queen of Prussia! I cannot express, dear Louise, how I am grieved from the depths of my soul. And I am greatly anxious for my aunt the Electress; I have no rest for the thought of all she suffers. My eyes ache so that I can hardly open them. Until now I have never ceased from weeping."

Sophia either could not or would not leave the castle at Hanover, where the remains of her lost daughter were lying in state previously to removal to Berlin. Again her niece writes from Versailles:<sup>1</sup> "I cannot understand why my aunt, after the fatal event, was left in the same house. It is quite frightful to remain in the same house with a corpse. Thus the grief is renewed every moment. Ten nights, at least, elapsed before I could find rest. Until I heard of her amendment, I was continually anxious for my aunt the Electress. Tell my aunt, dear Amelise, it is far better to let her tears flow freely; their suppression will only destroy her health." The date of this letter is as late as March 5, when Sophia was but just convalescent, and had not yet arrived at the relief of weeping freely for her irreparable loss. The grand funeral procession of the Queen of Prussia left Hanover for Berlin February 9th; but we must refer the reader to the curious narrative of the ceremonial preserved by the pen of Leibnitz. That true friend had grieved much for the loss of his pupil, and his anxieties were now great concerning her mother, who was suffering under the most

<sup>1</sup> Letter to the Rhinegravine Amelise, Feb. 24, 1705.—Stutgard Collection.



acute afflictions that had ever befallen her in mind or body.

A distant kinswoman of the house of Brandenburg, Caroline of Anspach, the *protégée* of the deceased Queen, was by her death thrown on the protection of the bereaved Electress Sophia. Caroline was daughter of John Ferdinand, Margrave of Brandenburg-Anspach. She was born in 1681-2, March 1, of his second wife, a princess of Saxe-Eisenach. At six years of age, Caroline, having been left an orphan, was adopted by the great Elector Frederic-William, and brought up at the Court of Brandenburg. When Sophia Charlotte married Frederic, afterwards King of Prussia, she received the little Caroline into her care, educated her, and bequeathed her at her death to her mother the Electress Sophia. Caroline, who was very handsome, stately in figure, clever in attainment, and fascinating in manner, and was withal of the steady age of twenty-three, soon won the heart of the aged Electress,<sup>1</sup> who not only treated her with maternal tenderness, but gave her high place at the Court of Hanover, near her own person. A more exalted position courted the acceptance of Caroline. Charles of Austria (afterwards Emperor Charles VI.) offered to marry her, if she would declare herself Roman Catholic. She refused the chance of becoming Empress on those terms. The Prince Elector of Hanover was so exceedingly struck with the sacrifice that he offered his cousin his hand, although she was utterly without dower, and two years older than himself. They married without great pomp at Herenhausen, August 22, 1705. Caroline bore an heir to Hanover and Great Britain the year after, who was brought up on the knees of Sophia, and was the doating-piece of his grandfather, the Elector George. This Prince was Frederic the good-natured Prince of Wales, afterwards father to our George III.

The alliance between the houses of Brunswick and Brandenburg was destined to be knit still closer by the marriage between the Prince-Royal of Prussia, Frederic-William,

<sup>1</sup> Lord Hervey's Memoirs.

and his cousin-german, the only daughter of the Elector George and the hapless prisoner at Ahlden. This child, who had not seen her mother since her eighth year, had been brought up by her grandmother at Herenhausen. She is occasionally mentioned in the correspondence of the Sophias with Leibnitz as “our little Princess.” Her name, like her poor mother’s, was Sophia Dorothea. Not a year had elapsed from her good aunt of Prussia’s death, when Frederic I. demanded her of her grandmother in these words :—

FREDERIC I., KING OF PRUSSIA, TO THE ELECTRESS SOPHIA OF  
HANOVER.

*“January 16, 1706.<sup>1</sup>*

“MY COUSIN,—As I have felt myself so happy in my marriage with the late Queen my dear and incomparable wife, I think of forming a similar one between the Prince-Royal, my son, and the daughter of the Elector of Brunswick, my brother ; and my visit to this place has given me an opportunity of seeing and informing myself of the merits and virtues of this princess, and has entirely confirmed me in this intention. But as it is necessary for your Highness’s consent as grandmother, I come to demand it of you, not doubting that you will give it with pleasure. I pray to God, as if for myself, that you may enjoy long years of prosperity, which so happy an alliance will infallibly promote.—I assure you that I am always your Highness’s good cousin,

“FREDERIC R.”

The ceremonial of betrothal took place soon after at Herenhausen, under the auspices of the Electress, an early day being then named for the marriage. The Electress Sophia brought her granddaughter from Herenhausen the day before the marriage<sup>2</sup> to the castle of Hanover, and installed her in the apartments which had pertained to her sister-in-law, the late Queen of Denmark, where her bridal toilette was to be performed. At six o’clock next morning she received the Prussian embassy, and at seven the state visits of the whole of her family, the Electress Sophia at their head. Then her procession was formed, and proceeded to the great saloon of the castle, where an altar was erected. The Court Marshal led the Crown Prince of Prussia to the right side of the altar, and

<sup>1</sup> Ilten.

<sup>2</sup> Leibnitz.

the Princess was conducted to the left: after the ceremony the whole court defiled into the dining-room. The Princess-bride danced with her spouse, then with his father, and then with her own brother. What dances they could have performed, passes modern comprehension; for the most notable proceeding of the whole ceremony is, that as the bride danced, the young ladies who bore her train danced too, still bearing it, and following all her motions. Such manœuvring would not have been difficult or inelegant in the stately promenade called the Polonaise, or taper dance, nor would they have been impossible in the minuet; but in the waltz, or in the cotillon, or great quadrille, the train-bearers and their Princess must have been dangerously in each other's way.

Under the eager influence of her granddaughter-in-law, Caroline of Anspach-Brandenburg, Sophia overcame the scruples that had hitherto prevented her from publicly accepting the reversion of the crown of England. As to that of Scotland, she never had the offer of it. The Scotch Parliament or Convention had thrown out the bill for the Hanoverian succession, and the streets of Edinburgh rang with political songs against her, the refrain of which was,—

“The Lutheran dame shall begone!”

So little was North Britain aware of the religion professed by the lady they were rejecting.

The great event called the Union of England and Scotland was carried in order to obviate the terrible national disaster of South and North Britain being once more separated into two inimical sovereignties—one ruled by Sophia or her son, and the other by the representative of the Stuarts. The final settlement of the United Kingdoms by the first Parliament held of Great Britain took place in the session of 1707; and Lord Halifax was, with other nobles, commissioned to announce to her at Hanover its recognition of Sophia as heiress of the British throne. The ceremonial was opened in a formal speech in the great saloon of the castle-palace at Hanover. Just as the reply of

the Electress was expected, the English ambassadors were astonished to see her run from her place to a corner of the room, where she remained until the whole was over. Lord Halifax, by dint of questioning her officers, discovered the reason of this strange freak. She had caught a glance of a fine portrait of James II., and her conscience feeling uneasy, she had placed herself where she could not see the likeness of her old friend and relative while she was installed as successor to his throne.<sup>1</sup>

Death had made great havoc among Sophia's contemporaries and correspondents. Leibnitz and her niece of Orleans were all that remained. Generally, Sophia and the Duchess of Orleans wrote to each other every post; yet posts, we must recollect, ran not often and quick, as they do in these days. Once the Duchess of Orleans writes to Sophia, "If we were acquainted with persons who are so eager to read our letters, we would gladly send them copies, if they would not detain them so long." It was no trifle to decipher epistles written in German, and in the German character; and the high corresponding ladies ought to have considered the difficulties of the poor clerks on secret service. "I have just received your letter of the 9th instant," writes the Duchess of Orleans twenty days afterwards. "It is quite a shame how long they keep our letters: in the times of M. Louvois we know they always read them as well as now, but they nevertheless delivered them in decent time. Torcy keeps them an uncommonly long time, and I feel it severely now, I am so anxious about my aunt." To Sophia herself she says: "I cannot understand how your Liebden can write in bed; that must be rather tiresome for the loins. Yet all gives me so much pleasure that is written by your own hand. I am astonished that his Liebden the Elector has killed but fifty boars, as this year the acorns have been so very plentiful. In Germany I never heard of any boar-chase without one or more peasants being hurt or killed. It was very generous of the Elector to give to the maimed peasant forty dollars—a great present for such a person.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Mary Wortley Montague; last published letters.



As for news, I must tell you that Gourville is still living, but he is quite childish. I thank you for the receipt of sour-kraut with pike you have sent me. I would have liked it as it is prepared usually, without fish. I can eat sour-kraut well, for I have still a good appetite."

To Louise the Rhinegravine she says: "My aunt gives me an account of the comedy with the children of the Countess Platen; I hope they will become more honourable than their father is, whom I cannot esteem. This morning I had the pleasure of receiving two packets at once from my aunt. It is not enough that they kept the first so long, and this was done probably at Hanover; but they also played a clumsy trick with them, exchanging two pages of the first letter with one of the other. Such could only have been done by a drunkard, and so I imagine it was the deed of the Count de Platen, who may read his part in this letter of mine, if he likes."

"Death," says the Duchess of Orleans to her aunt Sophia—"death is an awful expedient to find tranquillity; your Liebden has no reproach to make to yourself with regard to my position. You did all you could to make me happy, and therefore I am as much indebted to your kindness as if you had made me really happy."<sup>1</sup> Perhaps, from this rather touching comment on her own destiny, may be gathered that the Duchess of Orleans owed her most unenviable distinction as the second lady in France to some negotiation of her aunt Sophia.

The messages sent concerning the sister of Sophia, the Abbess of Maubisson, are exceedingly interesting, and show her at a great age still pursuing her artistical tastes.<sup>2</sup> "I visited my aunt, the Abbess of Maubisson. She is well; better-humoured, more lively, sees, hears, and walks better than I do. She is now painting a beautiful piece for our dear Electress of Hanover. It is a copy of the "Golden Calf," by Poussin. She is adored by her cloister; she leads a very strict as well as a very quiet life. She never tastes meat except in illness, sleeps upon mattresses as hard as a stone, and rises at midnight to the convent prayers. She

<sup>1</sup> Stutgard Collection of Letters of Duchess of Orleans.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

has no chairs but straw ones in her room. I hope my aunt, the Electress, will be like her sister [the Princess-Abbess of Maubisson], who this April is turned of eighty, and still is able to read the smallest print without spectacles, has all her teeth complete, walks better than myself, is always cheerful, and quite *popierlich*,<sup>1</sup> like my father, the Elector Palatine, when he was in a good humour."

Since the domination of Caroline of Anspach, the English had thronged the Court of Hanover more than ever. One of them, Mr Uvedale Price, has left a MS. letter of his observations there in 1710: "The Princess Sophia is fourscore and one, and bears her age so well that she will outwalk her maids of honour; has a very good set of teeth, and not a wrinkle in her face, and walks as uprightly as I can; has a great deal of wit, is always pleasant and familiar, loves the English, and is very civil to them, though she receives all nations agreeably, and can entertain each in his own language; for she speaks seven tongues to perfection." Then follow descriptive portraits of her family. "The Elector is middle-sized" [Fie! five feet and one inch middle-sized in an Englishman's eyes], "well-built, and seems to be of a very strong constitution. He shows the greatness of his birth by the nobleness of his mien, which is mistaken by a great many for pride, though I must own he does not care for entering into conversation with a new face, nor does he affect the formality of making a low bow. When he has begun to discourse, he shows a great deal of judgment, a great apprehension, and what the poets call humour. He loves a man that will take the liberty to discourse with him, and will show him marks of distinction. He is very vigilant in his affairs, increasing his treasure without oppressing his people; is charitable and compassionate, and sets an admirable example by the wise conduct which he hath shown both in peace and war. His son, the Prince Elector, is about twenty-one years of age, very gay, full of fire, and perfectly well-bred. He loves music, but his greatest inclination is for war. He distinguished himself extraordinarily at the battle of Oudenarde, where he endeavoured

Full of fun.

to find the Pretender, and put an end to his small hopes. He seems to be very good-humoured, though 'tis hard to judge of a son in his father's company. His lady, the Princess, is so charming in her person, so wonderful[ly] obliging in her conversation, that all men, if they durst confess it, must own that she wins their hearts. She has a son and daughter, which are fine lively children. Here are a great many second-rate beauties, most of them *paints*, and they dress their heads as we do [meaning "as our English ladies do;" for the writer is a man, and dressed his head in a tie or bob wig]. "Here is no great magnificence, but everything is decent and agreeable. The Elector has a brother who deserves very well to be heir to a crown, for he has all the good *qualitys* we can wish for in a prince; he is called Duke Ernestus. It's with the greatest joy imaginable I see this illustrious family, for I consider them born to be so many blessings to our nation."<sup>1</sup>

Such were the portraits of the whole electoral family, drawn and tinted *couleur de rose* by the flattering hand of a would-be courtier, anxious to look out for a little good on his own account, and make signals to his countrymen concerning the manner and whereabouts of the rising sun and all surrounding planets. Yet a kindred hand does not hold quite so flattering a pencil, when sketching George I. Her Royal Highness of Orleans says, "He is not a better man than Oncle,<sup>2</sup> and not near so agreeable. I cannot wonder my aunt says that Hanover is not found pleasant, as in former times. The [Elector George I.] is so dry and cold that he changes us all to ice about him. His father [Ernest Auguste] and the Duke of Zelle were quite different. It will be still worse when the Electoral Prince [George II.] comes in power, for he really does not know what princely behaviour is, as I occasionally find in all his doings. I think my aunt likes the Electoral Princess better than her own grandson; and she is right, for he lives as if he had not the honour of being her

<sup>1</sup> Kennet MS., Brit. Mus.; Uvedale Price, MS. letter, dated from M. Chappareau's house in Hanover, January 21, 1710.

<sup>2</sup> The late Elector, Ernest Auguste.

descendant.<sup>1</sup> Hanover and Herenhausen have now become quite a little England, all these being full of English visitors.<sup>2</sup> I thank my aunt for the portrait of the little prince. He is as like his grandfather, George William, Duke of Zelle, as two drops of water are to one another; may he be like him in kindness.”<sup>3</sup> The Duchess here speaks of Frederic, afterwards Prince of Wales, great-grandson to Sophia, who had a numerous family of infant great-grandchildren round her.

The severest remarks on George the Elector from her pen are, however, where she brings to memory an interview she had with him when he paid a visit to Paris, just before the terrible European war that commenced with the reign of Queen Anne. “He is a great drinker,” she writes from Versailles; “and I noticed it full well when he was here. In spite of the kindness I showed him, he would neither trust me, nor speak openly to me. I had forcibly to extract every word from him, which is a very unpleasant process. His greatest fault consists, however, in his behaviour to his mother, to whom he owes every respect. He is mistrustful, haughty, and addicted to avarice. I often see this in my aunt’s letters; although she does not clearly mention it, still she is discontented with him, for the Elector is not good-tempered, as may be seen in his intercourse with his brothers.”

Leibnitz remained away from Hanover until the year 1711; notwithstanding his friendship for the Electress, he did not like the service of the Elector George: this letter, written to him by Sophia, had the effect of bringing him home:—

THE ELECTRESS TO LEIBNITZ.

“HANOVER, 11th March 1711.

“I have received your letter from Brunswick, which I read to the Elector. It will be as well if you write direct to him, for he laughed at the fall you had, and at preferring being at Berlin to this place. It is not the feet one esteems in you, but the head. But we are very glad that

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<sup>1</sup> Letters of Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, in the library at Stutgard, vol. vi., original German.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid. The Duke of Zelle was just dead.



the one which supports the other is now cured, as the Princess-Royal<sup>1</sup> informs us ; and perhaps the fall you had serves a little to conceal the gout which keeps you in bed. Madame Sartot tells me that the war in Hildesheim will soon be terminated. We know nothing of it here. The people entered Peyne and Hildesheim without striking a blow ; and the citizens are impatient at not being called upon to give their oath to the Elector. They are delighted that he is able to do them justice. It is true that the King of Prussia has offered to do justice to the canons, but what the house of Brunswick can do herself does not require a third. However, it appears that his Majesty is not satisfied, and thinks you are acting as a spy at Berlin, although we are not at all curious about other people's affairs.

"The Duchess of Orleans wishes to have the medals which you will find marked on the paper I send you. I beg you to inquire if the King's antiquary knows them ; and if they are to be met with, I shall be delighted to pay for them, and to send them to her. S."

The idea of Frederic I. of Prussia that the learned Leibnitz was a spy at Berlin must have been greatly relished by Sophia, who had long wished his return. But Leibnitz, for some reasons best known to himself, preferred the new capital of the new kingdom of Prussia as an abiding-place ; yet he did return to Hanover some time before the death of his illustrious patroness. When there, Leibnitz was directed, in 1712, by the Elector of Hanover (George I.) and Sophia, to complete a treatise for the purpose of reconciling the Church of England with the Roman Catholic religion. Many allusions to this work are indisputably to be found in Sophia's correspondence with Leibnitz from 1701. It was never promulgated, because the Elector of Hanover, on inquiry, found the majority of their political friends in Great Britain were opposed to any such tendency.<sup>2</sup>

Czar Peter paid a final visit to his old friend in March 1713 ; he could have scarcely expected to find her in health and spirits as when her daughter described her as "my

<sup>1</sup> Of Prussia, the daughter of George, Elector of Hanover, and the unfortunate Sophia Dorothea.

<sup>2</sup> Vie de Leibnitz, par Neufville, 1724. This MS. of Leibnitz was found among his papers, and published in 1803 by an emigrant French Catholic priest, who, perfectly ignorant of Leibnitz's court functions as literary factotum to the Hanoverian Government, writing to order on any subject given him by his master or mistress, from the arrangement of a supper or funeral, to theology and history, very innocently commends Leibnitz's almost Catholicity, and bewails the calumnies which pursued him as an atheist. Some account of it will be found in an early number of *Revue des deux Mondes* ; yet the editor is ignorant of Leibnitz's reasons for writing it.

lively mother," now leading off dances—the Russian *mazurka*, we suppose—with him and Le Fort, and now deep in discussion with them on philosophic and historical questions. Yet unbent by time, uninjured by indulgence or excess, the Electress Sophia, in her eighty-third year, was as ready to be led out by the gigantic Czar in the stately Polonaise, as ever. Goldsmith declares that French women can "frisk beneath the burden of fourscore," but Sophia could dance with three years added to that burden.

The Elector George went from Hanover to Weisen to meet and escort the Czar to his mother's court. Peter was accompanied by his Chancellor, Golofkin, two aides-de-camp, and thirty Muscovite guards; he was travelling on a litter, swung like a palanquin on poles borne by two horses, one behind and one before, as English queens went on progress in the middle ages; the horses were driven along by two rough-looking fellows. His guards wore hats sunk down over their ears; their sabres, slung round them without sheaths, were rusty; they wore grey uniforms edged with red; and scamp-ered pell-mell together, without any attempt at orderly progress. The Czar arrived amidst the roar of a hundred-cannon salute. He alighted from his litter, and went directly to the apartments of the Electress Sophia, without any of the furtive arrangements occasioned by his bashfulness, which had so much amused her and her daughter in days long gone by. He supped in her apartment, and behaved like any other gentleman until he entered his sleeping apartment, when he flatly refused to lie down in the splendid bed prepared for him, as he said "he might spoil it," and commanded his guards to spread his camp-mattresses on the floor, on which he slept soundly till seven the next morning, when he called for "tea," and drank it directly. The meal he considered breakfast he ate at ten in the morning; he then looked at the court chapel, and inspected "the holy relics." It seems the Brunswickers had retained relics in the Lutheran chapel. "At dinner tabourets were set round the table covered with crimson velvet; no fauteuils were brought forward—he was served on gold plates and dishes. After dinner he conferred with the Electress until

it was time to go to her opera at Herenhausen, and led her to her box. A masquerade succeeded the operatic performance, when Czar Peter put on a mask, and led off the Polonaise with the Electress Sophia as his partner.

The Polonaise is a stately but peculiar dance; it marked etiquette and precedence in the middle ages. Individuals, of whatsoever rank they might be in the royal court or baronial hall, joined in it on festal days or times of high ceremonial, yet they were rigorously kept in their own places and degrees. It was a promenade round a great hall to spirited martial music. The king, kaiser, or emperor, led the queen or empress, or the lady next to his rank, each carrying a long lighted taper in one hand, while the other was locked in that of the partner. The next pair in rank followed, keeping the same step, and likewise bearing their tapers; and so, in gradation of rank, each couple paired off behind their superiors according to the dignity of their functions, until the court-fools and jesters, and, last of all, the little absurd dwarfs, mopping and mowing, brought up the rear of the long lighted procession. It moved round and round some vast apartment, until there was danger of the tapers burning the dancers' fingers, when they threw the candle-ends into the fireplace as they passed it, and whirled off into the coranto or waltz, but all in perfect order.<sup>1</sup> What with the moving lights and varied costumes of office, the taper-dance was one of the finest pictorial tableaux that could be presented by historical personages. Czar Peter and the Electress Sophia finished their Polonaise by nine o'clock, when he supped in his own apartment. Next day, March 3, all was repeated precisely in the same course, excepting that, after the masquerade, Czar Peter took leave of the Electress, as he announced his intention of departing from Hanover at six on the following morning. The Electress and all her court escorted him to his apartments.

<sup>1</sup> This historical dance of his native country was minutely described to us by our late learned and lamented friend, Count Valerian Krasinski, whose knowledge of historical costume was surpassed by few persons. The taper-dance is described by Casanova in his "Memoirs of the Last Century." The promenade of a few steps that sometimes precedes waltzing is supposed to be connected with it.



If Sophia was contented to see her own portrait go forth to the world after the loss of beauty and the acquisition of age, she was by no means pleased with the thought that her philosopher and friend Leibnitz should be thus represented in the work of some unskilful artist, which she thus indignantly criticises: "Your portrait is worth nothing; he has drawn you with a great drunken nose, and the whole appears very heavy."<sup>1</sup>

Caroline, the Electoral Princess, was now looked up to as likely to become the presiding star of European literature. Unfortunately, most of the men of genius in England were in the Jacobite interest, although Gay the poet resided for some months as *attaché* to the envoy from England to Hanover. Caroline asked Gay for one of his publications: he had not one to present to her Highness. "Is he not a true poet," asked Arbuthnot of Swift, "who had not one of his own books to give to the Princess that asked for one?"<sup>2</sup>

An attack of illness, which occurred November 17, 1713, alarmed all the friends of the Electress. One of her household, M. Coch, wrote to Leibnitz from Wetzlar: "A few days before my departure, the Electress got an illness which made us all anxious for her precious life; it was a species of St Antony's fire, to which you know she is subject. She recovered, however, soon enough to save the post, by writing a long letter with her own hand to Madame in France. The Elector of Hanover, her son, could not help remarking that his mother ought to attend better to her diet, which is only regulated by her appetite—she chiefly infringing medical rules by eating fruit. The Electress replied calmly, 'How, my son, do you find it an extraordinary case for an old woman of eighty-three years to fall ill? You ought to think it still more extraordinary to see me still alive, and usually enjoying such good health.' And, truly, I think she will not give up yet." The close of the year of 1713 again brought some symptoms of interruption in the usual bright health and spirits of the Electress Sophia. She surprised those around her by ex-

<sup>1</sup> Ilten, 1713.

<sup>2</sup> Arbuthnot to Swift, August 1713.



pressing wishes to go to England, her indifference to that crown having always been a marked feature in her previous life. She now and then said she wished to go there, "to go home; she wanted to go home." Singular as these expressions were—for Sophia had never been in England—yet they are capable of explanation. The longing desire of her mother, Elizabeth queen of Bohemia, to return home to England at the close of her life was naturally expressed in these words; and when intellect a little wavered, Sophia repeated them.

The ambitious views of Caroline of Anspach, and her consort, the Electoral Prince, might also perhaps have excited the mind of the aged Electress on the subject of the English succession. The Electoral Prince and his aspiring spouse had eagerly given ear to their numerous English courtiers of the Whig party, who proposed introducing a motion in the English Parliament inviting the Prince to take his place as Duke of Cambridge in the House of Peers, and be ready to look after his own interests on the expected demise of Queen Anne; for the fiat had evidently gone forth, and the death of that sovereign was expected speedily.

Queen Anne, who equally dreaded the approach of her expatriated brother and his German rival, appealed to the good sense and humanity of her aged relative by the following letter:—<sup>1</sup>

QUEEN ANNE TO THE PRINCESS SOPHIA, DOWAGER ELECTRESS  
OF BRUNSWICK.

"ST JAMES'S, *May* 19, 1714.

"MADAME, SISTER, AUNT,—Since the right of succession to my kingdoms has been declared to belong to you and your family, there have always been disaffected persons who, for private views of their own interest, have entered into measures to fix a prince of your blood in my dominions even while I am yet living. I never thought till now that this project would have gone so far as to have made the least impression on your mind. But (as I have lately perceived, by public rumours which are industriously spread, that your Electoral Highness has come into this idea) it is important, with respect to the succession of your family, that I should tell you such a proceeding will infallibly draw along with it some consequences which will be dangerous to the succession itself, which is not secure any otherwise than while the sovereign who actually wears the crown main-

<sup>1</sup> Boyer's Annals, May 19, 1714. It was likewise circulated in public from the press of F. Baker, Black Boy, Paternoster Row.

tains her authority and just prerogative. There are here—such is our misfortune—a great many people who are seditiously disposed, so I leave you to judge what tumults they may be able to raise if they should have a pretext to begin a commotion. I persuade myself, therefore, you will never consent that the least thing should be done that may disturb the repose of me and my subjects.

“Open yourself with the same freedom that I do to you, and propose whatever you may think may contribute to the security of the succession. I will come into it with zeal, provided that it does not derogate from my dignity, which I am resolved to maintain.—I am, with a great deal of affection, your sister and cousin,

ANNE.”

This letter was followed by an epistle to the Electoral Prince, in which Queen Anne roundly advises him to give up his intended visit to her, “as nothing could be more disagreeable to her than such a proceeding at this juncture.” Reports flew about London that, although in her eighty-fourth year, the Electress expected to outlive Queen Anne, and that she was heard to exclaim, “that she should die content if the words ‘Sophia, Queen of England,’ could be written on her tomb”—words which were probably uttered for her.

Neither Sophia nor her son, the Elector George, altered the course of conduct they had held for nearly thirty years, which was ever the most honourable abstinence from political intrigue concerning the English succession. Whatsoever derelictions George I. might have made on the score of morality, yet his high honour as a gentleman, and that of all his relatives, forms a noble contrast to the conduct of William III. The appeal of his dying kinswoman, Queen Anne, was scrupulously regarded, both by himself and his mother. And after the deaths of both the Queen and the Electress left him successor, he suffered the throne of Great Britain to wait many weeks before he came to take possession of it, thus giving an opportunity for James Stuart to be called peacefully to the succession of his ancestors, if the people chose to reconsider their verdict.

Meantime the aged Electress Sophia showed no symptoms of affliction of mind or body. She took her daily walks at Herenhausen among her trees and flowers. The morning of June 8th, 1714, had been sultry, with fitful claps of thunder; nevertheless Sophia took her usual walk

when the sun declined, attended by her granddaughter-in-law, the Princess Caroline. A hasty summer-shower, with the sun still shining, began to fall. Sophia threw the train of her open robe over her head for shelter, and hurried forwards. The Princess said, "Is not your Royal Highness walking too quickly?" "I believe I am," replied the Electress, and with these words sunk down. The Princess caught her as she fell, but life had fled. Her death occurred by the sun-dial in the garden at Herenhausen just as the shadow fell on the hour of six.

The corpse of the Electress was carried into her apartment in the palace of Herenhausen, and as she had always forbidden embalming, it was dressed in full dress<sup>1</sup> by her ladies, and lay in state the very first night, a watch being set round her consisting of these persons,—the chamberlain Bernstoff and the gentlemen of the bedchamber, Nonus, Schütz, and Steinburg, besides all her own ladies, and cavaliers, and many of her pages. Next day, the 9th of June, the corpse was put into a wooden coffin, and brought from Herenhausen to Hanover in this manner: four gentlemen of the bedchamber, and eight gentlemen on service, entered at midnight the chamber of the dead, and carried her in her coffin through the great hall, down the front staircase, putting the coffin on the funeral carriage which stood at the foot of the stairs. The funeral procession was opened by the chief court-deputy, on horseback, six footmen with lanterns came behind him; then came the Castellan of Herenhausen, and the Electress's cupbearer, likewise mounted. The four gentlemen of the bedchamber followed; next the coffin, upon a funeral-car hung with black cloth, and drawn by six black horses, driven by a coachman, postilions, and outriders bearing torches. On one side of the coffin walked the Electress's chamberlain, Weind, and on the other her equerry, Rheden. Behind these came four gentlemen on service, two cavaliers of the *Garde du Corps*, and six pages carrying lanterns.

<sup>1</sup> Such death-toilets are customary at Vienna. The late Emperor Francis, in his uniform and orders, thus lay in state, and all his subjects passed through the room who chose to see him. At Hamburg the corpses of the citizens, male and female, are dressed in their best, painted white and red, and exhibited before burial, usually at the bottom of a great chest.



The cortège was followed by a mounted corporal and six privates, cavalry of the *Garde du Corps*.

At footfall this procession proceeded from Herenhausen along the "allée," through the Clevergate over the New-bridge, along the Berg Street to the Castle of Hanover. On arriving in the middle courtyard, the cortège stopped before the entrance of the chapel. The gentlemen who put the coffin on the carriage took it again, and carried it through the chapel into the vault. At the door waited the Superintendent of the Castle, with twelve footmen, all carrying great wax-candles; they handed them to the late Electress's twelve pages, who forthwith lighted the corpse to its place in the vault.

All the ladies at court mourned in black robes and veils, the rooms and carriages were hung with black, and music and song-singing were forbidden throughout the land; yet minutely as all these funeral pomps and formalities are detailed by Leibnitz,<sup>1</sup> not one word is left from which we can affirm that the slightest religious service was performed over the corpse of Sophia.

<sup>1</sup> Leibnitz did not long survive his patroness; he died at Hanover, November 14, 1716, in harness, for a pen was in one hand, and a book in the other, and proofs before him. He was seventy years of age, a great sufferer with gout and stone, although abstemious in his habits. No wonder he suffered, for he has been known to be three weeks without leaving his arm-chair even to go to bed. He was of middle stature, thin in person, very pleasing in face, with a mild studious air. About the age of fifty he began to think of marriage—made an offer to a lady, who said "she would further consider the matter." "So will I," replied the German Newton; but he never renewed his love-suit to her or any other fair demurrer. He was buried on the esplanade at Hanover—not in consecrated ground, we fear;—yet that broke no squares with Sophia's philosopher. A monument, in the form of a small Grecian temple, was raised over his remains by command of Caroline when Princess of Wales, which bears this simple inscription, "Ossa Leibnitii." He loved money, and left 60,000 crowns, only 20,000 of which were put out at interest; the rest of his treasure was found hoarded among chaff and other horse-food in corn-sacks about his store-room and granary. The house that Leibnitz died in had been purchased for him by his generous old master, Ernest Auguste, who likewise settled a stipend to keep it in repair. It is one of the quaintest and most curious buildings in the ancient part of an old city, remaining still an object of veneration to the citizens of Hanover, and is pointed out elevated above the noise of the main street, *Schmiede Strasse*, on which it is nevertheless situated. The philosopher studied and wrote in a garret which looks out from under a gable. In the royal library is the chair in which he was found dead, and before it is the book he held when the last summons came. In 1790 a public monument was raised by the people of Hanover to their sage, surmounted with a portrait bust. It stands on a mound fenced off by a railing on one side of Waterloo Place.



*Epitaph of Sophia in the Castle-Church of Hanover.*

SOPHIA

D. G. EX STIRPE EL. PAL.

ELEC. VID. BRUN. ET LUN.

MAG. BRIT. HÆRES,

NATA

XIII OCT. MDCXXX. NUPTA MENSE SEP. MDCLVIII.

AD SUCCESSIONEM MAG. BRIT. NOMINATA MDCCI.

SUB VESPERAM VIII JUNII MDCCXIV. IN HORTIS

HERENHAUSANIS ADHUC VEGATA; ET FIRMO PASSU

DEAMBULANS, SUBITA ET PLACIDA MORTE ERENTA.<sup>1</sup>

One heart truly mourned for Sophia; it was that of her niece and former pupil, Elizabeth Charlotte, whose epistolary lamentations on the death of her beloved have the pathos, however simply expressed, of true feeling. "The dear Electress, by her consoling letters, enabled me to bear all the troubles I found in this land of France; but she is gone, and I am living without consolation, and none have I to hope for! You may then imagine, dear Louise,<sup>2</sup> what a sad and lonely life I have to look forward to until the end. I know not if I have already told you that I foreknew the sad intelligence. My confessor came to announce it to me, but before he spoke I began to tremble, as if in the access of a violent fever. I turned pale as death, and shed no tears for a quarter of an hour. I could not breathe; I was suffocated. Then came the tears in torrents, and I wept for days and nights, till I could shed no more, and now again I feel suffocated." Ten days afterwards she writes to Louise: "My grief is so increased by being forced to keep it in when I am in public, for the King [Louis XIV.] does not like to see sorrowful countenances around him; I must go to the chase against my will. The other day the Elector of Bavaria came up to my carriage to offer his condolences, when I burst out into bitter weeping. I saw all the courtiers laughed at my sorrow, but I could not do otherwise. Ah, my dear Louise! what a great distance

<sup>1</sup> History of the House of Guelph—Halliday.

<sup>2</sup> Letter to Louise, the Rhinegravine, her half sister, dated Marly, July 1, 1714; vol. vi., Stutgard.

exists between me and my aunt, in regard to virtues and attainments. No, she cannot be compared to any one in this world !”<sup>1</sup>

With all her virtues, her high attainments and really brilliant and noble qualities, the Electress Sophia was unfortunately deficient in that which adds the truest lustre to a throne—religion. The example of her elder brother and sovereign, the Elector Palatine, under whose tutelage she had spent her early life, was not favourable to its development in the mind of a young princess of her lively and satirical genius. She viewed with secret scorn his grimace of zeal for the service of God, coupled with his violation of every moral law and natural affection ; and she shrunk from religion because he professed it.

In riper years, Sophia’s intimate association with the leaders of the school of false philosophy, which presumptuously exalted the poor blind powers of human reason against the Divine teaching of revelation, was productive of scepticism. Hence her well-known wish for sudden death without preparation, for she was wont to express a hope that, when she died, “neither priest nor physician might be near her.”<sup>2</sup> If this were a favour, it was granted, and more than she asked, for she entered the dark valley of the shadow unassisted by human prayer, and without the power herself of uttering one petition for mercy.

With the life of Sophia, Electress of Hanover, we close the present series of royal biographies, written expressly, though not, we trust, exclusively, for the use of the readers of the “Lives of the Queens of England.” The promise we gave at the conclusion of that work, to fill up several unavoidable chasms in the history of female British royalty, by the necessary adjunct of “Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the regal succession of Great Britain,” has been faithfully performed. The parallel

<sup>1</sup> Letter to Louise, the Rhinegravine, her half sister, dated Marly, July 10, 1714.

<sup>2</sup> Frederic the Great, *Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg*, and Feder’s *Life of the Electress Sophia*.

links of the chain are here carried down to the death of Queen Anne, and the accession of the reigning dynasty to the throne of the Britannic Empire in the person of George I., the eldest son of Sophia, Electress of Hanover, on whose posterity the regal succession was settled by Parliament as the only Protestant branch of the royal house of Stuart, now happily represented by their august descendant, our sovereign lady Queen Victoria.

*Yotre tres affectuone  
soeur tante et Levante*

*Sophie Electre*

THE END.

A

62









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